

ARCHITECTURE: MOVING THE LIBERTY BELL / BOOKS: YOUNG POETS

The Atlantic Monthly

JUNE 1998

JAPAN'S SOCIAL CRISIS

The bad economic news is a symptom of a worse problem

By MURRAY SAYLE

A GOOD CLIMATE FOR INVESTMENT

How saving the environment could mean profits instead of deprivation

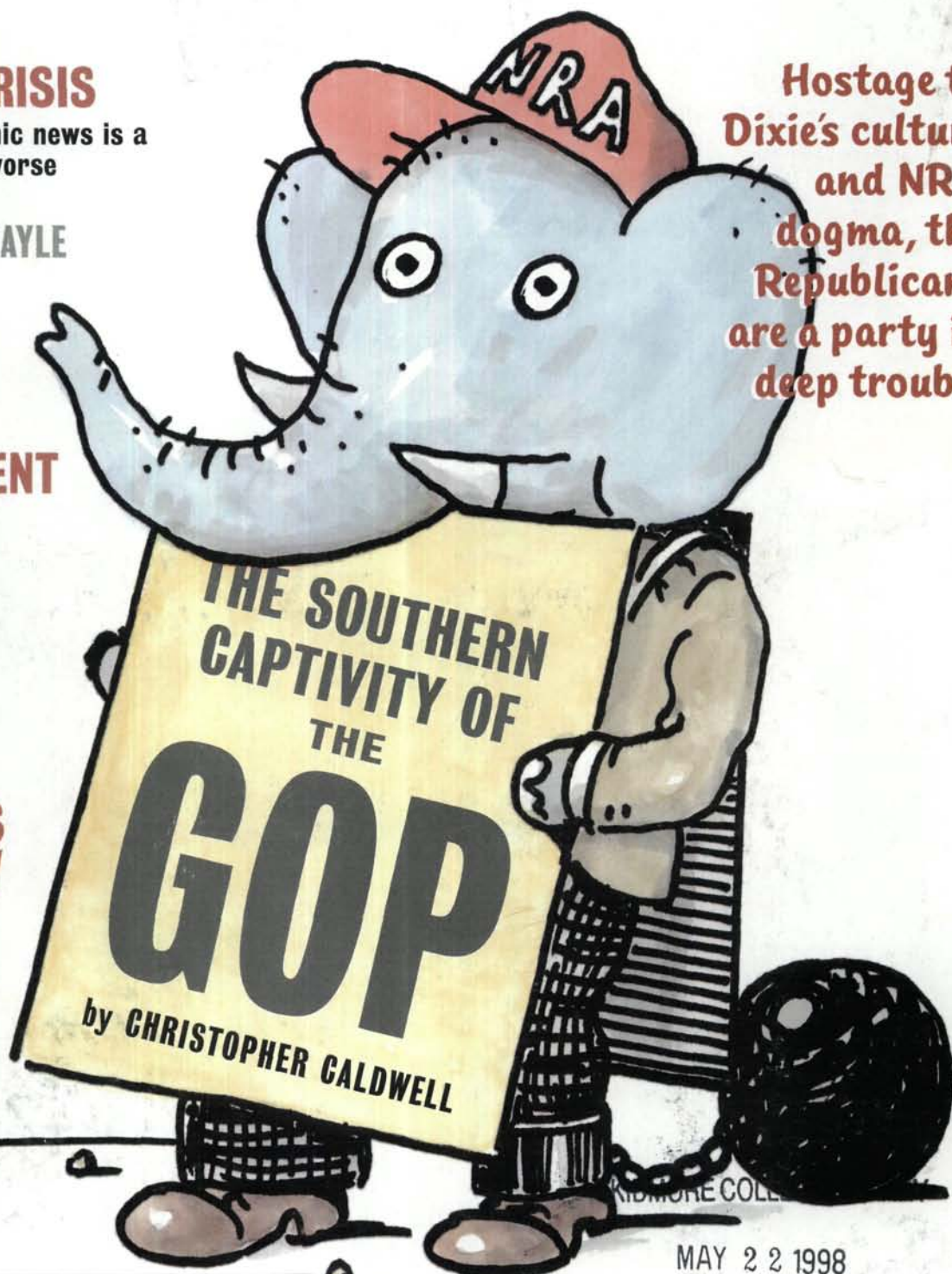
By ROSS
GELBSPAN

THAT WAS ME ON TV

Sitting next to Johnny and Dave and Jay

By ROY
BLOUNT Jr.

Hostage to
Dixie's culture
and NRA
dogma, the
Republicans
are a party in
deep trouble



\$2.95 Can. \$3.50

MAY 22 1998

SARATOGA SPRINGS, NY 12866



NEW DOC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO: ALL
FROM: FRANCISCO JAVIER BERTAUD

We just spent the morning building nesting cavities for ducks. And yesterday we planted wildflowers and a new species of cactus.

That may seem a little unusual for someone who works for a Ford assembly plant but you see, i'm the official biologist. our facility in Cuautitlan, Mexico is home to lots of wild geese, falcons, lizards, and shrikes.

Our team of 15 people works full time to preserve and enhance the wetlands and wildlife in our 260-acre compound. A few feet from where our coworkers build F-series trucks, we're planting thousands of trees and the hummingbirds are laying eggs

I have a nice job, don't you think?

FRANCISCO JAVIER BERTAUD



FRANCISCO
JAVIER BERTAUD

who needs chemical abrasives?
In Germany, we use crushed
walnut shells.



Ford Motor Company

BETTER IDEAS. DRIVEN BY YOU.®



You can have any color you want, as long as it's green.

50 percent of our scientific laboratory R&D budget goes to environmental research.

over 30 of our facilities are ISO 14001 certified.

For more on Ford Motor company and the environment, get in touch.

our Alternative Fuel Vehicles are all over the world. In NYC, you can even hail one.





Alex Trotman
Chairman of the Board
Ford Motor Company

Dear Mr. Trotman:

I work in Product Development. So when our team comes up with a new idea, the whole world gets to see it driving down the road. That's a great feeling.

But the fact is that Ford is full of other people who are doing their jobs in new and different ways, and the world may never know about them. Like the people making our factories more efficient and environmentally friendly. Or the folks working in crash test or recycling or alternative-fuel vehicles.

Wouldn't it be great if we could gather up achievements and innovations like these and start sharing them with each other (maybe even with the people who inspired those ideas, our customers)? It'd be educational and inspirational for us all.

What do you think? Is this doable?

Yours,

Dustin G. Ratliff

Dustin G. Ratliff
Design Engineer

*Great idea!
Let's do it
DGR*

Think Again

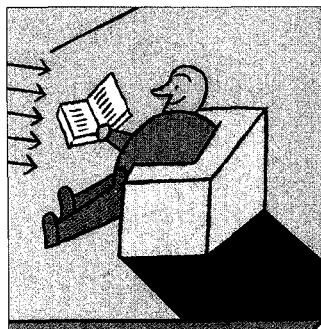
BETTER IDEAS. BETTER FORD.

QUALITY

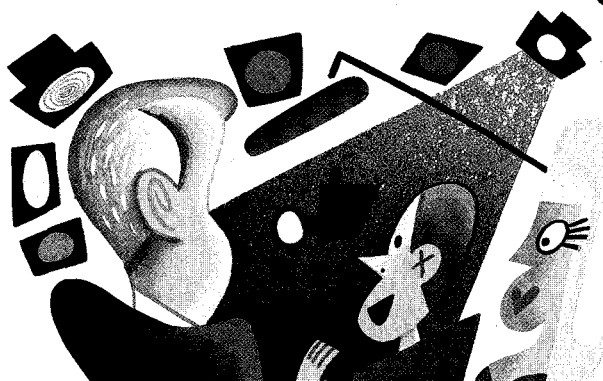
ENVIRONMENT

RESEARCHING

SALES



Page 22



Page 34



Page 40

REPORTS

22 Notes & Comment: A Good Climate for Investment

The steps we need to take to protect the environment could create a surge of economic growth.

by Ross Gelbspan

28 Urban Planning: Moving the Bell

Neither the Liberty Bell nor Independence Hall is enhanced by its present setting. A brilliant new master plan reconfigures these central elements of Philadelphia's urban landscape.

by Witold Rybczynski

34 Personal File: That Was Me on TV

At the bottom of every talk-show lineup is the becalmed position known as the author's slot, where our correspondent has spent much of his television career.

by Roy Blount Jr.

FICTION & POETRY

60 Correspondence

A poem
by Teresa Cader

74 Electric Wizard

A short story
by Elizabeth
Stuckey-French

55 The Southern Captivity of the GOP

The Republican "capture" of the South, which helped to give the party control of both houses of Congress, has been so complete that southern cultural values and political agendas now hold the party as a whole in thrall. The result is a problem at the national level that the Republicans cannot easily overcome. As this southern control grows, the party alienates voters in other regions—even conservative voters.

by Christopher Caldwell

84 The Social Contradictions of Japanese Capitalism

The economic woes of Asia have been much written about—in purely economic terms. But behind many of those woes lies a social crisis in Japan, whose modern young people inhabit a pre-modern society. It is a crisis that perhaps only a social revolution can resolve.

by Murray Sayle



96 From the Greek

Poems translated
by Brooks Haxton

ARTS & LEISURE

40 Travel: Beyond Prague

The Czech Republic's capital may be considered passé by some, but the countryside resides in that happy state

between ripeness and unreadiness for tourism. And, of course, there is the beer.

by James Fallows

98 Food: Better Butter

The words "fresh sweet-cream butter" describe a very fine kind of butter indeed. But butter can get even better than that.

by Corby Kummer

BOOKS

103 "Discovering" Young Poets

The Yale Younger Poets Anthology, edited by George Bradley

by Peter Davison

106 How McKinley Begot Franco

Empire by Default, by Ivan Musicant

Cuba Libre, by Elmore Leonard

by Francis X. Rocca

112 Brief Reviews

by Phoebe-Lou Adams

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

6 77 North Washington Street/Contributors

8 Letters

18 The June Almanac

83 At Last Count Speaking Volumes

by Jason Kowal

115 The Puzzler

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

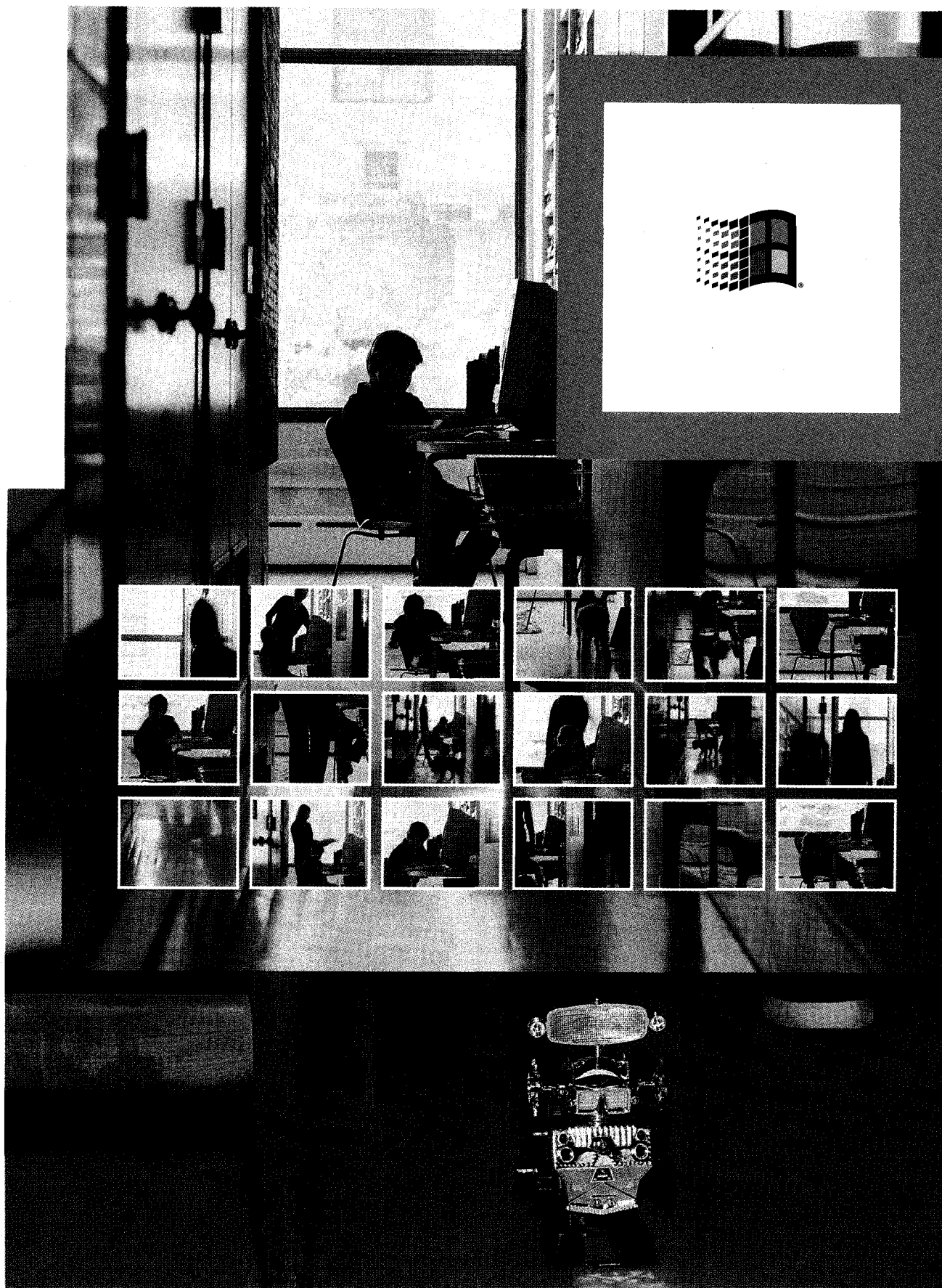
116 Word Improvisation

by J. E. Lighter

Cover art by J. C. Suarès

**WINDOWS[®]
LIVES IN THE
MACHINE.**





©1998 Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved. Microsoft, Where do you want to go today?, the Windows logo and the Windows Start logo are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Microsoft Corporation in the United States and/or other countries. Windows is a registered trademark of Microsoft Corporation for its Windows brand operating systems.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**BUT ITS POWER
& ITS PERSONALITY
COME FROM YOU.**



Where do you want to go today?® www.microsoft.com/windows/

Microsoft®



77 NORTH WASHINGTON STREET

THE surging Japanese economy was one of the big economic stories of the 1980s. Commentators often treated the subject in an allegorical way, using Japan's relatively just and productive economy (high rates of growth, lifetime employment, egalitarian income distribution) to criticize an American economy that was neither just nor satisfactorily productive. *The Atlantic Monthly*, in those years, accorded Japan appropriately generous coverage, much of it by our then Washington editor (and now editor of *U.S. News & World Report*), James Fallows, who had moved to Japan. In major articles and a provocative book, *Looking at the Sun* (1994), Fallows dealt with Japan on its own terms and on ours. Murray Sayle's article in this issue, "The Social Contradictions of Japanese Capitalism," picks up the story at a point where, in a reversal of fortunes and morals, the vibrant American economy is being used to judge the faltering, imputedly "statist" Japanese economy.

Murray Sayle is famous among the journalists of four continents for the Niagara of his talk. "Dickens's conviviality is exhausting," Lionel Trilling wrote of Charles Dickens's letters. That could justly be said as well of Sayle's marathon conversation. A tall, dark-haired, usually black-suited Australian with an expressive face, given to irony and editorial comment, Sayle needs only the match of a question to ignite; then off he goes on

several subjects at once, learned and passionate and entertaining.

He has been a journalist for more than fifty years, starting on the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* in 1945. "Tried journalism," he notes in the picaresque document he employs as a résumé, "while deciding on a worthwhile career such as law or politics. Never did." Instead he covered nearly every war of the postwar period, from the Middle East to Vietnam; climbed Mount Everest ("reached 23,000 feet"); reported on and participated in a trans-Atlantic sailing race ("came forty-fifth"); wrote a well-reviewed novel ("sued for libel, withdrawn"); and finally, "wearying of war and assembly-line journalism, and intrigued by Japan as an intellectual adventure," moved to the village of Aikawa (the name means "Love River"), in Kanagawa Prefecture. That was in 1975. "Accompanied by Ms. Right, now lawfully wedded Jennifer Elizabeth Phillips. . . . Happy couple set up as freelancers, intending to stay six months. Still here."

That rootedness gives Sayle an intimate purchase on Japan. As he says in his first sentence, "It's not every day that a nation's economic woes come knocking at your door." The Japanese economic crisis is there in his neighbors' lives. Readers of his article in this issue will quickly see that Sayle's voice is as distinctive as the legend on his letterhead: "Murray and Jenny Sayle will work for rice." —THE EDITORS

CONTRIBUTORS

Roy Blount Jr. ("That Was Me on TV") is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic* and a columnist for *The Oxford American*. His article in this issue appears, in somewhat different form, in his memoir, *Be Sweet: A Conditional Love Story*, to be published this month by Alfred A. Knopf.

Teresa Cader ("Correspondence") is the author of two collections of poems: *Guests* (1991), which won the Norma Farber First Book Award from the Poetry Society of America, and *The Paper Wasp*, to be published this fall.

Christopher Caldwell ("The Southern Captivity of the GOP") is a senior writer for *The Weekly Standard* and also writes a weekly Washington column for the *New York Press*. His articles have appeared in *The American Spectator*, *Commentary*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *George*, and many other publications.

Peter Davison ("Discovering Young Poets"), was a Yale Younger Poet in 1963.

He has been the poetry editor of *The Atlantic* since 1972.

Ross Gelbspan ("A Good Climate for Investment") is a former journalist for *The Philadelphia Bulletin*, *The Washington Post*, and *The Boston Globe*. His latest book is *The Heat Is On: The High-Stakes Battle Over Earth's Threatened Climate* (1997).

Brooks Haxton ("From the Greek") is a resident poet at Syracuse University. His most recent book of poems is *The Sun at Night* (1995). Haxton is at work on a book of translations of Greek poets.

Jason Kowal (At Last Count) is the managing editor at TeleGeography, a publisher of reports on the international telecommunications market, in Washington, D.C.

Francis X. Rocca ("How McKinley Begot Franco"), a former Fulbright fellow in Spain, is the managing editor of *The American Spectator*. He has written for *The Wall Street Journal* and *The Times Literary Supplement*.

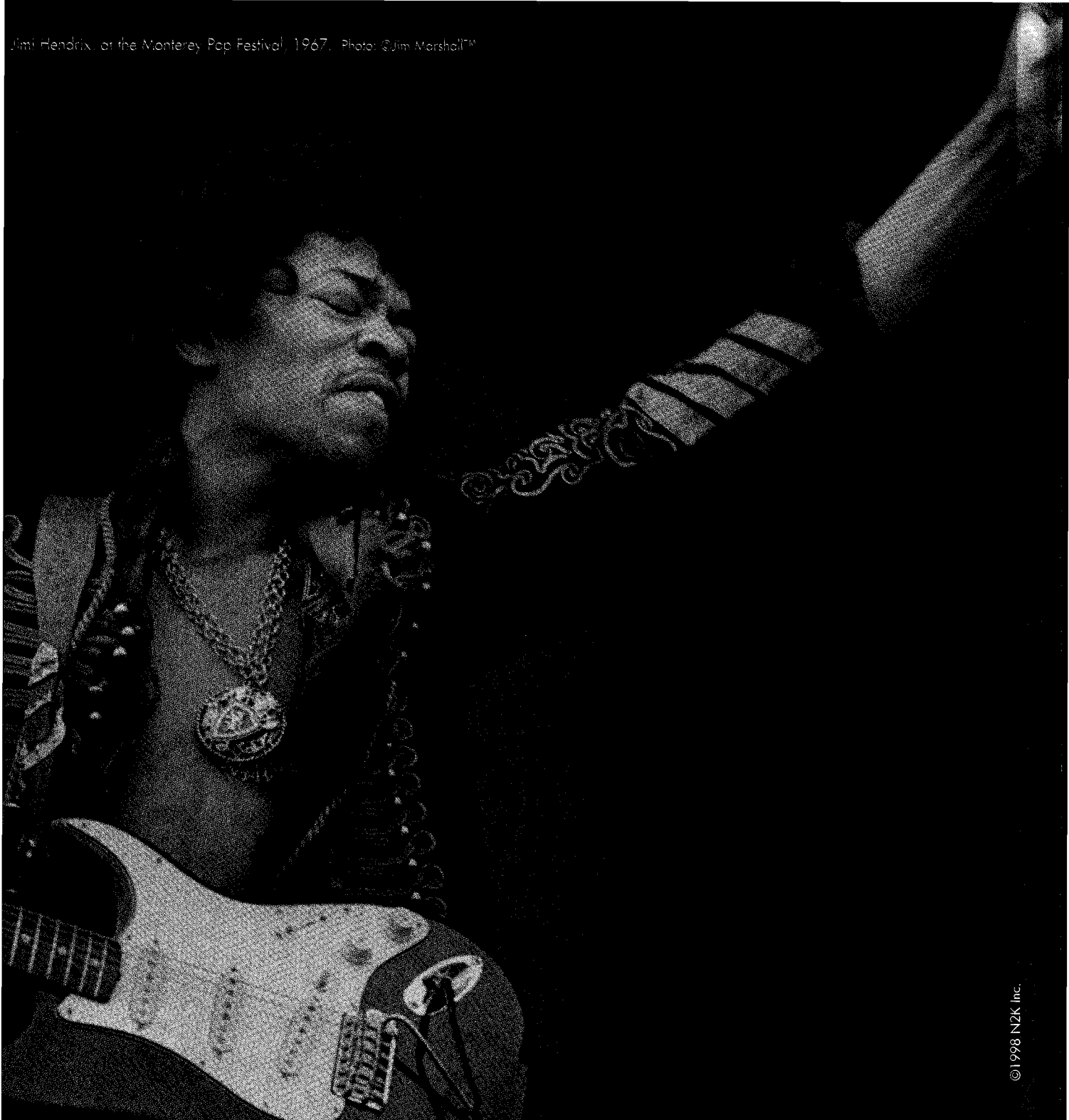
Witold Rybczynski ("Moving the Bell") is the Martin and Margy Meyerson Professor of Urbanism at the University of Pennsylvania. His most recent book is *City Life: Urban Expectations in a New World* (1995).

Murray Sayle ("The Social Contradictions of Japanese Capitalism") has traveled widely in Asia and has written for "most of the magazines that still publish substantial pieces in English." He has addressed the Japan Policy Research Institute of San Diego on some of the themes in his article in this issue.

Elizabeth Stuckey-French ("Electric Wizard") recently received the James Michener Grant from the University of Iowa, to enable her to complete a collection of short stories.

J. C. Suarès (cover art) is an author and illustrator who has contributed to various publications, including *New York*, *Variety*, and *Publishers Weekly*. Two new books by Suarès will be published this fall: *Dogs in Love* and *Cool Cats*.

Jimi Hendrix at the Monterey Pop Festival, 1967. Photo: ©Jim Marshall™



©1998 N2K Inc.

MUSIC BOULEVARD
MUSICBLVD.COM

Search

New Releases

On Sale

Help?

Cart 

We dig Hendrix. At musicblvd.com, we have all his albums. We also have reviews, sound samples, biographies and articles written about Jimi.

In fact, at musicblvd.com, you can choose from hundreds of thousands of recordings – from virtually any artist – in every genre. You can listen to samples, preorder new releases and enjoy easy, hassle-free delivery to your home.

We're musicblvd.com, the world's #1 online music store. And we love music as much as you do.

musicblvd.com

AOL Keyword: MB

Buy music. Hear samples. Read reviews. Hang with Jimi.

The Jimi Hendrix
Experience

"BBC Sessions"

Available June 2.
2 CD set \$19.99
Order now.

BUY CD 

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Editor

WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Managing Editor

CULLEN MURPHY

Senior Editors

JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS,
CORBY KUMMER, BARBARA WALLRAFF

Art Director

ROBIN GILMORE-BARNES
JUDY GARLAN (on leave)

National Correspondent

NICHOLAS LEMANN

Assistant Managing Editor

MARTHA SPAULDING

Associate Editors

PETER DAVISON (poetry), AMY MEEKER, SUE PARILLA

Staff Writer

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

Staff Editors

DAVID BARBER, CHRIS BERDIK, LESLIE CAULDWELL,
AVRIL CORNEL, KATHRYN FRAUNFELDER,
KATHERINE GUCKENBERGER, LUCIE PRINZ,
ALLAN REEDER, YVONNE ROLZHAUSEN, LIZ RYAN

Art Staff

ELIZABETH URRICO, Associate Art Director
GILLIAN KAHN, Art Assistant

New-Media Staff

KATIE BACON, KATIE BOLICK, TOBY LESTER,
RYAN NALLY, ROB ROESLER, WEN STEPHENSON,
SAGE STOSSEL, ERIC WESTBY, CANDICE WHITE

Editorial Administration

ELIZABETH BUSCH, MICHAEL KUBIT,
ROBERT MOELLER, MURIEL MONTEIRO, BEN SNOWDEN

Contributing Editors and Correspondents

ROY BLOUNT JR., FRANCIS DAVIS,
GREGG EASTERBROOK, JAMES FALLOWS,
SEYMOUR M. HERSH, WENDY KAMINER,
ROBERT D. KAPLAN, TRACY KIDDER,
WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE, JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON,
CHARLES C. MANN, JACK MILES,
CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN, THOMAS POWERS,
ERIC SCHLOSSER, WILLIAM SCHNEIDER,
BENJAMIN SCHWARZ

Chairman

MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN

Vice Chairman and Chief Executive Officer

FRED DRASNER

President

THOMAS R. EVANS

Senior Vice President

KIMBERLY SMITH JENSEN

Publisher

R. SCOTT FORD

Advertising

DONNA PALMER, Vice President, West Coast
MARA HART FILO, Vice President, Detroit
Managers: J. G. PINK, NICOLE FADNER FRIESE,
MARIE ISABELLE, CHARLES E. SCHENCK,
CHRISTOPHER SCHUBA, OWEN WALSH, CHRIS WATSON
Assistants: GERALDINE GUILLERMO,
ANN MARIE NICHOLSON, GLENDA RODRIGUEZ

Marketing

DEBORAH B. FARNHAM, Director
KELLIE CORIALE, ISABELLA HOLAZO,
APRIL LEE, CORI LORENZON

Circulation

HOWARD KATZ, Vice President
ADAM R. COHEN, Subscription Director
JOHN M. KALINOWSKI, ANGEL OLIVERAS,
ERIKA PERZI

Production & Special Projects

JAN MORRIS, Director
MARGARET BOWEN, MARTY HERGERT,
JOHN KEFFERSTAN, JULIA PARKER, AMY SWAN

Finance

MAUREEN MORAN, Controller
FRANCES ARMSTRONG, LINDA CHAN,
RICHARD MAHONEY, DEBORAH NELSON

LETTERS

Back From Chaos

I admire and am in sympathy with Edward O. Wilson's magisterial romp through Western intellectual history ("Back From Chaos," March *Atlantic*). The only substantial disagreement I have with his position is over the bit of hegemonic forecasting where he writes that "social science will split . . . one part folding into . . . biology, and the other fusing with the humanities." This scenario is indeed possible, but not the best way for achieving the "consilience" that Wilson advocates.

Although a closer integration of the social sciences with biology is certainly a good idea, to reduce the former to the latter is not. Human social phenomena need to be understood scientifically for what they are, and not simply in terms of the paradigms that molecular biology or even sociobiology can offer. Political conflicts, religious movements, and even the sexual behavior of teenagers involve processes that are sui generis to the cultural and social contexts that human evolution has created. To understand them in terms of biology or the humanities will leave them forever opaque. We need to keep faith with the Baconian spirit of inquiry and apply it to the systematic study of human behavior—a course that Wilson seems to suggest would amount to a regrettable loss of nerve.

Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi
University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

Edward O. Wilson's faith that a coming consilience in the social sciences and the humanities will mirror the unifying thrust of the natural sciences and rescue us from threatening epistemological chaos is intellectually stimulating. But his dismissal of alternative ideological perspectives as unscientific is puzzling.

Why should the recorded experiences of our evolving human imagination

be less worthy of contemplation than anthills? How persuasive is his own belief in fulfillment by "deciphering the hereditary orderliness that has borne our species through geological time and stamped it with the residues of deep history"? Can he provide empirical evidence that reveals his perspective as scientifically superior to that of, say, mystics claiming to have encountered what he refers to as the "mysterium tremendum abandoned in the seventeenth century by the Enlightenment" (a phrase actually coined by Rudolph Otto in his 1923 book, *The Idea of the Holy*)? Can genuine unity of science and the humanities be achieved if the testimony of yogis, prophets, mystics, and millions of spiritual seekers over the millennia is excluded a priori from serious study?

Wilson is persuasive when he insists that the difficulties of learning the natural sciences do not excuse political leaders' ignorance in that regard. But are consilience advocates like him who are innocent of humanity's spiritual traditions to be trusted as surer guides in our quest for some elusive underlying unity?

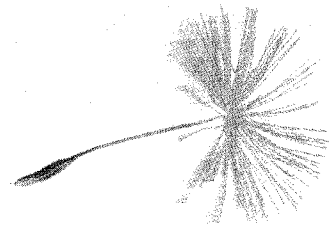
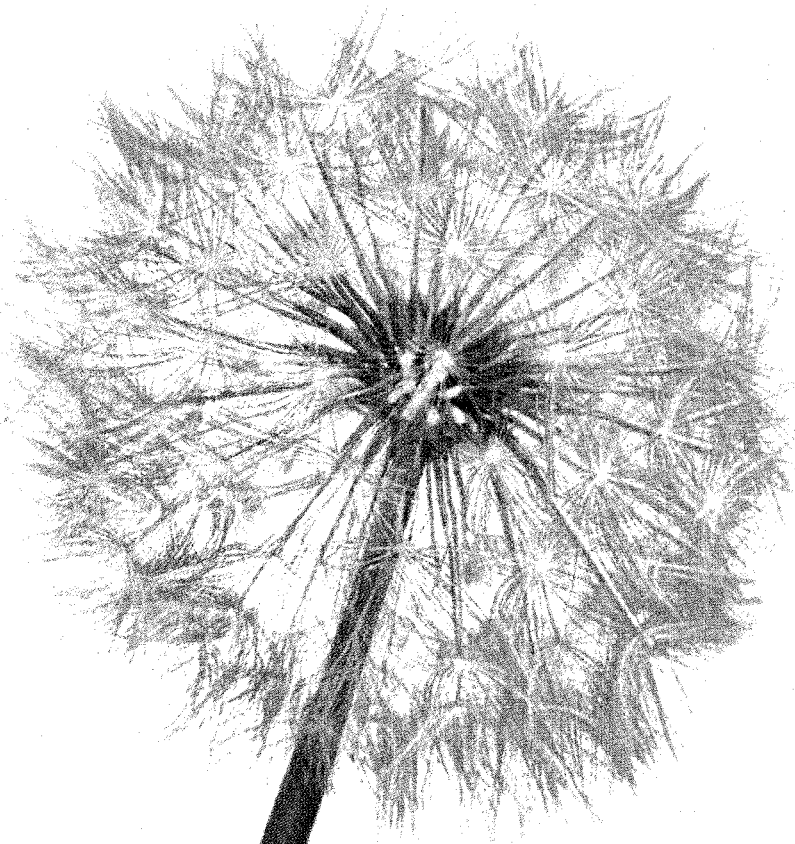
Ed Walsh

Pennsylvania State University
State College, Pa.

As a co-author of a recent article on anti-scientific extremes in the academy (Barbara Ehrenreich and Janet McIntosh, "The New Creationism," *The Nation*, June 9, 1997), I was dismayed to see signs of pro-scientific naiveté in Edward O. Wilson's March contribution. Wilson informs us of a great pendulum swing in intellectual history, from Enlightenment optimism (we can know it all) to postmodernist nihilism (we can't know anything). Then he rhetorically yanks the pendulum back to its starting place. But haven't we gained anything from the journey besides an upset stomach? As Ehrenreich and I

Delta Airlines

ON TOP OF THE WORLD™



There are a million reasons to fly today,
only one that matters to you.

*You could be on a quest to raise
start-up capital. Maybe you're flying
to start a new job in a new city.
You might be crossing the skies
with a ring in your pocket
and a proposal on your lips.
Whatever your reason,
it's important to us as well.
Which is why, at Delta Air Lines,
we promise to make the process
of getting to the place you want
to be as good as the reasons
you have for going there.*

©1997 Delta Air Lines, Inc.

Call your Travel Agent or Delta Air Lines at 1-800-221-1212, or visit us at www.delta-air.com

argue, critics of science have played a vital role in heightening political and epistemological awareness, for scientists need to be alerted to the ways in which their hypotheses, methods, and conclusions are partly shaped by their cultural priorities. Things get unreasonable only when the watchdogs veer into dogmatic denials of reality or of biological contributions to the human condition. But Wilson is so hostile to any signs of dissent that he seems to brand all meta-analysis the "enemy," rather than allowing healthy scrutiny to lead to better and humbler scientific efforts.

Wilson's vision of the "unity of knowledge" that awaits us in the future is equally exclusionary, because he misses the (partly postmodern, partly commonsensical) point that different subjective interpretations are part of reality, not merely annoyances to be sifted away in the quest for consensus. While science addresses a certain set of ontological questions, our positional differences beget meanings and moralities that can't be scientifically adjudicated. If human beings are to move into a just future

where global priorities are democratically discussed, such differences must be accounted for. I am surprised that as a natural scientist Wilson is so indifferent to this kind of diversity within the population. His fellow biologists were the first to make the point that the survival of a species depends on the variation among its members.

Janet McIntosh
*University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.*

Thoughtful readers will not find it difficult to agree with Edward O. Wilson's observation that "the ongoing fragmentation of knowledge and the resulting chaos in philosophy are not reflections of the real world but artifacts of scholarship" *if* they can include in "scholarship" some very unscholarly ideas and conclusions. Support for this view is the fact that missing from Wilson's impressive store of knowledge (evidenced by his other works, not simply this piece) is an understanding of the reasons for the failure of the social sciences, especially sociology.

Wilson asserts, "Most of the issues that vex humanity . . . can be solved only by integrating knowledge from the natural sciences with that from the social sciences and the humanities. Only fluency across the boundaries will provide a clear view of the world as it really is. . . . Yet the vast majority of our political leaders are trained primarily or exclusively in the social sciences and the humanities, and have little or no knowledge of the natural sciences." This view permits—nay, demands—that we believe that by acquiring knowledge in the physical sciences, political leaders will become qualified to lead.

However, just what those trained in the social sciences and the humanities will gain from "consilience" with the physical sciences is not made clear. If Wilson is suggesting that it is application of the scientific method, he should be aware that August Comte (1798–1857), who both founded and named sociology (he wanted to call it "social physics," but another had pre-empted the label), persuaded sociologists to pursue that course. Thousands of very in-



Although there's something to be said for getting ahead, the new Navigator has more to do with getting away. And taking life's luxuries with you.

 **LINCOLN**

telligent, diligent, dedicated, and well-paid sociologists have, to the best of their abilities, applied the methods of the physical scientists in their research. In the sharpest of contrasts with the successes of the physical scientists, the sociologists' century-long research has not produced a single discovery or invention that has significantly influenced American society.

Richard Dewey
Professor of Sociology, retired
University of New Hampshire
Durham, N.H.

Edward O. Wilson's erudite essay brilliantly disposes of postmodernism, and indeed all anthropocentric, ideology-driven anti-science. His presentation of "consilience," however, is dangerously misleading. Wilson defines it as "the linking of facts and fact-based theory across disciplines to create a common groundwork of explanation," and regards it as the Enlightenment's most promising contribution to human understanding.

Au contraire. The promise of science is its unity of method and its community

of discipline—not any convenient unity of principles across domains of natural reality. The entomologist reasons in the same disciplined way, and submits her data and conclusions to the same collegial scrutiny, as the etymologist. So do the astrophysicist, the botanist, and the geologist. However, the conceit that their work should converge upon common truths and common processes—God's grand natural design—is precisely what has led so many of those who think they already know those truths to find them confirmed in nature. Too many flimsy theories are buttressed by logically fallacious, selective analogizing across disciplines.

One reason for "all the bewildering varieties of deconstructionism and New Age holism swirling round about" academia is that consilience makes every man or woman a scholar without portfolio, without the requirements of actually having to study anything rigorously or to build new knowledge on a foundation of old. Hence the paradox of a society in which more people have had more "education" than at any time or place in hu-

man history, yet stupidity flourishes. Our young people are so ignorant of mathematics, science, the classics of Western literature, and human history that they aren't even aware how ignorant they are.

Kenneth Kaye
Northwestern University
Evanston, Ill.

What an insightful, compassionate description of Western intellectual history Edward O. Wilson gives us in his article. His assertion that the spiritual and political crises we face are a direct result of the fragmentation that has occurred between science, religion, and the humanities may have been said before, but never with such acuity. Instead of dismissing postmodernist deconstructionism as an intellectual sideshow, he makes a compelling argument that scientists should meet the challenge that it represents as a means of revitalizing the Enlightenment and fulfilling its promise of a unity of learning. This is a profound piece of reasoning.

George Tyler
Essex Junction, Vt.

Ditch the Joneses.

Call toll-free 1.888.2ANYWHERE (1.888.226.9943) visit www.lincolnavehicles.com or see an authorized Navigator dealer.

With up to 8,000 pounds of towing capacity and a 5.4L V-8 to escape civilization, Joneses and all (nothing against anyone named Jones).

Navigator from Lincoln. What a luxury [] should be.

Edward O. Wilson's intellectual history was enlightening. It was, however, odd that Wilson failed to mention the Sophists, particularly when discussing postmodernism. To muse over Jacques Derrida's "There is nothing outside the text" and not mention, say, Protagoras' "Man is the measure of all things" is akin to discussing gravitation without mentioning Newton.

Philosophical postmodernists, Wilson says, "challenge the very foundations of science and traditional philosophy." The very same accusation was leveled at the Sophists by Socrates. Wilson writes that in the postmodernist view, "reality . . . is a state constructed by the mind." What does old Protagoras say? "Now he who knows perceives what he knows and, as far as I can see at present, *knowledge is perception*." Ethics in postmodernist works, according to Wilson, cannot "be firmly grounded, given that each society creates its own codes." And Protagoras? Moral judgment is relative, and "all things are in motion . . . to every individual and state what appears, is."

Betty Daror
Fairfield, Conn.

Edward O. Wilson replies:

I understand why some readers might see in "Back From Chaos" an attempt to downgrade the social sciences and the humanities, but my intention is the opposite.

The recent growth of knowledge has largely erased the traditional boundary between the two cultures as roughly defined—that is, the line between the natural sciences on one side, and the social sciences and the humanities on the other. What was once thought an impassable barrier is now seen to be a broad domain of mostly unexplored phenomena inviting cooperative entry from both sides. Disciplines of the natural sciences that are beginning to bridge this borderland include cognitive neuroscience, behavioral genetics, and evolutionary biology. Those from the social sciences include cognitive psychology and biological anthropology. The combination—alliance, if you wish—holds the prospect of linking brain to mind to culture by cause-and-effect explanation.

Within the natural sciences such resilience runs vertically across ascending levels of self-assembled complexity and

organization, from physics to biology. The linkage is based on both reduction and synthesis, analysis and holism. The question before us is whether similar connections can be solidly built on across the borderland to the social sciences and the humanities. If the answer is yes, as I and an increasing number of other scholars of otherwise disparate interests believe, the result will deepen and strengthen the social sciences and the humanities. It will not devalue them.

ValuJet 592

I don't disagree with the analysis by William Langewiesche of the ValuJet crash ("The Lessons of ValuJet 592," *March Atlantic*), but another viewpoint has gotten little attention: Flight 592 should not have been carrying oxygen generators, but neither should the MD-80s or any other airplanes.

In the interest of passenger safety, some administrator at the FAA issued a rule requiring all high-flying airliners to carry supplemental oxygen supplied by the familiar drop-down mask, in case of cabin depressurization at high altitude. The true cost of any safety measure must span the entire duty cycle of the product—manufacture, use, and disposal.

I am unaware of the saving of any life by a drop-down oxygen mask. People can tolerate hypoxia for short periods, generally depending on their cardiovascular status. Some people have climbed Mount Everest (29,028 feet) without supplemental oxygen; however, it is probable that very few would survive prolonged flight at the usual cruising altitude of 35,000 to 40,000 feet. Other FAA regulations applicable to general aviation require oxygen availability to all occupants if the altitude exceeds 15,000 feet. Regardless of the availability of supplemental oxygen, the usual maneuver in the event of cabin depressurization is immediate descent at the maximum safe rate. The length of time that passengers will be exposed to hypoxia depends on how far the airplane must descend and how quickly it can descend. If 15,000 feet is the maximum safe altitude, then the descent must be about 20,000 feet. (Of course, the pilot would not level off at 15,000 feet; he would probably continue to descend to between 5,000 and

10,000 feet.) I don't know the maximum rate of descent, but if their power is reduced, airliners come down fast: 5,000 feet a minute does not seem outrageous, in which case the passengers would be exposed to hypoxia for four minutes. What fraction of the passengers would be harmed by four minutes of hypoxia? On the other hand, would every mask drop? How long would inexperienced people take to get their masks on? What percent would fail to get their masks on before passing out? The mere presence of the mask is not a guarantee that every passenger would survive.

I agree that Flight 592 should not have been carrying oxygen generators, but in reality that fact is an unforeseen consequence of requiring some type of supplemental-oxygen system—an unknown cost of an effort to improve safety. Although I don't know if anyone has survived because of drop-down masks, all the occupants of Flight 592 died because of them. It seems to me that they have not been a net success.

Gerald Wedemeyer
Bridgeport, W. Va.

William Langewiesche's article makes it very plain that Third World labor practices, especially when combined with high technology, engender Third World safety results.

As a licensed pilot who has made his own share of mistakes (fortunately all of minor consequence), suffered from those of others, and encountered other unpleasant surprises in flight, I am afraid that the spirit of inquiring professionalism and integrity which is so utterly vital in aviation is too often the first victim when sharp economic practice becomes the primary focus.

George Haeh
Toronto, Ontario

William Langewiesche rightly concludes that "system accidents" are more likely to occur as we impose more complexity in the area of procedures and chains of command. Although it is true that "the one thing that always gets done is the required paperwork," I would take exception to the idea that pencil-whipping, or rebellion against exasperating paperwork, is only in the domain of the individual—"in the privacy of a hangar or a cockpit."

**The true measure of success in life
isn't money, fame or power.
It's laugh lines.**

Copyright 1998 Celestial Seasonings, Inc., Boulder, CO

In life, you can never laugh too often or smile too much. Which is why you should know about Celestial Seasonings Mood Mender™ herbal blend. It's the soothing way to help maintain your sense of happiness and well-being. With natural ingredients, including St. John's Wort. Part of a complete line of herbal supplements from Celestial Seasonings. All guaranteed for potency, consistency and quality. For more information, see us at www.celestialseasonings.com.



CELESTIAL SEASONINGS
What you do for you.™

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Apart from
attracting looks,
it's totally
antimagnetic.**



Ref. 3706

The mechanical pilot's chronograph with a soft iron inner case for protection against magnetic influences.

From \$ 3995.-

IWC

*International Watch Co. Ltd., Schaffhausen, Switzerland
Since 1868*

Milanj

jewelers

King of Prussia Plaza
King of Prussia, PA 19406 (610)992-0707

Currently airlines are required by the FAA annually to test ground employees who are loosely categorized as those potentially coming in contact with a wide range of hazardous materials (thousands of commodities that have varying degrees of dangerous inherent characteristics as well as reactive qualities when shipped with other commodities). Because the employee categorization is so expansive, a great number of people must be tested—most of whom never have any decision-making involvement with such shipments.

By FAA edict, however, all must be tested, and over the years the “passing grade” has been raised to the point where a perfect score is now required of every last employee if the airline is to maintain its authorization to transport this material. One of the ways airlines abide this in-cursive FAA requirement is to take groups of employees into a training room and “walk them through” the long and demanding test, making sure that they answer each question in unison, striking the correct keys on their computer keyboards, on command from their instructor. Most of those completing the test leave the room with at best only a cursory understanding of the handling of hazardous materials, even though they have just recorded a perfect score!

The unrealistic demands by the FAA in overseeing the handling of hazardous materials make it look good on paper while in fact actually undermining flight safety and contributing to an eventual “system accident.”

Joel W. Jenkins
Medinah, Ill.

William Langewiesche is quite convincing in showing how the accident happened and attributing it to system breakdown. I can't agree, however, with his conclusion that our need for “virtual corporations,” exemplified in the extreme by ValuJet, means that we can't fix the problem. ValuJet created a system almost totally devoid of career personnel. Career employees challenge the small day-to-day screw-ups to which Langewiesche attributes this accident. Even more important, they pay to receive the training necessary to avoid the kind of mistake that happened when the oxygen generators were not capped. They do this not because they are better

people but because they have a stake in the long-term survival of the company. Few at either ValuJet or SabreTech were foolish enough to believe that they had a stake in anything beyond their next paycheck.

The company was interested only in the desired result at the lowest cost—no questions asked. This fosters a climate of short-term reward that any probation officer will tell you is at the root of the most seemingly stupid crime. If the only hope of a next paycheck is to meet the schedule and the budget for the current job, then falsifying the shipping documents is bound to happen. Combine this with supervisors whose only loyalty is to the terms of their contract and you have guaranteed two more pieces of the ValuJet 592 puzzle: work instructions written for the courtroom rather than the shop floor, and lack of training. Langewiesche demonstrates that companies like ValuJet are inherently incapable of the accountability necessary to manage a hazardous activity—yet he insists that they are here to stay. So the only logical conclusion is that we will have more such accidents.

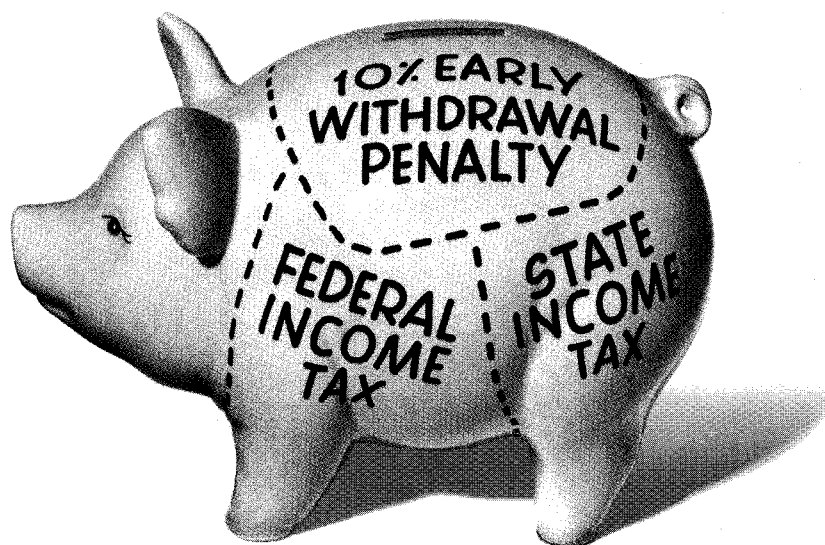
Harry E. Beemer
Camden, Ark.

William Langewiesche replies:

Gerald Wedemeyer may find upon further examination that supplemental oxygen is a necessary complement to high-altitude flight: people sitting in airplanes process oxygen differently from those climbing mountains; the airlines carry passengers of all ages and physical conditions; and in the event of depressurization pilots may be unable (because of traffic, terrain, or range) to descend immediately to safe altitudes. There are nonetheless choices to be made—safer and less-safe ways of providing emergency oxygen. And Mr. Wedemeyer's larger point is correct. The involvement of oxygen generators in the crash of ValuJet 592 should serve to remind us that mandating layer upon layer of safety devices may ultimately not be the solution to the dangers of flight. Complication comes at a cost.

Joel Jenkins's story of employee testing is probably familiar in some way to all of us: such shams are widespread, and they form an important part of the “pretend realities” that I mentioned in the piece. Mr. Jenkins is right that “pen-

Switching Jobs Can Have An Unfortunate Effect On Your Retirement Savings.



**Don't Lose 40% Or More Of Your Retirement Plan To Taxes And Penalties.
Call For Your Free Information Kit Today.**

If you've switched jobs, the way you handle the payout from your former employer's retirement plan is very important. This may be one of the largest sums you'll ever receive. And, depending on what you choose to do, you could lose 40% or more of it to federal, state, and local taxes as well as early withdrawal penalties. It makes sense to know the facts before you act.

T. Rowe Price can help. We offer a free kit that clearly explains the options in plain, straightforward language. You'll learn the pros and cons of each distribution option and how to avoid the potential taxes and



penalties. And if you choose a rollover IRA from T. Rowe Price, you'll have access to our knowledgeable customer representatives, who can help make the rollover process as easy and hassle-free as possible.

Request your free kit today. Call us and we'll send you our free kit on managing your retirement plan distribution, which includes the tools you need to help you decide what's best for you. We'll also include information about our broad range of no-load mutual funds. Call our toll-free number today. Because we'd

hate to see your retirement plan go all to pieces.

1-800-541-8457

Invest With Confidence®
T. Rowe Price 

Request a prospectus with more complete information, including management fees and other charges and expenses. Read it carefully before you invest or send money. T. Rowe Price Investment Services, Inc., Distributor.

IRAR042526

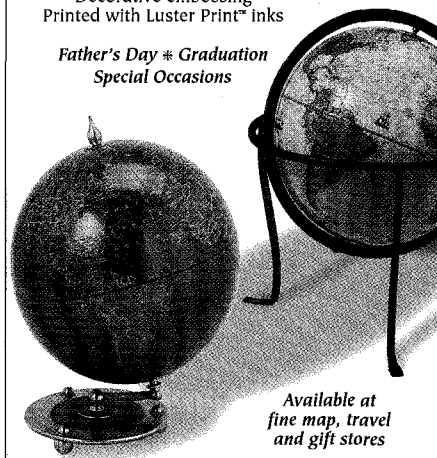
Eureka Globes

Masterpiece Collection

10 Beautiful Table & Floor Models

100% Accurate & Updatable
Decorative embossing
Printed with Luster Print™ inks

Father's Day & Graduation
Special Occasions



Available at
fine map, travel
and gift stores

Call today
for the store nearest you
or to request your free catalogue

1-888-473-9505 (toll free)

www.maps-eureka.com

1796 University Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94703

Fine Decorative Globes for Home and Office

"For the Future of Israel is a work of love,
devotion, and vision no less than it is a pragmatic,
analytic and wise program for Israel and for its
neighbors into the next century."

—Amos Oz

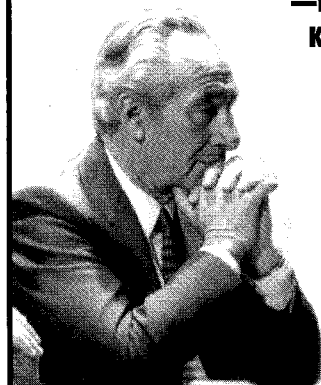
FOR THE FUTURE OF ISRAEL

Shimon
Peres

and
Robert Littell

"As Shimon Peres talks
candidly about his life and
of the parallel history of
Israel, a memorable
portrait emerges of a man
of great integrity, courage
and humanity. His account
of the events and
personalities that have
shaped Israel and its search
for peace with security is
wise and often poetic."

—Henry A.
Kissinger



\$22.95

Available at
bookstores

The
Johns
Hopkins
University
Press
1-800-
537-5487
www.press.
jhu.edu

cil-whipping" takes place on the largest organizational level as well as in the privacy of the individual workplace—which is why I find it incomplete simply to blame the sloppy mechanics, or to look no further than the two corporations involved in this accident.

Harry Beemer may have misunderstood one element of my description, and if so, it is my fault as a writer. It was *others* in the press who used the term "virtual airline" to mean that ValuJet ran a loose operation—as if an "actual" (old-style) airline would have run a tighter one. This assertion poses interesting questions about the drift of recent history, but it lies beyond my expertise. I don't want to justify any particular economic order, only to recognize that for better or worse the airlines have become an integral part of American society, and by necessity a reflection of it as well. Ultimately it is the complexity of the entire airline system—the users as well as the providers of flight—that brought down ValuJet 592. The accident could have happened to any airline. And yes, similar accidents are certain to happen again

Californization

In response to Peter Schrag's dire warnings about the initiative process ("California, Here We Come," *March Atlantic*): Hey, it's not all bad! I live in Seattle, a city where traffic and the sprawl it creates are decimating our salmon runs and rapidly diminishing our region's quality of life while government makes only vague gestures at these problems with useless pork projects like surface light rail. Dick Falkenburg and I wrote a citizens' initiative to address the transit needs of our region, starting with Seattle. As political outsiders, we were able to see the solution literally in front of our faces—a transit option relying on neither expensive tunneling nor the unreliable cooperation of surface traffic: the one-mile monorail built for the 1962 World's Fair. Our proposal mandated a public development authority charged with building a forty-mile monorail system using a hierarchy of funding sources, with private investment coming first.

When they weren't ignoring us, the press and the politicians with few exceptions mocked our idea. As insurance, our

initiative stated that members of the city council would lose their salaries if the monorail didn't happen. With \$2,000, a beater van, and self-service signature booths, we gathered 25,000 signatures, and in November of 1997, to the shock of the Seattle establishment, Proposition One was passed into law. The hostile dogs guarding city hall were soon licking our hands, and we were on the front page of *The New York Times*. Since our victory the dialogue over transportation in this region has been energized and transformed completely.

Grant Cogswell

Friends of the Monorail
Seattle, Wash.

As Peter Schrag points out, direct democracy may not be such a great idea. There is no fundamental ethical difference between an act of injustice committed by a single person and a similar action committed by a political majority, or a mob. There are periods in the history of our country in which the majority would gladly have marched to the polls and voted the rights of minorities into oblivion. This is a palpable danger, even today. How many people would vote to prohibit legal marriage between homosexuals if it had not been outlawed by legislative fiat?

Unfortunately, the solution Schrag proposes implicitly assumes the existence of a dichotomy that is simply not there. Direct democracy and representative democracy are not opposites—they are of a kind. Both systems are designed so that citizens may exercise power over other citizens; they differ only in execution. Schrag would address the tyranny of the majority by a return to a reliance on "great leaders, and the visionary statecraft with which they are sometimes associated." This, of course, is the same visionary statecraft that brought us Vietnam, the Holocaust, Jim Crow, Tiananmen Square, the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and the aforementioned Defense of Marriage Act. It is quite true that government action by direct democracy would be likely to yield similar (or even more disastrous) results, but to advocate an increased reliance on the currently installed oligarchy belies an anti-democratic sentiment of the worst kind: the pernicious idea that a select group of intellectuals

has been invested with a mandate from heaven to govern the ignorant, heathen masses for their own good.

W. Knox Carey
Ithaca, N.Y.

Apparently Peter Schrag lives in a parallel universe that only vaguely resembles mine. In his California a wise, capable legislature consistently improves education, provides excellent social services, and protects minorities. Our leaders paint a clear map of the future with wide brushstrokes, and they should be allowed to proceed. Instead the anti-minority, incapable, mainly white middle class insists on meddling and frequently approves ill-conceived, poorly drafted voter initiatives.

In my California our elected representatives have one overriding concern: to retain their power. They surround themselves with a swarm of fawning lobbyists whose pockets bulge with bribe money, which they call "campaign contributions." Our taxes are used to pay off ever increasing "contributions." Long-tenured representatives prospered within this system. They were brazenly corrupt beyond shame, and were offended when confronted with their misdeeds. Since the legislature would not reform itself, the voters needed to reform it.

Grassroots efforts by citizens' groups such as the League of Women Voters and Common Cause succeeded in passing voter initiatives that imposed term limits and reformed campaign-finance laws. This legislation did not do everything intended but was far superior to what was proposed by the legislature—which was nothing.

It is true that the voters are not always wise, that they lack consensus, make mistakes, and are occasionally deceived, but the voters I know are good people—and they don't take "contributions." The voters I know personally want every citizen to have a piece of the American dream. No matter how they vote, they think they are voting for the common good and would be mortified to have someone like Peter Schrag call their decisions anti-minority. In my universe I usually trust their decisions more than the decisions of those who represent us. Long live the plebiscite.

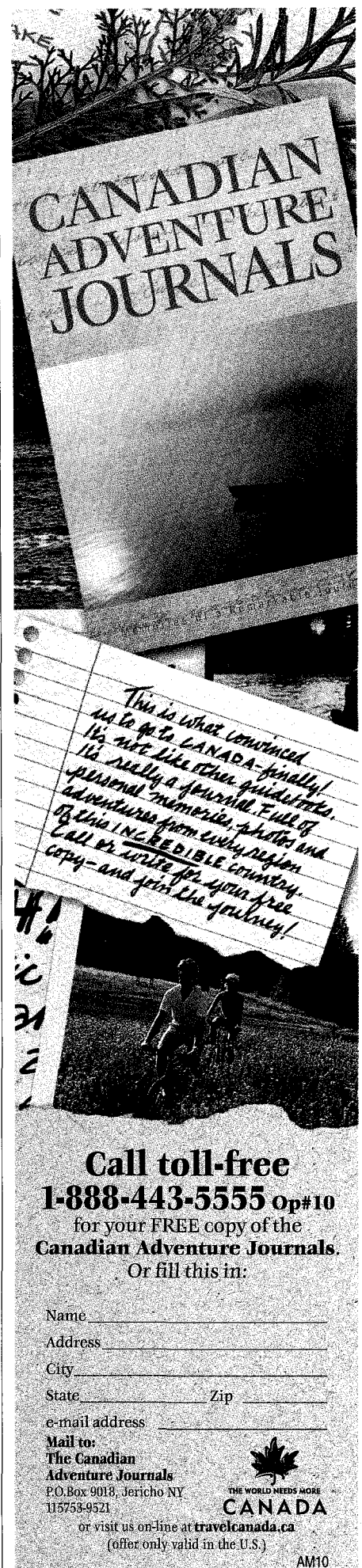
Michael Greenwald
San Diego, Calif.

Peter Schrag replies:

The Seattle initiative got a lot of attention because it was so exceptional, defying the odds both for initiatives and for representative government. In a large jurisdiction such as California, where the initiative is now a favored campaign tool among the very politicians it was supposed to thwart, qualifying any measure without paid signature gatherers—and thus without considerable sums of money—is virtually impossible. Although it would be nice to make paid signature gathering illegal, the Supreme Court has struck down such efforts as a violation of the First Amendment. And let's remember that the Seattle monorail solution hasn't yet been constructed. In California, time and again, after reformers thought they saw the solution literally in front of their faces, the state's voters ultimately discovered that the vision didn't turn out anything like what they had expected.

Ditto for the political reforms that Michael Greenwald alludes to. So far the most perceptible effect of the state's term-limits law, which also required severe cuts in the state's legislative budget, has been a severe reduction in legislative experience and in the professionalism of legislative staff, combined with endemic instability in leadership and an erosion in legislative accountability and institutional loyalty. As to campaign-finance reform, the voters have passed three initiatives in the past dozen years, all of which ran afoul of either the state or the U.S. Constitution and were struck down by various courts.

On W. Knox Carey's point, the correction of Jim Crow laws and practices has come largely through the conventional institutions of government—the courts, Congress, and the large administrative structure that was erected in the past forty years to abolish them. The most recent plebiscitary measures on such issues—California's Proposition 209, abolishing affirmative action (1996), and Proposition 187 (1994), which sought to deny schooling to the children of illegal immigrants—have gone in a very different direction. As to the Holocaust and Tiananmen Square, I can't imagine anyone's suggesting that they were products of a representative democracy.



CANADIAN ADVENTURE JOURNALS

This is what convinced us to go to CANADA—finally! It's not like other guidebooks. It's really a journal. Full of personal memories, photos and adventures from every region of this INCREDIBLE country. Call or write for your free copy—and join the journey!

Call toll-free
1-888-443-5555 Op#10
for your FREE copy of the
Canadian Adventure Journals.
Or fill this in:

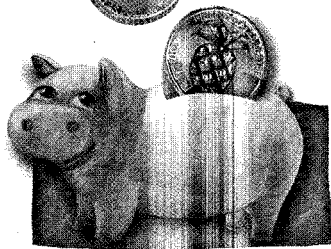
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
e-mail address _____

Mail to:
The Canadian Adventure Journals
P.O. Box 9018, Jericho NY
11753-9521

or visit us on-line at travelcanada.ca
(offer only valid in the U.S.)


THE WORLD NEEDS MORE
CANADA
AM10

THE JUNE ALMANAC



Government

June 1: The U.S. Treasury will receive for final approval the first of 50 new designs—one for each state—for the “tails” side of quarters. Each state’s governor will choose a design from several approved by the Treasury; the coins will be minted over a 10-year-period in the order in which the states ratified the Constitution. The first new quarter, bearing Delaware’s design, will circulate next year. This is the first time that states have been involved in national circulating-currency design.

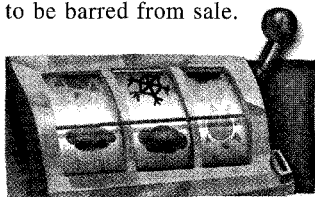
June 3: The last day on which the U.S. Air Force will accept requests for chimpanzees from its aerospace-research program. Although chimps were critical in the preparations for and early days of U.S. manned space travel (their reaction time, organ placement, and DNA are remarkably similar to those of human beings), the nearly 150 remaining chimps were declared “surplus to requirements” last year. A newly formed Institute for Captive Chimpanzee Care and Well-Being is trying to raise the funds to house the chimps, in the hope of preventing them from going to medical researchers.

Health & Safety

June 30: The most sweeping handgun-safety regulations in the country take effect in Massachusetts today. They are meant to prevent accidental discharges (each year hundreds of children and teenagers nationwide are killed by accidentally fired guns). All hand-

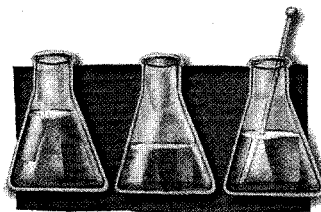


guns sold commercially in the state must now pass drop tests that assess their propensity to discharge on impact, and must either meet standards for melting point, tensile strength, and metal density, or pass performance tests for malfunction and wear. And by September, to deter use by children, they must have a key-activated trigger lock and either have high trigger resistance or require multiple motions to fire. Under the regulations some 30 common types of handguns are likely to be barred from sale.



Demographics

June 1: Hurricane season in the Atlantic Basin officially begins today. Meteorologists and coastal residents will not be the only ones tracking this year’s storms: investors in “catastrophe bonds,” a new kind of security, will be keeping close watch as well. Catastrophe bonds are sold by insurance companies in order to boost reserves in the event of a major disaster. They offer high returns if losses over a specified period of time are lower than a specified amount; if losses are greater, the investor loses part or all of the principal. The idea of, in effect, betting against storms grew out of contrasting trends in demographics and in weather along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. While the population of these regions has soared (the Atlantic coastal counties now hold nearly a quarter of the nation’s people), dramatically raising insurance losses when hurricanes occur, the incidence of hurricanes has fallen (only half as many major hurricanes have hit the coasts since 1970 as in the three preceding decades). However, investors may soon face less favorable odds, because hurricane activity is cyclical.



Environment

This month six teams of presidentially appointed scientists will complete the first phase of an evaluation of the Gulf of Mexico’s “dead zone”—a low-oxygen area off the Louisiana coastline. Dead zones are created where high levels of nutrients, often from agricultural runoff, flow into the ocean, in this case from the Mississippi River. As the water grows warmer and solar radiation increases, these nutrients boost algal populations; after the algae die and sink, they decompose, depleting the oxygen near the ocean floor. The dead zone in the Gulf is the largest in the western Atlantic, last year covering an area the size of New Jersey. The phenomenon has serious ecological and economic implications; at risk, among other things, is the Gulf’s fishing industry. A task force will be seeking ways to reduce nutrients in the Mississippi without unfairly penalizing the agricultural industry: one proposal, for example, involves federal compensation to farmers who convert riverside farmlands to wetlands.

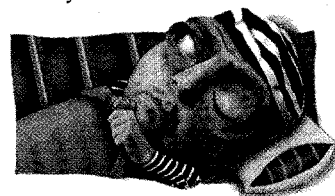
The Skies

June 10: Full Moon, also known this month as the Rose, Honey, or Strawberry Moon. **17:** The Moon and Jupiter lie close together in the southeastern sky an hour before sunrise. **21:** At 10:03 A.M. EDT the Summer Solstice occurs. **25:** Mercury lies to the left of a very thin crescent Moon and below the paired stars Castor and Pollux, just above the western horizon 45 minutes after sunset.



Arts & Letters

June 3: The dedication of an 87-foot-tall stone face of Crazy Horse, a Sioux chief who helped to defeat George Armstrong Custer at the Battle of the Little Bighorn. The face was carved into a mountain in South Dakota in an effort begun 50 years ago today. It is to be part of a sculpture that will depict the warrior on his stallion, visible from all sides, and that will be the largest mountain carving in the world. The monument was started by Korczak Ziolkowski, a sculptor who worked on Mount Rushmore, and has been continued by Ziolkowski’s family since his death, in 1982. Today’s events will include a dynamite blast intended to usher in another 50 years of work.



50 Years Ago

George Bernard Shaw, writing in the June, 1948, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: “Capital Punishment is a term which indicates muddled thinking. The dilemma of kill or be killed. . . is a hard fact which must be faced and organized. . . What are we to do with [criminals]? . . . The thoughtless humanitarian is ready with his reply. Reform the criminal: be kind to him. But the criminal who can be reformed is not the problem. . . The real problem is the criminal you cannot reform: the human mad dog or cobra. The answer is, kill him kindly and apologetically, if possible without consciousness on his part. Let him go comfortably to bed expecting to wake up in the morning as usual, and not wake up. His general consciousness that this may happen to him should be shared by every citizen as part of his moral civic responsibility.”



LAND CRUISER

The true measure of

For nearly fifty years, the Land Cruiser has been creating paths where there once were
a sport utility vehicle is not

none. Now we're introducing the next generation for 1998. Born of a powerful V8 engine,
where it can go.

independent front suspension and even more interior space. Darwin would approve.

But rather, where it has been.



The world's first V8-powered Land Cruiser has arrived.

TOYOTA

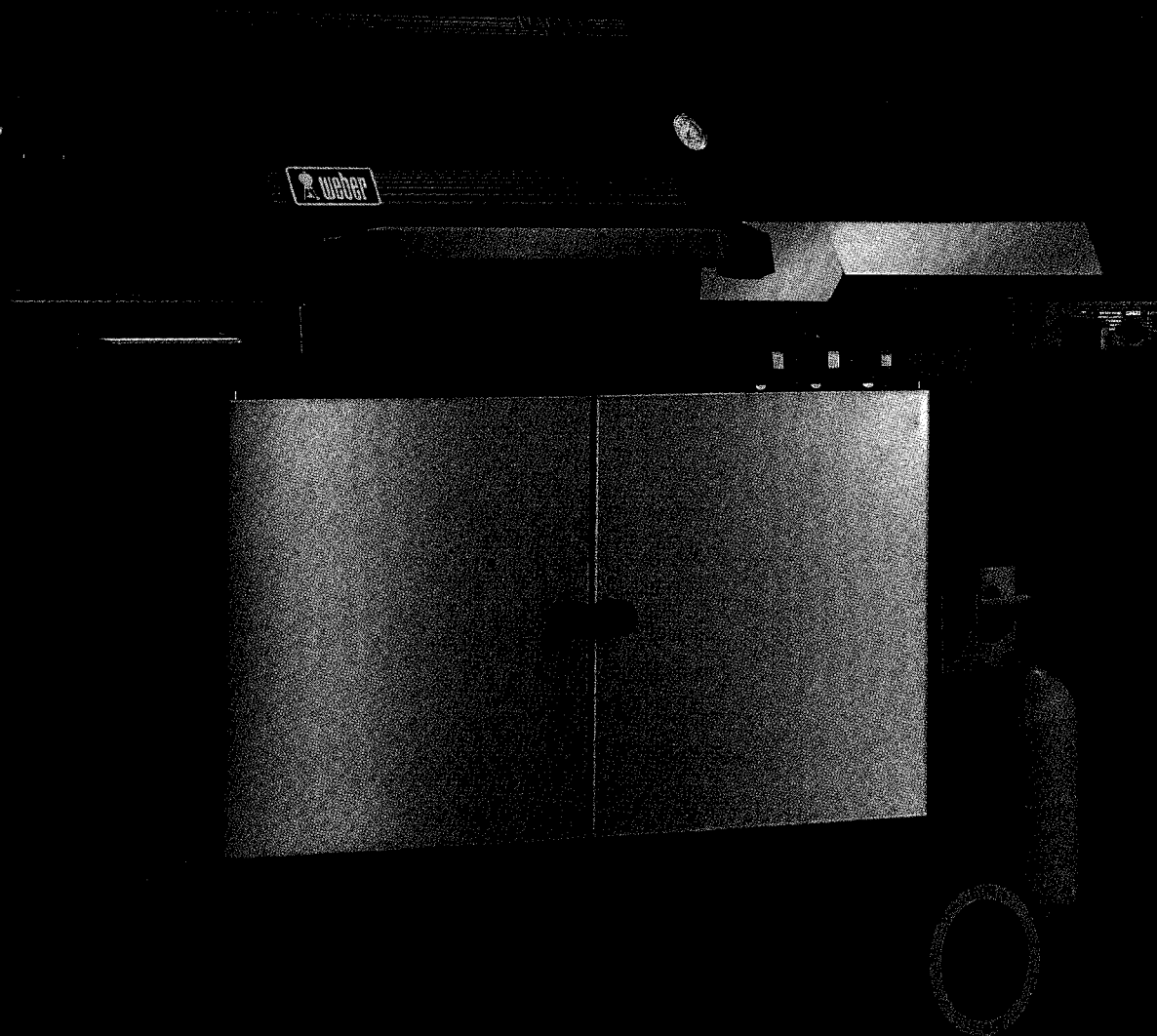
everyday

1-800-GO-TOYOTA ♦ www.toyota.com

©1998 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Weber Platinum 3400.
Suggested retail price \$1,500.



© 1999 Weber-Steinborn Products Co., 2001 East Dunlap Street, Danbury, CT 06810. Weber is a registered trademark of Weber-Steinborn Products Co.

If you've ever cooked on an ordinary gas grill, chances are, you've apologized for it. The flare-ups that singed your steaks. The cold corners that made it impossible to cook food evenly. The shoddy construction

element of the Platinum Series II cooking system. Weber's Crossover® Ignition System assures a fast start. And there are three stainless steel burners strategically placed to provide another rarity: a grill that heats

natural gas models. And racks for warming vegetables and breads. Some models even have lower storage space for grill tools.

And then we do one thing more. We virtually assemble the entire grill in-house.

Look what happens when you play with fire for a living.

that cost more in repairs than the grill itself.

Well, apologize no more. Presenting the Weber® Platinum Series II™.

Remarkable, isn't it? Well, not really. Not when you consider that it comes from a family of overachievers.

Like its predecessor, the legendary Genesis® Gas Grill, the Platinum Series II solves ordinary grilling problems. In an extraordinary fashion.

For starters, it eliminates flare-ups. (That's when fats collect, reach a flash point, ignite and ultimately burn out of control.) Instead of using lava rock, pumice stone or flat metal plates, we created a patented cooking system made of stainless steel bars.

When juices and fats hit the double layer of precisely angled Flavorizer® Bars, they don't pool, flash and burn. Instead, they sizzle, smoke and impart a rich, delectable outdoor flavor to your meal.

The Flavorizer Bars are simply one

evenly and cooks food perfectly. Every time.

Complementing our patented cooking system are quality enhancements. We take only the finest grade U.S. steel, protect it with a shield of porcelain enamel, then fire it at 1600° F. The porcelain enamel will never fade or peel, making it the ideal finish for our cooking grates and grill hoods.

Which naturally leads to construction. The Platinum Series II Grills feature an incredibly strong, robot-welded cart, coated with weather-resistant baked enamel. But that's not all. Our cart design features extra-large porcelain-enameled steel work surfaces with towel bars made of stainless steel.

For enthusiasts who want more cooking possibilities, we also offer models with a 14,000 BTU side burner. There are convenience features, too. Like quick-disconnect gas lines on both LP and

So instead of wasting your time fidgeting with nuts and bolts, you can concentrate on more important matters. Like choosing your next marinade. Or the right wine to accompany expertly grilled lobsters.

Finally, we considered the single most important detail of all. Your complete satisfaction. That's why we offer more than just a 10-year limited warranty.

If the Platinum Series II Grill does not live up to your expectations, Weber also offers you an unprecedented 45-day money-back guarantee. Absolutely no questions asked. Excessive? Perhaps. Unless you want

a gas grill engineered by people as passionate about its construction as you are about using it. To learn more about

the new Weber Platinum Series II, phone 1-800-99-WEBER (1-800-999-3237). Or visit our Web site at www.weberbbq.com.



The Legend Lives On.™

A Good Climate for Investment

Reducing reliance on carbon for energy—to safeguard our atmosphere and our climate—could bring about not personal deprivation but a worldwide economic boom

IT is not news that climate shapes history. What is news is that the warming of our atmosphere has propelled our climate into a new state of instability. Only in the United States is anyone still seriously debating whether the earth is undergoing a steady, and threatening, warming. An extensive public-relations campaign by fossil-fuel interests has helped the statements of a dozen or so “greenhouse skeptics”—many of them funded by industry—to receive as much news coverage as the findings of the United Nations’ Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change. The IPCC, which includes more than 2,500 scientists from more than a hundred countries, has issued a series of reports since 1989 about the ongoing and potentially disastrous nature of the problem. Most other countries take the scientists at their word—as was demonstrated at last winter’s international conference on global warming, in Kyoto.

But while the climate crisis contains staggering destructive potential, it also contains an extraordinary opportunity to expand the wealth and stability of the global economy. We have the technology. We have an institutional precedent.

What we need now is the will to think big and make it work.

Each year we pump at least six billion tons of heat-trapping carbon into the innermost layer of our atmosphere, whose outer extent is only about twelve miles overhead. According to an IPCC report released this year, atmospheric CO₂ will, if the buildup is left unchecked, double from its pre-industrial level

within the next century. That doubling of CO₂ correlates with an increase in the global temperature of at least three to eight degrees Fahrenheit. The last ice age was just five to nine degrees colder than our current climate.

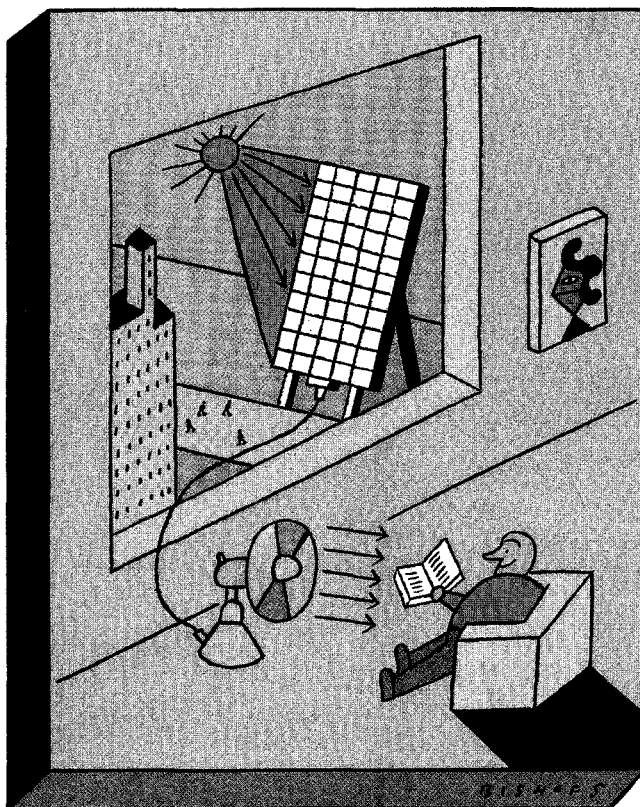
by Ross Gelbspan

The economic consequences of the succession of extreme weather events all over the world during the past few years—floods, droughts, severe storms, altered rainfall patterns, heat waves, cold snaps—are visible in the rising disaster-relief costs to governments and

the escalating losses of the world’s property insurers. During the 1980s insurance losses due to extreme weather events averaged approximately \$2 billion a year; in the 1990s they have been averaging \$12 billion a year.

The solution is as simple as it is overwhelming. The scientists of the IPCC tell us that in order to restore our atmosphere to the hospitable state we have enjoyed for the past 10,000 years, we need to cut emissions from the burning of coal and oil not by the 5.2 percent specified in the Kyoto Protocol, which was released at the end of the conference, but by 50 to 70 percent. This means eventually phasing out virtually every oil-burning furnace, gasoline-

burning car, and coal-powered generating plant and turning to renewable, climate-friendly energy sources. The economic activity this would stimulate could provide significant employment for oil and coal workers, who could be retrained to manufacture, for example, windmills, solar-energy systems, and fuel cells for electricity and heat.



Muscle fatigue is a major source of power loss.
DuPont Lycra® Power garments boost strength, force and endurance.



www.dupont.com



Better things for better living

Lycra® is a DuPont registered trademark for its brand of spandex. Only DuPont makes Lycra®.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We were at the 2003

World's Fair in Los Angeles. I asked Katsuko which pavilion we might visit next and she said, "Vietnam, darling." Once we were there, she kept discussing politics — Africa's decolonization and Mao Tse-tung in the 1960s. Her words were all flying right over my head.

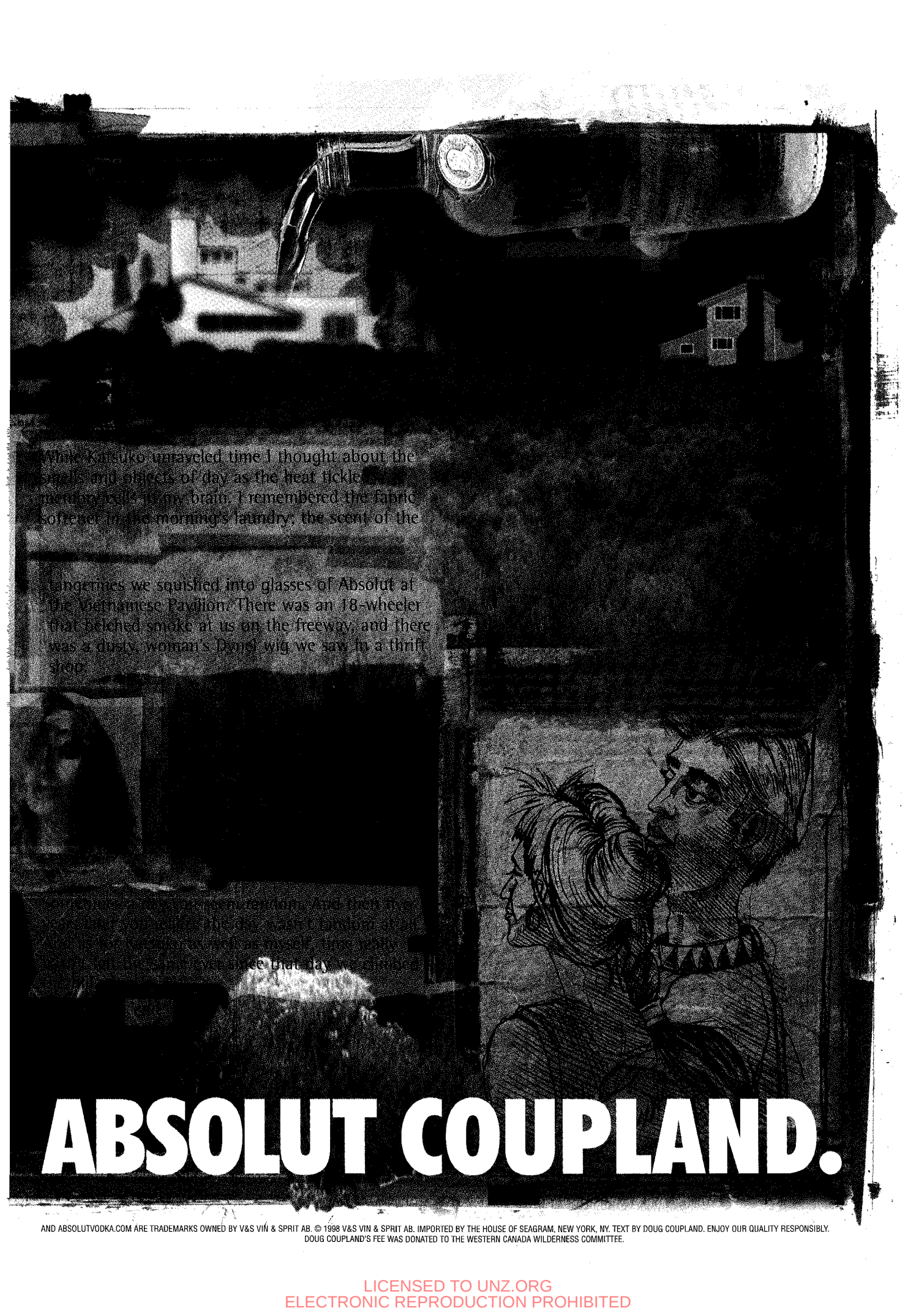
During a brief lull, we looked up at the enormous houses on the slope up above Sunset — silver and white and sleepy, resting above steep blankets of brown grass and creosote shrubs. I said, "Hey, let's make the great leap forward. Let's go climb the mountain. Let's reach that house on the hill."

She asked why, and I said we should climb the hill because maybe there'd be wisdom up at the top. That was good enough for her.

We took a taxi to Sunset and La Cienega, then soon enough crawled under a Cyclone fence and began crabwalking up the dirty slope. There was dust and empty cans and yellowed newspapers and a discarded laptop from the 1990s. Both of us were only wearing T-shirts and shorts and we were scratched all over.

The climb was harder than we'd thought, and the sun more fierce. Finally we did reach the top. We peeked through a fence and saw a silent white mansion, so clean and quiet that not even the birds came near it. Our mission was accomplished and we then sat down. Katsuko was feeling sick from the heat and we were both sunburned — but the pain and sickness were worth it to know that we had climbed the mountain to be close to something grand. So we found shade inside a shrub and looked at Los Angeles before us, through breaks in the foliage.

Katsuko began discussing history again, but she was somewhat delirious. Time wasn't quite the same for her any longer. AIDS had been cured in 1971; The Summer of Love was in 1949; TV was invented in 1983; Life on Mars was found in 1996.



While Katsuko unraveled time I thought about the
smells and objects of day as the heat tickled my
memory rolls in my brain. I remembered the fabric
softener in the morning's laundry, the scent of the

tandermies we squished into glasses of Absolut at
the Vietnamese Pavilion. There was an 18-wheeler
that belched smoke at us on the freeway, and there
was a dusty, woman's Daniel wig we saw in a thrift
shop.

And then I saw the woman in the doorway. And then I saw
the man in the doorway. And then I saw the woman in the doorway.
And then I saw the man in the doorway. And then I saw the woman in the doorway.
And then I saw the man in the doorway. And then I saw the woman in the doorway.

ABSOLUT COUPLAND.

AND ABSOLUTVODKA.COM ARE TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. © 1998 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, NY. TEXT BY DOUG COUPLAND. ENJOY OUR QUALITY RESPONSIBLY.
DOUG COUPLAND'S FEE WAS DONATED TO THE WESTERN CANADA WILDERNESS COMMITTEE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Against this background the substance of the Kyoto Protocol is puny. That is not to deny the political achievement at Kyoto. Some 160 nations came together to sound an alarm about our common future. To do so, they had to overcome several major divisions—between the United States and the European Union, between the North and the South, between the environmental and business communities. It is to their great credit that they managed to overcome those divisions to the extent that they did.

But if we judge Kyoto by the real requirements of nature rather than by the obstacles of diplomacy, the protocol is a hollow shell. Its goals, as noted, are orders of magnitude below what nature requires if the global climate is to be stabilized. It is, moreover, deeply flawed by an emissions-trading mechanism that is unworkable and unenforceable and that, together with a system of “joint implementation,” amounts to little more than a set of loopholes to be exploited by industrial interests.

And yet even this weak and ineffectual agreement would not today be ratified by the United States Senate. In fact it may never be ratified by the United States.

To compete, renewable energy sources need mass markets and mass production. There must be incentives and penalties.

The fossil-fuel industry is one of the largest commercial enterprises in history. It supports the economies of more than a dozen nations, in the Middle East, the Americas, and Africa. The resources it can use to fight its demise or transformation are virtually without limit. And it has already begun to use them.

Since 1991 the fossil-fuel lobby has mounted an extremely effective campaign to persuade the public and policymakers that the issue of atmospheric

warming is still unresolved scientifically. To take one example, in 1991 several coal and utility companies launched a program to set up interviews with journalists for three dissenting scientists. The campaign, according to strategy documents that were later exposed in the press, was designed to “reposition global warming as theory rather than fact” and was aimed specifically at “older, less educated men” and “young lower-income women.” The geographic targets of the campaign included areas where electricity came from coal and districts whose congressmen served on the House Energy Committee.

The effectiveness of the campaign can be seen in the results of two *Newsweek* polls, conducted in 1991 and 1996. In 1991, 35 percent of the people polled said they believed that global warming was a serious problem. By 1996 the number had dropped to 22 percent.

In Washington, testimony by skeptics, including those funded by industry, led in 1996 to dramatic cuts in the funding that Congress allocated to research on global climate change. And last summer it led as well to a 95–0 vote in the Senate on a resolution, sponsored by Senators Robert Byrd, of West Virginia, and Chuck Hagel, of Nebraska, against ratification of the Kyoto Protocol—on the grounds that the treaty would exempt large developing nations, such as India, China, and Mexico, from the first round of emissions reductions.

Between now and the next round of Kyoto negotiations, in November, the Clinton Administration will continue to try to mobilize public support for the protocol. It will put a small amount of money into establishing renewable-energy programs in developing countries. It will seek support from the natural-gas and renewables industries—and also from the U.S. insurance industry, which has been very defensive economically and almost invisible politically, in contrast to the European insurance community.

The treaty’s opponents, both Republicans and Democrats, will attack it from several angles. They will continue to insist that the science is far too uncertain to justify mandatory reductions of carbon emissions. They will continue to exploit the dominant anti-tax and anti-government sentiment in the United States by telling the public that taxes penaliz-

ing carbon release represent a plot to restore big government and make everyone ride bicycles and sit in the dark.

They will continue to misrepresent the economics. Before Kyoto, the Global Climate Coalition, a lobbying arm of the energy and automotive industries, said that its economic model indicated that a 10 percent reduction in 1990 emissions levels would cost the United States three percent of its gross domestic product. And many Americans believed it. The public believed it in spite of a statement by 2,500 economists, including six Nobel laureates, that we could cut emissions through conservation and energy-efficiency measures and at the same time increase productivity and economic wealth. The statement endorsed the findings of a number of economists, including an economics panel of the IPCC, that we could cut emissions by up to 30 percent with no negative economic impacts.

The treaty’s opponents will continue to tell the American people that it is unfair for the United States to accept cuts that do not fall equally on the large developing countries. In advance of Kyoto the fossil-fuel lobby mounted a \$13 million advertising campaign to reinforce the Senate’s opposition to the treaty. What the lobby, and many senators, must stop denying is that most developing nations are too heavily burdened by debt, poverty, and social instability to absorb energy restrictions. Most can barely feed and educate their poverty-stressed populations. They are in no position to finance energy transitions.

The challenge of altering our global energy diet breaks down into two separate, if related, tasks. The first is to make the transition—in a relatively short time—away from oil and coal (and, eventually, natural gas) to renewable, climate-friendly energy sources. The second is to transfer the new technologies to the developing world.

Conceptually, at least, we have made some progress. Recently the Ford Motor Company joined Daimler-Benz AG and Ballard Power Systems in a \$715 million venture to produce fuel-cell-powered autos. Fuel-cell engines use chemical reactions to produce electricity, instead of burning fuel, as internal-combustion engines do. In Japan, Toyota recently began selling a hybrid gasoline-and-electricity-



And The Band Played On ♦
I Salomoni. Music played on the
Titanic. (London) 21687

**Kathleen Battle: So Many
Stars** ♦ Spirituals, lullabies
& love songs. (Sony Classical)
05364

**Vladimir Horowitz: The Last
Recording** ♦ Historic recital
with music of Chopin, Haydn,
Liszt. (Sony Classical) 05396

**Wynton Marsalis: Baroque
Music For Trumpets** ♦
Vivaldi, Telemann, more.
(Sony Classical) 05399

**Wolf And Korngold,
Eichendorff Lieder** ♦
Boje Skovhus, baritone.
(Sony Classical) 05410

Immortal Beloved: Sdtrk. ♦
Favorite excerpts from Sym.
3, 5, 6 & 9: *Für Elise*; more.
(Sony Classical) 05411

**Mendelssohn & Dvořák,
Violin Concertos** ♦ Isaac Stern,
violin. (Sony Classical) 05412

**John Williams: The Seville
Concerto** ♦ Guitar works of
Bach, Rodrigo, Vivaldi, more.
(Sony Classical) 05415

**Bobby McFerrin: Paper
Music** ♦ Bach, Boccherini,
Fauré, Mozart, Stravinsky,
more. (Sony Classical) 10037

**Yo-Yo Ma: The New York
Album** ♦ Bartók's Viola Cto.,
Bloch's Schelomo, Stephen
Albert's Cello Cto. (Sony
Classical) 05401

**Verdi, Il Trovatore
(Highlights)** ♦ Domingo,
Plowright, St. Cecilia
Orch./Giulini. (DG) 06517

**Mozart, Don Giovanni
(Highlights)** ♦ Raney, Battle,
Tomawa-Sintow, Berlin
Phil./von Karajan. (DG) 06530

Verdi, Rigoletto (Highlights) ♦
Cappuccilli, Domingo/Giulini. (DG) 06580

**Strauss, Don Quixote;
Tod und Verklärung** ♦
MET Orch./James Levine.
(DG) C 08656

Bizet, Carmen (Highlights) ♦
Price, Corelli, Freni, Merrill.
Vienna Phil./Karajan.
(RCA Victor Gold Seal) 13447

**Sibelius, Symphonies Nos.
1 & 4** ♦ London SO/Davis.
(RCA Victor Red Seal) 16574

**Herbert von Karajan:
Romantic Adagio** ♦ Bizet,
Chopin, Grieg, Delibes,
Mozart, more. (DG) C 16850

**Yehudi—Jewish Music From
The Seraglio** ♦ L'Orient
Imaginäre. (Teldec) 16855

**North, The Bad Seed;
Spartacus: A Streetcar
Named Desire** ♦ London
SO/Stern in Alex North film
scores. (Nonesuch) 18418



**James Galway: Music For My
Friends** ♦ Mouquet, Taffanel,
more. With flutist Jeanne
Galway, pianist Phillip Moll.
(RCA Victor Red Seal) 21695

Pachelbel, Chamber Works ♦
Canon & Cigue in D with
six other works. London
Baroque. (Harmonia
Mundi France) 18487

**Brahms, Double Concerto;
Mendelssohn, Violin
Concerto** ♦ Perlman, Ma,
Barenboim. (Teldec) C 18970

Barroco Español, Vol. 1 ♦
Al Ayre Español in Spanish
Baroque vocal & instrumen-
tal works. (DHM) 20928

**Anonymous 4: Hildegard
von Bingen, 11,000 Virgins** ♦
Music for the Feast of St.
Ursula. (Harmonia Mundi
USA) C 21050

José Carreras: My Romance ♦
Favorite ballads from
musical theater. (Erato) 21118

Bryn Terfel: Handel, Arias ♦
Bass-baritone sings arias
from Messiah, Giulio Cesare,
more. (DG) 21169

**More Music From Braveheart/
Sdtrk.** ♦ (London) 21180

Chopin, Ballades Nos. 1-4 ♦
Murray Perahia, piano.
(Sony Classical) 10040

The Anna Russell Album ♦
Classic comedy—How To
Write Your Own Opera,
more. (Sony Classical) 10103

**Ravel & Prokofiev, Piano
Concertos For The Left Hand** ♦
Leon Fleisher. Boston SO/Seiji
Ozawa. (Sony Classical) 10121

**Brantford Marsalis:
Romances For Saxophone** ♦
Fauré, Rachmaninov, Debussy,
more. (Columbia) 10127

**Vladimir Horowitz: The
Celebrated Scarlatti Recordings** ♦
"Marvelous playing."—Penguin
Guide (Sony Classical) 10225

**Mozart, Serenade, K. 361
"Gran Partita"** ♦ Berlin Phil.
soloists/Zubin Mehta.
(Sony Classical) 10517

Einhorn, Voices Of Light ♦
Anonymous 4 in a new
opera/oratorio about Joan of
Arc. (Sony Classical) 21871

**Sarah Brightman: Time To
Say Goodbye** ♦ Includes hit
single with Andrea Bocelli.
(Angel) 21188

Schubert, Die Winterreise ♦
Thomas Hampson, baritone.
(EMI Classics) 21233

**Villa-Lobos, Discovery Of
Brazil** ♦ Rarely heard, color-
ful orchestral suites. Duarte,
cond. (Marco Polo) 21244

Romantic Ireland ♦ 20th-
century Irish orchestral
music. RTE Sinfonietta/O
Duinn. (Marco Polo) 21246

**Can't Help Singing—A New
Look At Jerome Kern Classics** ♦
Voices of Ascension/Keene.
(Delos) 21251

**Music Of Chausson, Lalo &
Barraud** ♦ Detroit SO/Paul
Paray. (Mercury Living
Presence) 21260

**Mendelssohn, Symphonies
Nos. 3 "Scottish" & 4
"Italian"** ♦ Berlin PO/Karajan.
(DG Originals) 21330

**Schumann, Symphony No.
2, Konzertstück, & 4 Horns** ♦
Philhm. Orch./Christian
Thielemann. (DG) 21368

**Robert And Clara Schumann,
Lieder** ♦ Barbara Bonney,
soprano. (London) 21376

**Steven Isserlis
Plays Schumann** ♦
Cello Concerto,
Fantasietücke, more.
(RCA Victor Red Seal) 21379

**Beethoven, Violin
Concerto** ♦ Itzhak Perlman's
celebrated recording remas-
tered! (EMI Classics) 21699

**Tchaikovsky, Symphony
No. 4: Romeo And Juliet
Fantasy** ♦ Chicago SO/
Barenboim. (Teldec) C 21380

Symphonic Opera ♦ Arias &
choruses from Tosca, La
bohème, more. Emil Tabakov,
cond. (Capriccio) 21391

**Opera Heroes—Franco
Corelli** ♦ Arias from
Pagliacci, Tosca, more.
(EMI Classics) 21394

McCartney, Standing Stone ♦
Paul McCartney's Celtic-inspired
work. London SO & Chorus/
Foster. (EMI Classics) 21395

**Rubinstein, Symphony No.
2 "Ocean"** ♦ Rare recording of
Romantic symphony.
Slovak PO/Gunzenhauser.
(Marco Polo) 21398

**Arnold, Flute Concerto; Flute
Sonata** ♦ James Galway.
(RCA Victor Red Seal) 21400

Marian Anderson ♦ The leg-
endary contralto in spirituals
& oratorio arias. (Nimbus)
"Prima Voice" C 21409

**Kiri Te Kanawa: German
Opera Arias** ♦ Arias from
Die Zauberflöte, Tannhäuser,
more. (EMI Classics) 21488

**Elgar, Enigma Variations;
Kodály, Peacock Variations** ♦
Vienna Phil./Georg Solti.
(London) C 21496

**Galina Gorchakova:
Memories Of Love** ♦ Songs
of Rachmaninov, Tchaikovsky,
Rimsky-Korsakov, more.
(Philips) 21498

**Rachmaninoff, Rhapsody On
A Theme Of Paganini; Falla,
Nights In The Gardens Of
Spain** ♦ Artur Schnabel, piano.
(RCA Living Stereo) 21499

A Membership Experience Like No Other

The moment you join you'll know BMG Classical Music Service is different. . . with our largest selection ever of titles from your favorite artists like Yo-Yo Ma, Cecilia Bartoli and James Galway, on labels such as Sony Classical, DG, London, Philips, RCA Victor Red Seal and Harmonia Mundi, and the chance to build an outstanding musical library at spectacular savings up to 70% off. *Encore*, our free members-only magazine and selection guide, will make your membership even more rewarding. Filled with hundreds of exceptional titles, *Encore* also offers exclusive interviews, special features and insightful commentary. At BMG Classical Music Service, we're committed to your satisfaction every step of the way—savings, variety, unparalleled expertise—for a membership experience that is truly unlike any other.

11 Classical CDs for the price of 1 Nothing More To Buy, Ever!

**BMG™
CLASSICAL
MUSIC SERVICE**

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 5071 INDIANAPOLIS IN

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE



BMG CLASSICAL MUSIC SERVICE
PO BOX 91103
INDIANAPOLIS IN 46209-9360

The Best Artists On The Best Labels!

Jane Eaglen: Bellini & Wagner ♦ Arias & scenes from Norma, Tristan and Isolde, more. (Sony Classical) 21872

Mozart, Piano Quartets ♦ Emanuel Ax, Isaac Stern, Jaime Laredo & Yo-Yo Ma. (Sony Classical) 21873

Brahms, Piano Sonata No. 3; Three Intermezzi ♦ Emanuel Ax, piano. (Sony Classical) 21874

Dedication To Shostakovich ♦ Moscow Virtuosi/Spivakov. Song cycle from Jewish Folk Poetry, more. (MusicMasters) 21532

Shostakovich, Piano Trio No. 2, Op. 67 ♦ Emanuel Ax, Isaac Stern, Yo-Yo Ma. (Sony Classical) 21875

Beethoven, Piano Concertos Nos. 2 & 5 ♦ Evgeny Kissin. Philharmonia Orch./Levine. (Sony Classical) 21877

Nielsen & Sibelius, Violin Concertos ♦ Cho-Liang Lin. Los Angeles PO/ Esa-Pekka Salonen. (Sony Classical) 21878

Verdi, Preludes & Overtures, Vol. 1 ♦ La Scala Phil./Riccardo Muti. La Traviata, Aida, more. (Sony Classical) 21881

Itzhak Perlman: Cinema Serenade ♦ "If Postino," "Out Of Africa," more. John Williams, cond. (Sony Classical) 21882

Italian Flute Concertos ♦ Jean-Pierre Rampal: Music of Alberti, Sammartini, etc. (Sony Classical) 21883

A Taste Of Ireland ♦ Live recordings from Cork University's Irish Music Festivals. (Nimbus) 21593

Vivaldi, The Four Seasons ♦ Gottfried von der Goltz, Andrew Lawrence-King. (DHM) 21603

Iberian Garden—Jewish, Christian And Muslim ♦ "Out Of Africa," more. Vol. 1 ♦ With Altramar. (Dorian Discovery) 21605

Murray Perahia Plays Handel & Scarlatti ♦ Gramophone Award winner. (Sony Classical) 21965

Bach, Easter Oratorio ♦ Collegium Vocale/Philippe Herreweghe. (Harmonia Mundi France) 21610

Orff, Carmina Burana ♦ Hoch, Osen, Oswald. Montreal SO & Chorus/Duro. (London) 21611

Glass, Kundun/Sdtrk. ♦ Philip Glass' haunting score, with Tibetan singers & musicians. (Nonesuch) 21615

Rouse, Symphony No. 2; Flute Concerto ♦ Carol Wincenc, flute. Houston SO/Christoph Eschenbach. (Telarc) 21618

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

Herrmann, Film Scores ♦ Esa-Pekka Salonen, cond. "Psycho," "Vertigo," "Taxi Driver," more. (Sony Classical) 21884

Volodos ♦ Pianist Arcadi Volodos plays transcriptions of Rachmaninov, Mozart, Liszt, more. (Sony Classical) 21891

Prokofiev, Piano Concertos Nos. 1, 3 & 5 ♦ Yelina Bronfman. Israel PO/Mehta. (Sony Classical) 21922

Stravinsky, Apollo Musagete; Concerto in D ♦ Esa-Pekka Salonen, cond. (Sony Classical) 21923

Baroque For Brides To Be ♦ A musical bouquet for your wedding day. (Philips) 21616

Deleuze, Music For Films Of François Truffaut ♦ Hugo Wolff, cond. "Jules and Jim," "The Last Metro," more. (Nonesuch) 21666



Appalachia Waltz ♦ Yo-Yo Ma, Edgar Meyer, & Mark O'Connor. (Sony Classical) 21893

Dag Jensen: Bassoon Concertos ♦ Mozart, Hummel, Francaix, Jolivet. (Capriccio) 21682

Roberto Alagna: Serenades ♦ Music of Bizet, Rossini, Mozart, more. (EMI Classics) 21684

Maurice André: Trumpet Concertos ♦ Berlin PO/Karajan. Includes Hummel, Vivaldi, Telemann, L. Mozart. (EMI Classics) 21685

Schubert, Choral Works ♦ Monteverdi Choir/John Eliot Gardiner. (Philips) 21693

Massenet, Ballet Suites ♦ ASMF/Neville Martin. Thais, Le Cid & Cendrillon. (Capriccio) 21696

Rondo Violoncello ♦ Cello-Ensemble Peter Buck. Arrangements of Villa-Lobos, Bernstein, Bach, more. (Harmonia Mundi France) 21700

Telemann, Solo Works ♦ Marion Verbruggen. 12 Fantasias and Sonata for recorder. (Harmonia Mundi USA) 21702

Telemann, Festive Cantatas ♦ Ulrich Stötzl, cond. (Hänssler Classic) 21703

Music For Quiet Listening, Vol. 2 ♦ Howard Hanson, cond. Atmospheric music by Grieg, Ljadov, more. (Mercury Living Presence) 21706

Erich Kunzel: Play Ball! ♦ Themes from baseball movies & musicals—"Field of Dreams," "Damn Yankees," more. (Telarc) 21713

Kathleen Battle: Grace ♦ Sacred arias by Bach, Fauré, Handel, more. (Sony Classical) 21952

The Bernstein Century—Schuman, Symphonies Nos. 3, 5 & 8 ♦ NY Phil./Leonard Bernstein. (Sony Classical) 21953

Plácido Domingo: Under The Spanish Sky ♦ Tenor superstar in Mexican songs of Agustín Lara. (Sony Classical) 21954

Jenkins, Diamond Music ♦ featuring music from DeBussé TV diamond ads. (Sony Classical) 21957

Bach, Concertos For Oboe; Triple Concerto ♦ Anthony Robson, oboe. (Virgin Classics) 21714

James Galway: Greatest Hits, Vol. 3 ♦ With The Chieftains, Phil Coulter, more. (RCA Victor) 21744

British Light Music—Miniatures ♦ Ernest Tomlinson, cond. Pops favorites by Benjamin, Elgar, more. (Marco Polo) 21788

Keith Lockhart: The Celtic Album ♦ With the Boston Pops. Music from "Riverdance," "Braveheart," "Rob Roy," more. (RCA Victor) 21789

Mazael, Works For Violin, Violoncello And Flute ♦ Rostropovich, Galway & Mazael. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 21790

Adams, Chamber Symphony; Shaker Loops ♦ Ensemble Modern/Edwards. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 21920

The London Philharmonic Orchestra: Symphonic Music Of The Who ♦ (RCA Victor) 22112

Meeting In Moscow ♦ Gil Shaham, Russian NO/Pletnev. Glazunov & Kabalevsky Violin Ctos. (DG) 22222

Vivaldi, Concert For The Prince Of Poland ♦ Andrew Manze, Academy of Ancient Music. (Harmonia Mundi France) 22235

Mona Galabek: The Romantic Hours ♦ Radio host reads works of Chopin, Liszt, more. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 22244

C.P.E. Bach, Symphonies; Concerto For Organ And Orchestra ♦ Akademie Für Alte Musik Berlin. (Harmonia Mundi USA) 22282

Taverner, Akathist Of Thanksgiving ♦ Martin Neary, cond. Rosette winner! (Sony Classical) 22310

Bach, Orchestral Suites ♦ Akademie für alte Musik Berlin/Jacobs. (Harmonia Mundi France) 21618

Pavarotti's Greatest Hits ♦ Favorite arias (Puccini, Verdi, etc.) also popular songs. (London) 21629



11 Classical CDs for the price of 1 Nothing More To Buy, Ever!

Smetana & Franck, String Quartets ♦ Juilliard String Quartet. (Sony Classical) 21958

Soul Of The Tango—The Music Of Astor Piazzolla ♦ Yo-Yo Ma, cello. With bonus CD-ROM. (Sony Classical) 21959

Wynton Marsalis: On The 20th Century ♦ Ravel, Honegger, Bernstein, Hindemith, more. (Sony Classical) 21960

Edgar Meyer: Uncommon Ritual ♦ With Bela Fleck & Mike Marshall. (Sony Classical) 21962

Taverner, Innocence: The Lamb ♦ Song For Athene (heard at Princess Diana's funeral), more. Martin Neary, cond. (Sony Classical) 21963

Lutoslawski, Sym. No. 2; Piano Cto; Chantefables et Chantefables ♦ Crossley, Upshaw/Salonen. (Sony Classical) 21967

Tchaikovsky, Symphonies Nos. 1, 2, & 3 ♦ Antal Doráti, cond. (Mercury Living Presence) 21336

J.S. Bach, "Hunt," "Coffee," "Wedding," "Peasant" Cantatas ♦ Helmuth Rilling, cond. (Hänssler Classic) 21553

Puccini, Tosca ♦ Maria Callas' irreplaceable 1953 recording newly remastered! (EMI Classics) 21606

Mozart, Brahms & Beethoven, Clarinet Trios ♦ Richard Stoltzman, Emanuel Ax, Yo-Yo Ma. (Sony Classical) 21969

The Hollywood Sound ♦ John Williams, cond. "The Wizard Of Oz," "E.T.," "Lawrence Of Arabia," more. (Sony Classical) 21971

Beethoven, Fidelio ♦ Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers/Otto Klemperer. Newly remastered! (EMI Classics) 21607



Lullabies For Lovers ♦ "A romantic nightcap for cuddlers"—Debussy, Chopin, more. (Philips) 22243

Beethoven, The Late Piano Sonatas (Nos. 28-32) ♦ Maurizio Pollini. (DG Originals) 21621

Harp Concertos ♦ Works of Handel, Mozart, Rodrigo, more, featuring harpist Marisa Robles. (London) 21776

The Bernstein Century—Copland, Symphony No. 3 ♦ NY Phil./Leonard Bernstein. (Sony Classical) 21974

Joe Jackson: Heaven & Hell ♦ "Oratorio" about the Seven Deadly Sins. Dawn Upshaw, others. (Sony Classical) 22038

Forgotten Songs—Dawn Upshaw Sings Debussy ♦ With pianist James Levine. (Sony Classical) 22118

Ottmar Liebert: Leaning Into The Night ♦ Guitar arrangements of Villa-Lobos, Ravel, Puccini, more. (Sony Classical) 22283

Puccini, La Bohème ♦ Just Björling, Victoria de los Angeles, Robert Merrill/Thomas Beecham. Remastered! (EMI Classics) 21622

Symphonic Poems From Russia ♦ Evgeny Svetlanov, cond. Rachmaninov, Glazunov, more. (Melodya) 21853

Vivaldi, Cello Concertos ♦ Ofra Harony. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 18047

Schubert, Symphonies Nos. 8 "Unfinished" & 9 "Great" ♦ Berlin Phil./Karajan. (EMI Classics) 18202

Premieres—Danielpour, Kirchner & Rouse, Cello Concertos ♦ Yo-Yo Ma. Phil. Orch./David Zinman. (Sony Classical) 22285

Doyle, Hamlet/Sdtr. ♦ Patrick Doyle's score for Kenneth Branagh's 1996 film. With Plácido Domingo. (Sony Classical) 21890

Joplin, Rags For Flute And Piano ♦ Jean-Pierre Rampal. Maple Leaf Rag, The Entertainer, more. (Sony Classical) 22311

Janáček, Glagolitic Mass ♦ London SO & Chorus/Michael Tilson Thomas. (Sony Classical) 22312

Massenet, Cendrillon ♦ Frederica von Stade, Nicolai Gedda, Ruth Welting/Julius Rudel. (Sony Classical) 05195

Mahler, Sym. No. 1 "Titan" & Sym. No. 2 "Resurrection" ♦ Bruno Walter, cond. (Sony Classical) 05414

Carmina Burana ♦ Boston Camerata/Joel Cohen in 13th-cen. songs. (Erato) 21526

Britten, Spring Symphony ♦ Phil. Orch. & Monteverdi Choir/Gardiner. (DG) 20002

Mussorgsky, Heaven And Hell ♦ Pictures At An Exhibition, more. NJ Sym. Orch./Macal. (Delos) 20293

Sibelius, En Saga; The Swan Of Tuonela; Finlandia ♦ Royal Stockholm PO/Andrew Davis. (Finlandia) 20422

Handel, Sonatas For Two Violins And Basso Continuo, Op. 5 ♦ London Baroque. (Harmonia Mundi France) 20902

Stravinsky In America ♦ LSO/Tilson Thomas in music Stravinsky wrote while living in the US. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 21203

Prokofiev & Shostakovich, Violin Ctos. Nos. 2 ♦ Maxim Vengerov. London SO/Rostropovich. (Teldec) 21387

Dowland, Complete Lute Works, Vol. 5 ♦ Paul O'Dette, lute. (Harmonia Mundi USA) 21490

Catherine Bott: Sweet Is The Song ♦ A capella. Medieval troubadour & trouvère songs. (L'Oiseau-Lyre) 21493

Brahms, String Quintet; Clarinet Quintet ♦ Brandis Quartet, Brett Dean, Karl Leister. (Nimbus) 21524

Schubert, The Piano Trios ♦ Vladimir Ashkenazy, Pinchas Zukerman & Lynn Harrell. (London) 21375



Maria Callas: Live In Concert ♦ Rare recordings, 1935-1959. (EMI Classics) 22281

Puccini, Edgar ♦ Renata Scotti, Carlo Bergonzi/Eve Queler. (Sony Classical) 07395

John Williams: The Great Guitars Concertos ♦ Vivaldi, Rodrigo, Villa-Lobos, more. (Sony Classical) 08094

Bach, The Well-Tempered Clavier, Vol. 1 ♦ Glenn Gould, piano. (Sony Classical) 10034

The Concert Of The Century ♦ Legendary Carnegie Hall concert with Stern, Horowitz, Bernstein, more. (Sony Classical) 21888

Mozart, Horn Concertos ♦ The classic EMI recordings with Dennis Brain remastered! (EMI Classics) 21543

Elgar, Cello Concerto; Sea Pictures ♦ Cellist Jacqueline Du Pré, mezzo Janet Baker. Remastered! (EMI Classics) 21544

Lou Harrison: A Portrait ♦ Symphony No. 4 (with soloist Al Jarreau), Concerto in Sclendro, more. (London) 21612

Britten, Piano Concerto; Debussy, Fantaisie ♦ Barry Douglas. French RPO/Janowski. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 21617

Corigliano, Creations; Promenade Overture ♦ I Flammingshi. (Telarc) 21619

Pärt, Beatus; Missa Syllabica ♦ Tõnu Kaljuste, cond. Also De Profundis, more. (Virgin Classics) 21620

Korngold, String Quartet No. 1; Reznicek, String Quartet No. 1 ♦ Franz Schubert Quartet. (Nimbus) 21691

Schubert, The Piano Trios ♦ Vladimir Ashkenazy, Pinchas Zukerman & Lynn Harrell. (London) 21375

Here's How To Join

TAKE 6 FREE CDs NOW
BUY ONLY 1 WITHIN A YEAR
THEN GET 4 MORE FREE
ENJOY 11 CDS FOR THE PRICE OF 1
NOTHING MORE TO BUY, EVER!

A shipping and handling charge will be added to each selection.

10 Day, Risk-Free Listening... When you receive your introductory selections, preview them for 10 days and examine the terms of Club membership. If you're not completely satisfied for any reason, return the selections at our expense with no further obligation. It's that simple.

Once You're A Member... You'll receive *Encore*, your free membership-only magazine and selection guide, about every 3 weeks (20 times a year). Filled with hundreds of carefully selected classical and operatic recordings, *Encore* also brings you exclusive artist interviews, editorials, and special columns by guest critics. What's more, every issue has a sale—with savings up to 70% off our regular Club prices of \$14.98 to \$16.98 for CDs; \$9.98 to \$11.98 for cassettes.

Your Featured Selection... Each issue of *Encore* includes a Featured Selection, a recording deemed by our editorial staff to be of exceptional value to the collector, which will be sent to you automatically. If you don't want the Featured Selection, return the Music Selection Card by the specified date. You'll have at least 10 days to decide. If, for any reason, you have less than 10 days and receive an unwanted Featured Selection, simply return it at our expense and we will credit your account.

No Long-Term Commitments. After you purchase your one regular Club-price selection, you may cancel your membership at any time simply by writing to us.

If the reply card is missing, please write to: BMG Classical Music Service, PO Box 91103, Indianapolis, IN 46291-0025.

* 2-CD set (counts as 2 selections). C Available on cassette.

Dog and Horn are trademarks of General Electric Company, USA.

The BMG logo is a trademark of BMG Music. Other trademarks used in the advertisement are the property of various trademark owners.

© 1998 BMG Direct CMS 995



START SAVING! MAIL THIS POSTAGE-PAID CARD TODAY.

1 Please accept my membership in BMG Classical Music Service and send my 6 FREE selections as indicated. Under the terms of this offer, I agree to buy just 1 selection at the regular Club price (\$14.98 to \$16.98 for CDs; \$9.98 to \$11.98 for cassettes) within a year. I will then receive 4 more choices FREE! That's 11 for the price of 1, with nothing more to buy, ever! I understand that a shipping and handling charge will be added to each selection.

2 Rush me these 6 selections now (indicate by number):

3 ☐ I prefer cassettes.
C Designates selections also available on cassette.

A 2-CD set (*) counts as 2 selections.

4 ☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs. (PLEASE PRINT) First Name Initial Last Name

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Phone Area Code

Signature

5 Have you bought anything else by mail in the past: ☐ 6 months ☐ year ☐ never

Offer limited to one per person, per year. We reserve the right to request additional information, reject any application or cancel any membership. Local taxes, if any, will be added. Late charges will be added to past-due bills. Offer available in continental USA and under special arrangement in Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, U.S.V.I., APO and FPO. Offer and product selection may vary in Canada: BMG Music Service, PO Box 6070, Mississauga, ON L5A 4K2.

SAVE 50% to 70%
Savings start from day one and keep getting better the longer you're a member.

LR HELJM CMS 995

powered car that gets sixty-six miles to the gallon, and General Motors recently announced its intention to market a similar car within three years. In May of last year the group chief executive of British Petroleum acknowledged the destructive potential of climate change, and this past December so did the president of Sunoco. BP has announced that it expects revenues from its solar investments to reach \$1 billion in ten years, and Shell has said that it will invest \$500 million in renewables technologies.

But without strong mandatory regulation by the world's governments, such initiatives will probably fail. More than one industry executive has said as much off the record. Without a binding, consensual regulatory structure, competing energy companies are bound to undercut the initiatives by selling cheaper oil and coal products. The recent investments in solar, wind, and hydrogen power by BP, Shell, and others will be written off as losses. And the continuing succession of floods, droughts, severe storms, and insurance losses will tear holes in our global economic fabric.

It is unfashionable in today's privatized world to look to government for solutions. But here the short-term demands of shareholders and directors ignore the fundamental fact that the global environment circumscribes the global economy. We cannot negotiate emissions levels and rates of economic growth with the biosphere.

We can, as mentioned, cut emissions by 30 percent simply by implementing a series of conservation and efficiency measures, with a net gain in jobs. To attain the next 20 to 40 percent, however, will require a radical departure from the way we have been doing business. An unregulated market approach is far too gradual and uneven to meet the challenge. And the conventional political process, with its negotiated compromises, is likely to result in little more than perpetual economic warfare in which industries and nations strive to escape economic pain by passing it on to their neighbors and competitors.

A more productive step might involve a sort of international governance like that established by the Montreal Protocol, a public-private partnership forged in 1987 to reduce the production of ozone-destroying chlorofluorocarbons. The prima-

ry reason that this protocol has been successful so far is simple: as the economist David L. Levy has pointed out, the companies that made the destructive chemicals were able to produce substitutes for them—with no loss of competitive standing within the industry.

The job of the energy industry now is to reinvent itself in a similar way. It will be difficult. In producing CFC substitutes, the chemical companies did not have to develop new processes and technologies. But energy is another story. With the exception of natural gas, renewable energy sources do not involve the extractive technologies required by fossil fuels. Photovoltaics are based on semiconductor technology; wind power draws on turbines and electronics.

Fortunately, the renewables industry today is young and fragmented. Given the emerging nature of the industry, the energy giants have a moment of opportunity and an abundance of expertise to decarbonize their sources. The next phase of the Kyoto negotiations should establish an international agency to determine—in concert with the world's major oil and coal companies—an enforceable timetable of ten to fifteen years for the transition.

An economy based on hydrogen, fuel cells, photovoltaics, solar power, and wind could provide as much energy as we use today and more, with no resulting decline in our living standards. All that renewable energy sources need in order to become economically competitive with fossil fuels is mass markets and mass production.

There must be incentives and penalties. The United States should promote the transition by beginning to redirect the \$21 billion the government spends each year to subsidize fossil fuels. Those subsidies include, among other things, federal funding for oil and coal research and development, tax credits for enhanced oil recovery, tax deductions for oil and coal exploration, oil and coal depletion allowances, and a tax loophole that exempts sport-utility vehicles from a "gas guzzler" tax. Diverting those tax credits, subsidies, and incentives to the renewables industry would bring that industry into the big leagues of global commerce.

■ ■ ■

Were we to finance the transfer of renewables technologies to the poor world,

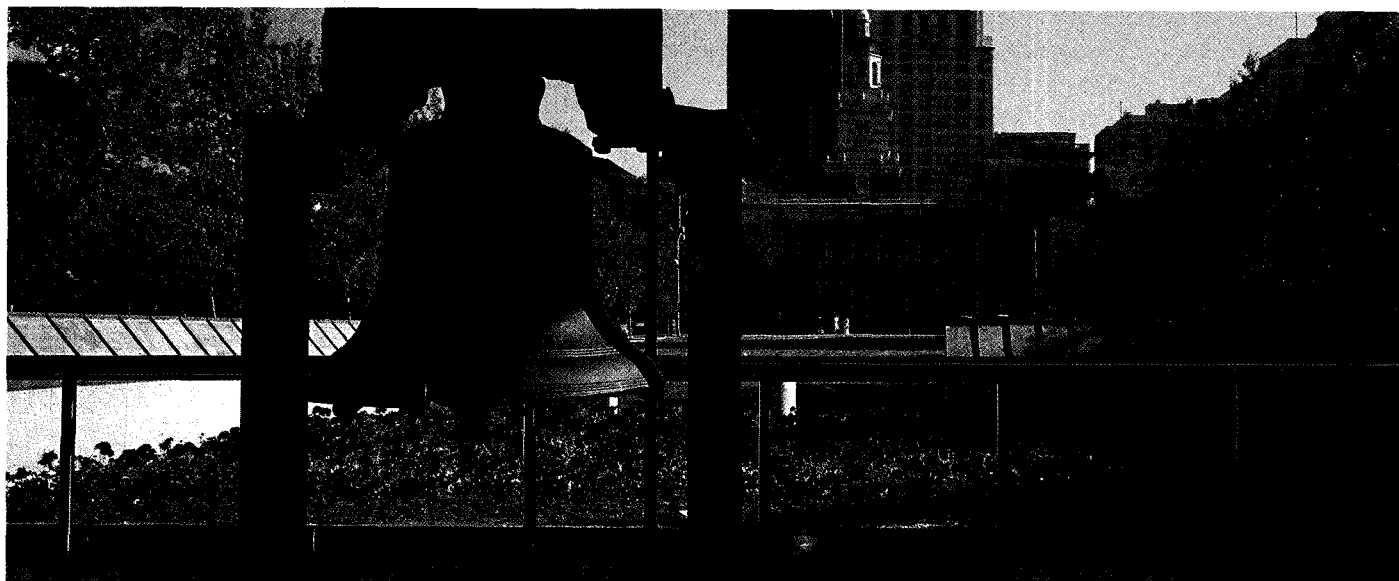
it could create a huge surge of economic growth. A global public-works program to retrofit the planet could create millions of jobs all over the world. Building wind-turbine plants in India, fuel-cell factories in Russia, solar-panel assemblies in El Salvador, and gas-fired cogeneration plants in South Africa would provide new energy resources to develop all the world's economies. It would help to shrink the gap between the North and the South. In a very few years the renewables

*Were the developed
world to finance the
transfer of renewables
technologies to the poor
world, it could create
a surge of growth.*

industry could eclipse high technology as potentially the most powerful engine of growth in the global economy.

One possibility for financing the technology transfer might involve an expanded version of the Tobin tax, which is currently under discussion. The tax, on international currency transactions, was originally conceived as a way to lessen the abrupt swings of capital that undermine the stability of world financial markets. An assessment of 0.25 percent on the \$1.3 trillion daily commerce in foreign exchange would, according to some calculations, generate about \$150 billion a year—more than enough to finance the transfer.

It is clear that many of the world's great corporations are outgrowing the world's governments. But the captains of the giant multinational energy companies have yet to realize the new responsibilities that come with their newfound power. They are no longer simply directors or CEOs of their own companies but also stewards of the larger economy. In the short term a transition to renewables might reduce their companies' profit margins. In the long term that transition would greatly increase both the stability and the prosperity of the global economy. ☼



Moving the Bell

*Soon America's most venerated icon
will have a new, and more
appropriate, home*

THE Liberty Bell is a rarity—an authentic American relic. Yet it owes its celebrity to several accidents. To begin with, this was the bell that called citizens to the first public reading of the Declaration of Independence, in the yard behind the State House in Philadelphia, on July 8, 1776. Would that alone have been enough to enshrine it in national memory? Probably not. In 1828, when the steeple of the State House (now called Independence Hall) was rebuilt, the bell was taken down and replaced by a newer and larger model. The old State House bell, as it was then called, was to be sold; but sentimentality prevailed, and it was instead relegated to a lower section of the steeple.

No doubt the bell's provenance contributed to its mythic quality: the original bell had been cast in England but had cracked shortly after arriving in Philadelphia, in 1753; it was melted down

and recast by two local artisans. Thus the great symbol of American independence really was Made in the USA—or at least in what would soon become the USA.

At the time of its recasting it was inscribed, as before, with a biblical passage to commemorate William Penn's Charter of Privileges: "PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF." The inscription was curiously prophetic. During the 1830s New England abolitionists picked the bell as a symbol, emphasizing that the inscription read liberty to "all the inhabitants." They christened it the Liberty Bell, and used its image in antislavery pamphlets. The bell's reputation was cemented by the popular nineteenth-century novelist George Lippard, who wrote an entirely fictional but widely reprinted account of an old bellman's ringing it as

soon as the Continental Congress agreed to declare independence.

The famous crack appeared sometime in the 1830s or 1840s. Some say that the fault occurred while the bell was ringing in a celebration of Washington's birthday; others maintain that the bell was tolling the death of Chief Justice John Marshall. The crack prevented the bell from being rung except on special occasions such as D-Day and VE Day. The mystery and inaccessibility only enhanced the legend.

Starting at the end of the nineteenth century the Liberty Bell traveled widely for several decades. It was first sent to New Orleans, to be displayed at the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition. After that its appearance at world's fairs and expositions became routine: it was in Chicago for the World's Columbian Exposition, and over the next decade appeared in Atlanta, Charleston, and St. Louis; it was in Boston for the 128th anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, and in San Francisco for the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition. The bell drew large crowds each time it traveled. But fears that the crack was enlarging eventually kept it in Philadelphia, and since 1915 it has moved only three times: it was twice paraded through the streets of the city during the First World War Liberty Loan drives,

*View from the pavilion where the
Liberty Bell hangs today*

1 800 SAAB USA • www.saabusa.com

SAAB is a registered trademark of the Saab Group. © 1998 Saab Group. All rights reserved. Saab is a registered trademark of the Saab Group. All rights reserved. Saab is a registered trademark of the Saab Group. All rights reserved.

DARWIN BUILDS A CAR.

In the latest chapter in the story of survival of the fittest, the Saab 900 has evolved into the Saab 9-3. You'll want to make note of its many new dominant traits.

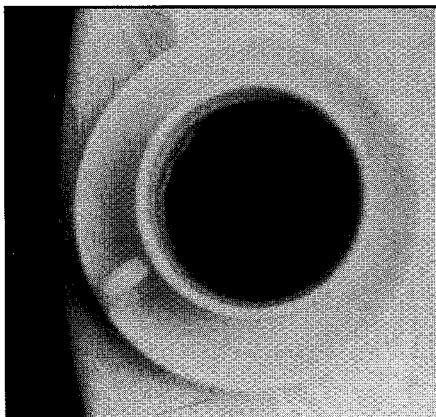
- *Saab Active Head Restraint system designed to help reduce risk of neck injuries in rear collisions. A world's first.*
- *Wide-angle side mirrors increase range of visibility by 30%.*
- *Standard side air bags are designed to help protect head and upper body in side-impact accidents.*
- *New front struts with longer springs providing improved steering response and ride comfort.*
- *More powerful base engine: 185-hp 2.0-liter turbo.*



SAAB

STARTS AT \$25,600*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



**ALL THINGS IN MODERATION....
EXCEPT QUALITY**

With apologies to Plato, we think that there is a place for moderation *and* a place for excess. It is possible to drink too much coffee. Visitors to our roasteries often muse that we must drink a gallon of great coffee every day. We do not. Most of us have a cup or two in the morning. Many of us will consume another four to six ounces, cupping (tasting) our daily roasts. We drink moderate amounts but the quality of what we drink is the stuff of coffee dreams.

When coffee is fastidiously chosen only from the world's best, attentively roasted in small batches and shipped within 24 hours, each cup is golden.

If you would like to experience truly great coffee from a company that stubbornly refuses to compromise quality, have a conversation with one of our knowledgeable staff members. We'll assist you in selecting a coffee to match your taste preferences. You moderate the amount. We'll guarantee an excess of quality.



800 955-5282

www.batdorf.com

and on the occasion of the Bicentennial of the American Revolution it was moved from its traditional home in Independence Hall to a special pavilion, where it rests today.

IN a few years the Liberty Bell will be moved again, this time as part of an ambitious master plan to create an appropriate setting not only for the bell but also for Independence Hall. Independence Hall is the birthplace of the American nation—the site of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, of course, and also of the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution of the United States. Here, too, Congress adopted the American flag and received news of Cornwallis's surrender, Washington delivered his Farewell Address, and the first Supreme Court held its sessions. The building itself is a dignified piece of Georgian architecture, probably designed by Andrew Hamilton, a Philadelphia lawyer and an amateur architect. The Palladian composition consists of a main block, containing the Assembly Room, where the Founding Fathers met, and two secondary buildings—Congress Hall and the Supreme Court Building—linked to it by arcades. From 1790 to 1800 the buildings served as the seat of both the federal and the state government. Then the federal government moved to Washington and the state government decamped to Lancaster; for the next sixteen years Independence Hall had no official function. The buildings were slated for demolition when they—along with the bell—were bought by the city for \$70,000, a sum raised by public subscription. During General Lafayette's visit to the city, in 1824, the building was christened the Hall of Independence. By the time of the Centennial of the American Revolution it had acquired the role of a national shrine. The cracked Liberty Bell was displayed in the hallway to the tower.

Today the Liberty Bell rests in a modern low-slung pavilion about 500 feet away from Independence Hall, displayed in front of a plate-glass wall through which the visitor can see the brick façade of Independence Hall. Unfortunately, from this vantage point the most striking architectural object is not the hall's graceful steeple but a modern addition to the high-rise headquarters of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, which

looms behind it. Perhaps by coincidence, the architects of the pavilion, Mitchell/Giurgola Associates, also designed the high-rise addition.

That America's most hallowed icon is displayed in a banal and undistinguished building with all the lyricism of a large bus shelter is bad enough, but the building's surroundings are even worse. The Liberty Bell Pavilion stands in what is known as Independence Mall, a three-block-long area that stretches in front of Independence Hall. The mall is a recent creation. For more than 200 years the side of the street facing Independence Hall was lined with everyday commercial buildings. Beginning in 1915 several architects made proposals for opening up the area in front of the hall, in order to create a dignified setting. Each proposal outdid its predecessor in size: the first design occupied half a block, and later proposals expanded the plaza to a full city block, two blocks, finally three. Most of these plans were formal axial compositions in the Beaux Arts-inspired manner of the City Beautiful movement, with flanking rows of trees and great expanses of lawn. The most ambitious proposal created a vista that stretched out 2,000 feet in front of Independence Hall, like some urban version of the gardens at Versailles.

Only in 1952 was a master plan devised that would actually be built. The planners of Independence Mall—overseen by Edmund N. Bacon, the powerful executive director of the Philadelphia City Planning Commission—used urban-renewal legislation to demolish three city blocks. They followed the proposals of the City Beautiful architects, but being modern planners, they did not want to create a single grandiose composition, so they designed each block separately. Despite its name, the mall is really three independent and unrelated landscaped blocks separated by city streets. The marriage of International Style modernism and Beaux Arts formalism proved awkward; it was not unified or coherent or beautiful. The block closest to Independence Hall was popular, but the rest of the mall was barren and unused except by vagrants.

The mall was completed in the late 1960s. Since 1974 it has been a part of Independence National Historical Park; in 1994 the National Park Service car-

ried out a study in anticipation of a new general management plan for the area. The study concluded,

Stylistic weaknesses, the process of design-by-committee, and the absence of a strong program for its use are the primary reasons for a form that has been widely criticized through the years. Criticism has focused on both the design qualities and the perceived lack of utility of the mall as a public park. . . . the key finding of this study is that the design of the mall does not meet national register criteria for significance.

In other words, Independence Mall was a mess and should be remade from scratch.

LAST September the park service unveiled its master plan for Independence Mall. It is the work of a team of architects, planners, urban designers, and engineers headed by the landscape architect Laurie D. Olin. At fifty-nine, Olin has amassed an enviable portfolio of outstanding commissions, including several prominent urban parks: Bryant Park and Battery Park City, in New York; Pershing

Square, in Los Angeles; and Hermann Park, in Houston. He has been a consultant to some of the biggest names in architecture, among them Frank Gehry, I. M. Pei, and Norman Foster, and his landscaping adorns the recently opened J. Paul Getty Center, in Los Angeles; the Wexner Center for the Visual Arts, in Columbus, Ohio; and the grounds of the American Academy in Rome. (Much of this work was undertaken during a partnership with Robert Hanna.)

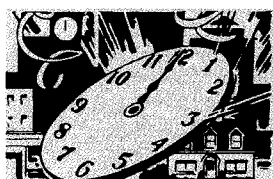
Olin, a midwesterner who grew up in Alaska, has long lived and worked in Philadelphia, and is intimately familiar with the shortcomings of the mall. His office is barely a hundred feet from the Independence Hall complex; he walks by the old building every day. Originally trained as an architect, Olin had come to think that although Independence Hall was attractive from both sides, the best view of the building was not from the mall but from a smaller square in the rear. Forty years ago Lewis Mumford wrote,

When the trees are in leaf in this park, one sees only parts of the Indepen-

dence Hall group of buildings—a patch of brick wall or a bit of white spire—until one is close enough to take in the main structure as a whole. . . . There is nothing magnificent in this approach; its charm is its unpretentiousness, just as Georgian buildings please by their modest details—a porch, a fanlight, a Palladian window—rather than by any larger structural assertions. By the time Independence Hall is in view, it almost seems bigger than it is, and that, too, is quite fitting.

Olin also thought that the huge mall trivialized rather than enhanced the architecture of Independence Hall. He looked for a way of shutting down the 2,000-foot vista while emphasizing the green space in the center of the city. “After all,” Olin said to me recently, “it is called Independence National Historical Park.”

One important question facing the planners was “Where does the bell go?” “If we could find the answer to that,” Olin explained to me, “everything else would fall in place.” Many Philadelphians would say “Put it back in Inde-



Short-term fever?

by B. Grady

Oh you've got it alright. Between the sandwich you downed on the freeway to make that meeting on the opposite side of the city, and the mad dash home to catch enough of Tommy's soccer game so as not to be late for Bridget's ballet recital, you're knee-deep in it. Welcome^{to} the short-term world.

thinking that powers every other facet of your life has finally driven into your investment psyche. But let's remember why you invested in the first place: for tomorrow. It's a long-term goal. That's why there's a straightforward long-term discipline behind every Kemper Fund. So shake that short-term fever

HERE'S A LONG-TERM BREAKTHROUGH.

Whoa! what the heck was that? Why it's that Kemper Funds long-term line again. Uh... where were we? Oh yeah. Well, with experts nervous about how the market can continue to hit new highs, it's no wonder the short-term

"I couldn't sit through my favorite sitcom for more than five minutes...I couldn't even bring myself to order slow-roasted chicken."

Helping ride out the ups of an active market is what Kemper's been doing for nearly 50 years now — in a world that's become increasingly short-term focused. If their long-term discipline can cut through an everyday scenario this easily, imagine what Kemper Funds can do for your portfolio.

Ask your financial advisor about the long-term thinking behind Kemper Funds. Or call 1-888-Kemper-7 ext. 940 or visit www.kemper.com

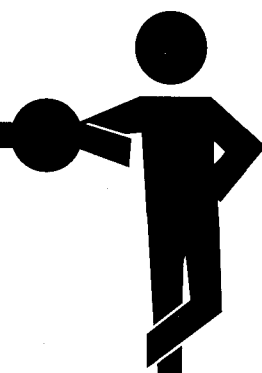
pure
downs

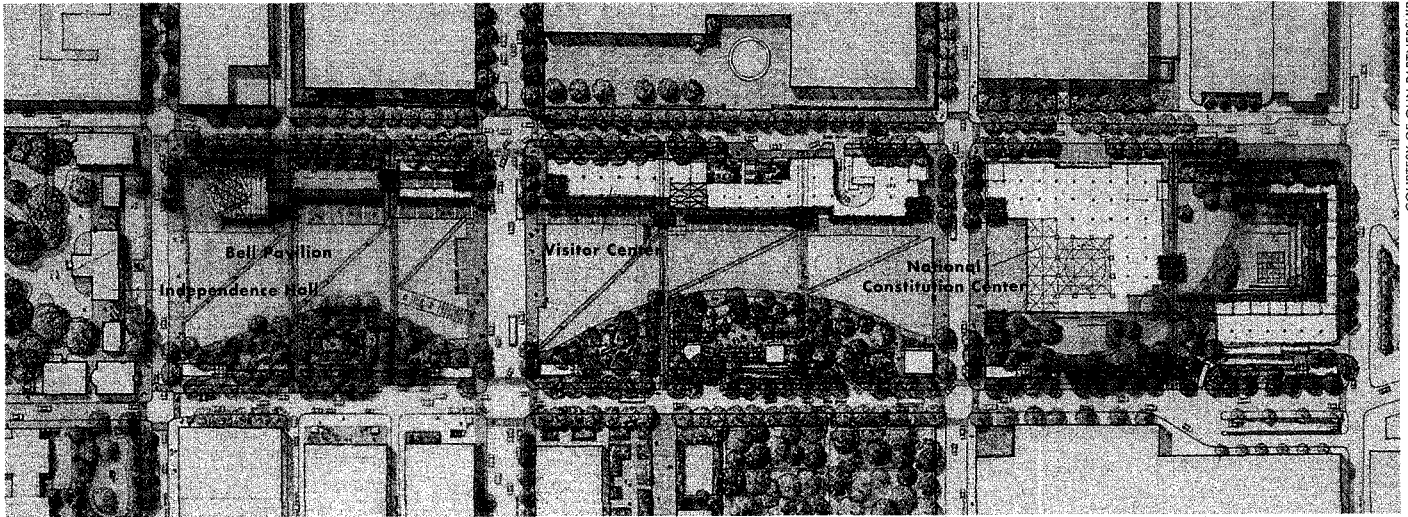


KEMPER FUNDS

Long-term investing in a short-term worldSM

For a prospectus containing more complete information including management fees and expenses, call Kemper. Please read it carefully before investing or sending money. © 1997 Zurich Kemper Distributors, Inc. 1034940





pendence Hall." This is not possible for several reasons: the Liberty Bell receives about 1.6 million visitors each year, and the wear on the old building would be unacceptable; people are used to having the bell in full view; moreover, First Amendment demonstrators have a right to gather within sight of the Liberty Bell.

It seemed to Olin that seeing the bell in juxtaposition with Independence Hall was important. If only that obtrusive office tower weren't looming in the background! Walking around the mall, he discovered that from one place on the west side—very close to Independence Hall—the sight line made the office tower disappear. If the Bell Pavilion were placed here, the steeple of Independence Hall would be silhouetted against the sky—the way it was meant to be seen. Placing the Bell Pavilion close to Independence Hall would also re-create the intimate scale that Georgian architecture demands.

The new master plan had to accommodate several elements in addition to the Bell Pavilion: an interpretive area near the Liberty Bell, a visitor center, an institute that offers educational programs for children and adults, and a large structure housing the National Constitution Center. The last is a brand-new institution, chartered by Congress to increase public awareness and understanding of the U.S. Constitution. Olin credits an architect on his team, Bernard Cywinski, with the idea of lining up the required buildings one after another on the west side of the mall. The rest of the mall is treated as a landscaped park, some of it wooded and some open lawn.

IT is a brilliant solution. The buildings are strung out behind the little Bell Pavilion. They increase in bulk and height as they get farther from Independence Hall, with the National Constitution Center at the far end. A long trellised arcade will soften the sides of the buildings facing the park; the lawn and wooded areas will impart a sense of continuity to the three blocks. Hidden among the trees will be an outdoor café, picnic tables, and special-events areas.

The buildings will be designed by different architects, who have yet to be appointed. To ensure a degree of uniformity, Olin's team has devised a design code to regulate materials, building heights, and roof shapes. "This campuslike plan is a little like the Constitution itself," says David Hollenberg, of the National Park Service. "There's a set of rules that creates a community." Still, much will depend on the quality of the architecture—above all, the quality of the Bell Pavilion. The nation's most venerated artifact and a worldwide symbol of freedom deserves a fitting home. The building should be dignified and have a strong presence; its architectural language should incorporate easily understood symbols of freedom and democracy. This is readily done within the confines of traditional architectural styles—the Lincoln Memorial, for example, finished in 1922, continues to move us. Yet as the Vietnam Veterans Memorial has demonstrated, in the hands of a talented designer abstract modernism can create a moving civic monument as well. The door should be left open to both approaches.

A wooded park bulging into the grassy

Laurie Olin's plan for Independence National Historical Park

area will preclude the sterile rectilinear geometry of the earlier mall. But the S curve of the tree line strikes me as the plan's single contrived element. I would have preferred a looser, more Olmstedian arrangement of picturesque clumps of trees. Nevertheless, the plan already owes much to Frederick Law Olmsted, the great nineteenth-century planner and landscape architect. Olmsted's parks are not summed up in large single gestures, the way formal French gardens are. Olmsted had nothing against formality—many of his public parks incorporate formal elements, as did his last great work, the grounds of Biltmore, near Asheville, North Carolina. But he understood that democracy is a messy business. His parks were designed to both accept and reflect this messiness. They included places to row, ride, drive, and ice-skate; secluded glades in which to picnic; meadows in which to play games; forests in which to hike. You could be alone in an Olmsted park, or one among thousands of spectators. Similarly, the reconfigured mall promises to accommodate a variety of visitors: busloads of tourists, groups of schoolchildren, vacationing families, lunching office workers.

"We wanted everybody to be here at once and not get in each other's way," Olin says. He is referring to the different institutions that occupy the park: Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell, the National Constitution Center. The new Independence Mall promises to be a congenial place for all of them, and for all of us. ☼

Reinventing Education

You can't begin to help a **client** until
you've walked a mile in their shoes.

(The fact that they're a **size** two
shouldn't make a difference.)

Improving the quality of education in our schools is the most important challenge IBM has ever tackled. But by using the same approach that's worked for us in business, we know we can make it happen here too. Spending time with teachers, administrators and parents gave us an understanding of the barriers they're facing. Working together, we're using IBM's technology, resources and relationships to remove these obstacles. The result: better schools, smarter kids. To find out more about IBM's Reinventing Education program, visit us at www.ibm.com/IBM/IBMGives



Solutions for a small planet™



That Was Me on TV

*Life in the last,
or next-to-last, slot*

OVER the years, I have been hosted, or guest-hosted, by Johnny Carson, David Letterman, Jay Leno, Garry Shandling, Dick Cavett, Larry King, Charlie Rose, Tom Snyder, Bob Costas, Conan O'Brien, Bill Maher, Dr. Sonya Friedman, Forrest Sawyer, Al Franken, Pat Sajak, Richard Belzer, Jon Stewart, Robin Leach (on the food channel, not *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*), Tom Brokaw, David Hartman, Charlie Gibson and Joan Lunden, Bryant Gumbel, Katie Couric, Studs Terkel and Calvin Trillin (a short-lived "Studs and Bud" cable show), David Susskind, and Helen Gurley Brown. (I was supposed to jet to the Coast to "bounce off Shelley Winters" on *Merv Griffin* once, but weather stranded me in New York. I was scheduled to do *Chevy Chase*, but the show was canceled.)

by Roy Blount Jr.

What were they really like? you're wondering. I don't know. Some were terrible company, but I'm not going to say which ones, because they might not invite me back. And now I'm worried about the order I've listed them in. I mean no disrespect to the ones toward the end. But, hey, how close to the top of the show have I generally appeared? On the nighttime shows I am almost always dead last, in the author's slot.

I can remember when normal people could be expected to appear buttoned-up and awkward on TV. Even newscasters didn't seem to feel at home, exactly. (Dan Rather still doesn't, of course.) Nowadays no one would be surprised to turn on a daytime talk show and find six or eight salt-of-the-earth types sitting around together quite comfortably

showing each other and the world their chigger bites and patches of athlete's foot, scratching themselves and each other and saying to the host, "I'm glad you asked me that, Jenny. This inflamed place over here on the back of my leg, I've had that for, oh, gee, I'd say . . ."

But for a thinking person, it's not always as easy as it looks. The first thing you have to deal with is whether to tell friends that you're going to be on. If you don't, they'll hear about it afterward and look at you as if you must perceive your relationship with them as awfully superficial. "Seems like you would have told us, so we could watch and not hear about it secondhand. So what did you say?"

"Oh, I don't know," you say. There is nothing less entertaining than trying to tell people what you said on television. They look at you like "They let you go on television to say that?"

But if you notify them ahead of time, they say, "Well, uh, that's kind of late for us to stay up, with the kids to get off to school and all, but if you really want us to watch . . ."

And if you do give them notice, chances are you'll rub your cheek on the air and smear your makeup dramatically ("You have very nice skin, let's just cover up a couple of little red spots," the makeup artist will have told you, before covering your entire nose—and believe me, you do need makeup, or you'll look like the only dead person on the show), and that's the only part they'll remember. Or else you'll get rescheduled or bumped, and people will be calling to say, "What happened? We stayed up till two in the morning, and Toni Tennille went on and on and we kept waiting for you, and . . ."

One of the differences between being a guest on someone's talk show and being a guest in someone's home is that in the latter case you are not likely to get bumped. Once, at the show's expense (they always wanted my publisher to pay for my travel, but I didn't have a book out at the time), I flew all the way from New York to Los Angeles, rode in a limo to the *Tonight* studio in Burbank, got made up, heard myself announced as a guest, and then cooled my heels backstage while the hour ticked away. I've

"ARE WE HAVING A
COMMUNICATION PROBLEM?
OPEN MY E-MAIL AND
PRINT A THOUSAND
COLLATED SETS IN LONDON.

IS THAT TOO
MUCH TO ASK?"



WHY PUT UP WITH DUMB MACHINES WHEN YOU CAN HAVE SMART ONES? ←

Now a printer, a fax machine, a copier, a scanner will be able to access the network; open e-mail; archive digital files; access remote files; print, copy, scan, and fax; manage information in any form, in any content, regardless of location. In essence, create a new paradigm for the digital workplace.



Canon

1-800-OK-CANON, www.usa.canon.com

FROM MIND TO MATTER.

forgotten who the famous guests were, but I remember that Johnny gave an extraordinary amount of time to an elderly woman from a small midwestern town who tamed wild squirrels, I believe. No, some less interesting animal. It may even have been plants. It was. I remember sitting in my dressing room thinking, "I'm being bumped by plants." I guess she didn't tame them—she sang to them, maybe. Someone—not Johnny—offered me a brief apology, and then the limo took me to the Burbank airport and I flew back to New York. More people of my acquaintance happened to catch that show than any of the ones I actually appeared on.

"The worst green room I was ever in," Art Buchwald told me once, "there was a chimpanzee in there with me, and a woman was changing its diaper." My favorite green room was *Letterman's*, the second time I was on the show. I was sitting between Lash La Rue, the old cowboy-movie star, and Larry "Bud" Melman. "I want to read my poetry," Lash was saying, "but they want me"—he gave his trademark bullwhip a morose twitch—"to do a whip act." Larry "Bud" wasn't saying anything at all. A woman in an Ice Capades costume was skating circumscribedly on a piece of Plexiglas. It was the closest I have come in life to being in a George Price cartoon. I felt a bit giddy and made the mistake of introducing my daughter and her friends, whom I had brought along, to Letterman himself, who was in the hall conferring with someone. He gave a wince—an auteur can't afford to make room in his head for a minor character's entourage.

Leno was more jovial backstage than I could readily respond to, having been conditioned by other hosts' reticence. When he asked me what kind of car I drove and I told him an eight-year-old Volkswagen Jetta, he blinked as if I'd said I was dating an eighty-year-old Presbyterian. But the only remark Letterman ever directed to me off camera was a sort of bashful aside: "Did read the book." He seemed to dread wasting any precious conversational fluids.

LETTERMAN and Leno are younger than I am, but Johnny was such a long-term household name (and was so unassailable and provocatively distant) that he stirred Oedipal feelings. After I

was bumped for plants, I reacted only semi-professionally. On the one hand, I knew that it was business, and that remaining wholeheartedly available to Johnny's summons was good for sales of my books. (In theory, at least—you haven't had the full authorial experience until you leave a *Tonight* taping thinking you have really set the welkin ringing, only to find that the nearest bookstore has yet to receive word of your book, never mind copies of it.) On the other hand, I took it personally. Had he been trying to teach me not to take him for granted? Had that column I had written years before in *The Atlanta Journal* finally reached his attention, that column in which I mocked him for responding lamely to a lengthy, intellectually interesting observation by Norman Mailer, "Interesting concept, Norman"? (I recall Mailer once observing, "One of the things I sometimes distrust about myself is that I am fairly good on television.") How about not taking *me* for granted?

"Just remember," a *Tonight Show* booker, Bob Dolce, warned me once, after I too comfortably assured him that a long story I had in mind telling would work, "this is a performance, not a visit." A late-night host may feel like a boredom-dreading, atrocity-fearing head of household trying to be witty himself while keeping deranged or soporific relatives confabulating cheerfully around the Thanksgiving dinner table, but to the guest, the host is one facet of a multiplex audience that also includes other guests, the band and the crew, the live studio gallery semi-visible through the lights, and the prospective home viewers who will begin to receive the show across the country—westerly from time zone to time zone—within the next couple of hours.

And my first inclination, when the host asks what I'm up to lately, is to blurt out the truth: "Well, right now I'm sitting here on national television and omigod I can see myself on the monitor and omigod my hair is sticking up in some kind of bizarre way and now omigod I'm frantically smoothing it down and it won't stay, and meanwhile you may be interested to know that on one track of my mind I'm saying to myself, 'Drop this line of talk right this minute and start saying "As you know, my latest book is titled *This Should Appeal to Everyone From Nine to Ninety*,"' and on another track

I'm telling myself, 'Oh, no, no, no, don't tell me you're going to tell that mouse-in-your-hat story again . . .'"

It's a mistake to see yourself on the monitor. Especially when you're live on CNN. What you see on a CNN monitor, because of the way the signal is relayed by satellite, is yourself an instant ago. It's bad enough to see yourself as the world is seeing you now. To see yourself as the world saw you in the immediate past is to see yourself tantalizingly just beyond any hope of redemption. Once I saw a guy reporting live from the field on CNN and you could see the monitor behind him, showing him as he was in the previous moment. Presumably within the image on that monitor was another monitor, and within the image on that monitor . . . If I'd had a big enough screen and a strong enough magnifying glass, I guess I could have looked all the way back to an afternoon in 1927 or so when Philo T. Farnsworth, of Beaver, Utah, got his "dissector tube"—the first working model of what we now know as television—up and running.

MY first television exposure was local, in Atlanta: the *Woody Willow* show. Woody was a puppet, who was entirely up-front about being made of wood. His friend, oddly enough (perhaps there was some implicit lesson about disparate types getting along), was Tillie the Termite. Then, too, there was Officer Don, a human being. Officer Don was good. I believe the only reason he never went on to the national level, aside from there perhaps being room in the culture for only one Buffalo Bob and one Captain Kangaroo, was that he chose to put down roots in the Atlanta area.

I watched the *Woody Willow* show every afternoon, I ate Peter Paul's chocolate-covered coconut-almond bars because of it, and one year my mother arranged for me to have my birthday party on it. My friends and I, and another party of kids, were all visible on the set. Are there TV shows like that anymore, or has Barney taken over? Woody called me up to one side of his little booth and asked how old I was. I answered (how distinctly, we will never know for sure—there was no taping back then), "Nine."

"Nine rhymes with just fine," said Woody.

"STUTTGART, WIR HABEN
EIN PROBLEM."



Call 1-800-333-4CAD or visit our Web site at www.seville.com ©1998 GM Corp. All rights reserved. CADILLAC SEVILLE



When we designed and built the all-new Seville STS, it was with some admiration for our overseas competition. The Germans, for example, have long been known for their engineering and performance. So, we designed our new car to rival the best of Stuttgart and Munich. Its 300-hp Northstar System has more power than the most powerful E-Class Mercedes. It bested the BMW 540i in an independently run slalom for speed and agility. We even had our cockpit judged against the E420 and 540i on twenty-nine different ergonomic and interior convenience measures. We won on twenty-two. When the testing was over, we knew we'd achieved our goal: a Cadillac that rivals the best in the world. And with the incredible power and control of our all-new STS, they now have cause for some admiration for us. Because the STS isn't just new. It's what's next.

THE ALL-NEW SEVILLE STS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then he hopped over to the other side of his little booth and asked the show's other birthday celebrant, "And how old are you, Sharon Lynn?" or whatever her name was, and she said, "Eight."

"Well," he said, "you're not hurting yourself much either, are you?"

She blinked. An odd thing for a puppet to say to a child. As if whoever did Woody's voice (I have no recollection of the mechanics involved) had drifted out of kiddie-show context for a moment. It occurs to me now that Woody and Tillie picked on each other a lot. Tears welled up in the birthday girl's eyes and she ran to her mother. Some of the kids in the peanut gallery tittered. I felt a measure of sympathy for her, but I *was* a year older, and furthermore it seemed to me that she might have risen to the occasion. I was accustomed to obscurely inappropriate vibes. At home my mother shared with me more of her life's tensions than I would ever know what to make of, and my father kept too much to himself. At school I had trouble figuring out what the social deal was. Here you could deflect ironies toward an impartial audience.

My father was good at addressing groups, and my mother had introduced me to performance when I was five. At her behest I had memorized recitations—"The Night Before Christmas," "Life Gets Teejus, Don't It?"—and delivered them at church-lady gatherings. To good effect, I believe: I don't recall any heckling. Later I lost confidence in my mother's production values, when she talked me into wearing one of her blouses as part of a Three Musketeers costume. But I never stopped feeling comfortable—relieved, in fact—in front of an audience, as opposed to one-on-one with, say, a woman wanting to discuss our relationship. As I returned to my seat on the set among the other kids, I was thinking that I was one of those people who would always be better on television than Sharon Lynn.

My next appearance was thirty years later—on Dick Cavett's show, when he was on public TV five nights a week. It was 1980, and I was promoting my book *Crackers*. We had a brief, odd, sidelong conversation before the taping (he liked my book, I remember him saying, but he hated the tie he was wearing), and then I made my national television

debut. Went quite well. You might have thought we'd been chatting like this for years. At the end, when the cameras pulled back, and the credits were undoubtedly rolling over us as we leaned toward each other confidentially and no one could hear what we were saying, what I said was, "I always wondered what the guest and the host were saying at this point."

"Frequently," Cavett said, "this."

PEOPLE who saw me chat with Johnny got the impression that I had influence. A man in Nashville urged me to find out from Ed McMahon how one might go about getting one's girlfriend on *Star Search*, the new-talent showcase Ed hosted. So one evening as the credits rolled, I turned to Ed and popped that question—without the girlfriend reference, of course. He didn't look directly at me, but he did vouchsafe one of his patented chuckles before allowing, "You'll notice they give a phone number at the bottom of the show." Then, boom, he was gone from the set. Once, when Johnny asked me on the air what I had been up to, it occurred to me to tell the impromptu truth: that I'd just come from watching my daughter teach a class of variously challenged toddlers in a rough neighborhood of San Francisco. "They were celebrating Martin Luther King's birthday," I said. "My daughter wrote a little pamphlet about Dr. King for the kids." When I reached into my pocket for this unassuming monograph, the producer Fred de Cordova snapped, from somewhere to my right, "No!"

But. Yes. Sometimes during the breaks Johnny actually seemed to want to talk. At one of our first breaks together, after the supposedly live house had scarcely responded, Johnny observed, "There should be a chill factor for comedy." At first I thought he was criticizing my intensity (he hadn't laughed much either—the show's various layers of audience tend to synergize or not), but on reflection I decided it had to do with maintaining your feel for risibility in the presence of blank faces, and I found it comforting. By that time I was out in the parking lot.

Yet another time, when I had been talking about my book about hair, he pointed to his, all white, and mentioned

something about getting old. Still pumped from addressing so many Americans at once, I said, "Uh," in surprise.

Another show, when I had been taking off on various semi-personal woes, Johnny murmured, just to me, during the break, "So often, comedy is rooted in sadness."

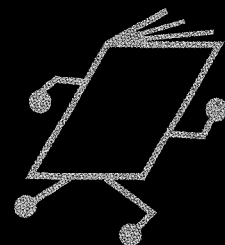
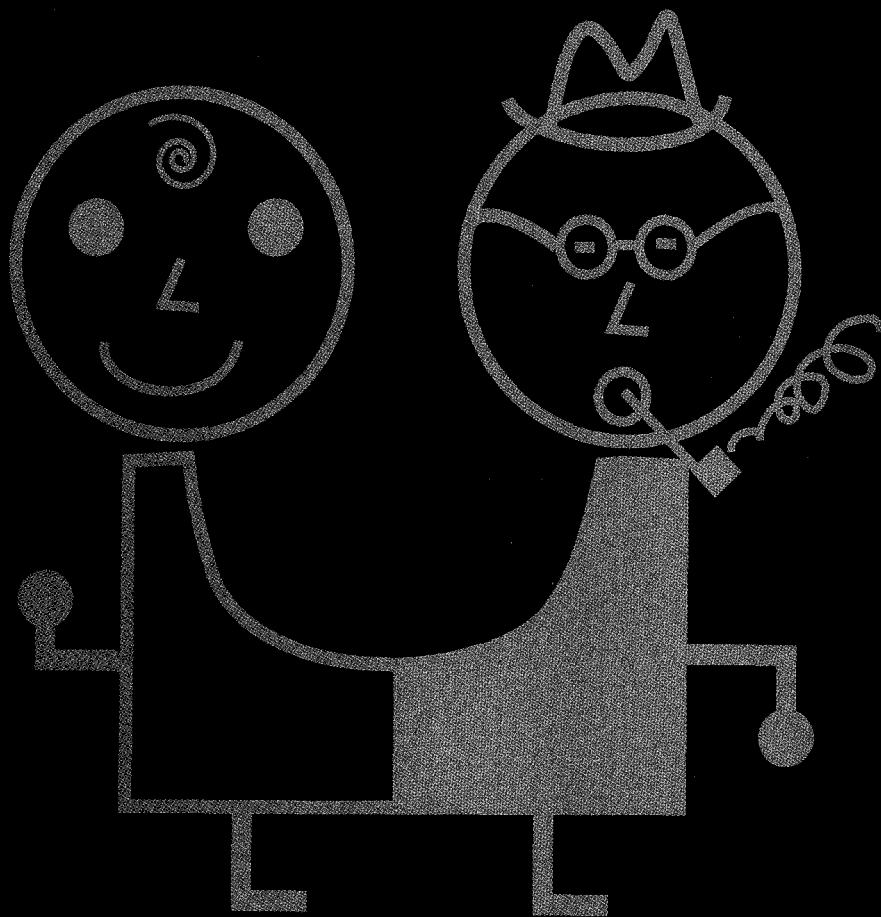
I was astounded. I couldn't think of anything to murmur back. We had only a few seconds. I didn't think I ought to start telling him about my mother.

By a year or so before Johnny's last show the intervals between my appearances had decreased to three or four months. I had been on the show with Teri Garr so often (the first time, she gave me a wary look when I introduced myself; the second time, I nodded to her coolly; the third time, we were cordial) that I mentioned it to Dolce, who said, "The same thing happens with Buddy Rich and Angie Dickinson." Flattering as that association was celebrity-wise, it left me feeling a tad subliterary. And the plant-lady bump still chafed. When people asked me what it was like to be sitting there between Johnny and Ed and Joe Namath or someone, I would say that it was "like being one of the faces on Mount Rushmore, except all of us are capable of some movement." I went so far as to write something to that effect in one of the edgy-or-snide columns I was writing for *Spy* magazine in those days. *Tonight* stopped inviting me, and I doubt I will be mentioned in the same breath as Angie Dickinson again.

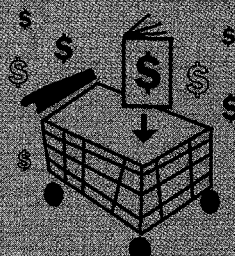
One night not long ago I dreamed that I was on the show with Johnny, relishing the sensation of sitting in an electric chair whose charge I could keep down to a stimulating buzz as long as I stayed funny, and the first break came, and he looked over at me and murmured, "We will never see each other again. You may ask me one question about life."

And I blurted out, "Johnny! Quick! My father never gave me pointers. Tell me what to say to a woman when she asks me how something intimate felt! Tell me what to say that won't make her look at me askance!"

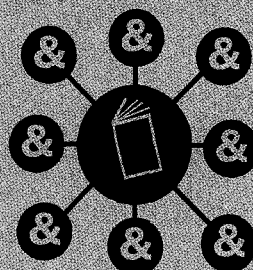
And Johnny looked at me sadly and said, not with that Nebraska-droll on-screen expression of his but with the rooted-in-sadness-during-the-break expression: "Just say, 'You can imagine.'" ☿



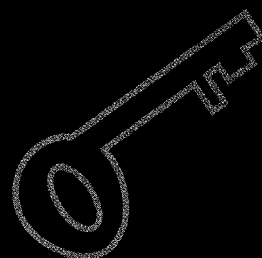
now that's speedy delivery
Most books shipped within 24 hours.



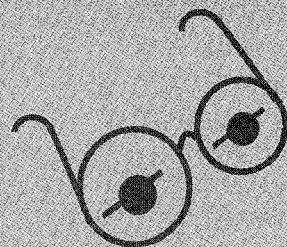
get a load of these prices
Up to 40% off hardcovers and
90% off bargain books.



what a selection
Get your hands on millions of books.



don't worry about a thing
Purchase books online with
complete security.



do we know books or what?
Who else but Barnes & Noble could
bring you a website this amazing?

**We like to think we
know the difference
between someone
who likes Kafka, and
someone who likes
The Cat in the Hat.**

barnesandnoble.com

aol keyword: barnesandnoble the world's largest bookseller online

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TOM KRAUSZ/FOCUS-MATRIX

Beyond Prague

*Where to slake a thirst for
fairy-tale architecture—among other
Czech specialties*

THE Czech Republic might be considered passé. It has been half a dozen years since young Americans flocked to Prague for its cheap, dreamy bohemian life. Prague remains the capital of the real Bohemia—Bohemia and Moravia being the two provinces that make up the Czech Republic. But Prague was discovered by the tour buses and became clichéd, and the young dreamers moved on to Bratislava or Minsk. It has been two years since the balanced-budget, pro-business policies of Czech Prime Minister Václav Klaus—one of the “two Václavs” who ran the country, the other being President Havel—last allowed Czech investors and economists to look down on the Bulgarians

and the Poles. Inflation and corruption drove Klaus from office, and the Czech economy is struggling like others in the region.

Yet during two weeks last summer my wife, Deb, our teenaged son, and I had more exotic, non-passé experiences in Bohemia than we have had since trekking through Asia a decade ago. The key, we came to think, was getting out of Prague and accepting the sort of uncomfortable adventure that a land not quite ready for tour buses provides.

We had advantages on our journey—one of them anticipated and the other coming as a surprise. The advantage we foresaw was a family connection. Deb's grandparents all came from Bohemia to

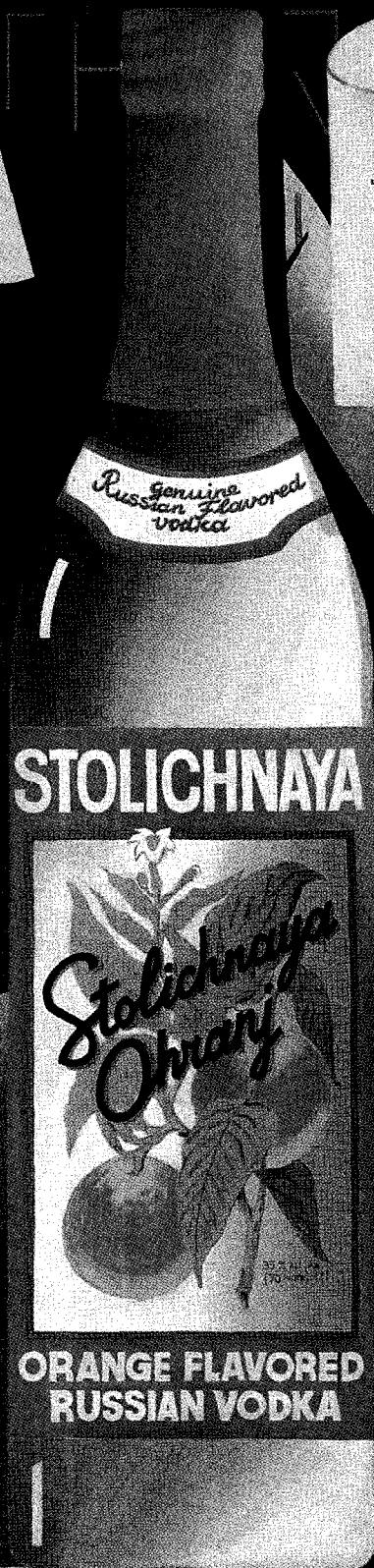
Chicago early in the century. For a country of ten million people, the Czechs have an amazingly distinct facial look. Think of the supermodel Paulina Porzickova as an arguably representative woman, and the tennis star Ivan Lendl as an unfortunately representative man. On the street Deb kept bumping into people she mistook for Uncle Josef or Aunt Albina. In a country cemetery we saw stone after stone bearing her family's original name, Zderadicka, which in context looked as if it needed another consonant or two. In the village of Mlyný we met a woman in her eighties who remembered hearing, as a child, about the village boys who had just left for America, one of them my wife's granddad.

At least that's what we think the woman said. That we could communicate at all was because of the other, unexpected advantage: Deb had once studied German, which the old woman's neighbor also knew. In Prague, as in many other big cities, if you don't know the local language, knowing English will probably get you through. This principle does not apply in the Czech countryside. Unless you have studied Russian or another Slavic tongue, Czech is simply not a lan-

Overlooking Český Krumlov

IMPORTERS LTD. TEANECK, NJ 07770 STOLI.COM

FOR GIFT DELIVERY OF STOLICHNAYA - ORANJE VODKA EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW, CALL 1-800-243-3797 OR FAX 1-800-243-3798. PRODUCT OF RUSSIA. ORANGE FLAVORED VODKA 35% ALC/VOL (70 PROOF).



AUTHENTIC RUSSIAN VODKA FLAVORED WITH ALL-NATURAL ESSENCE OF FRESH ORANGES.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guage you can figure out. (The menu offers *hovězí* or *ryby*. Sound good? That's beef or fish.) From the episodes of German domination through the centuries and the decades under Soviet control, German and Russian have come to be the second and third languages of Bohemia. If you don't know one of them, or Czech, try to travel with someone who does.

WHY bother? For us, the answer would be because the trip, besides being fun, reminded us of the virtues of avoiding warfare, and the virtues of enjoying beer.

Once, on a trip to Warsaw, I heard a

an enormous success. It has left Bohemia with one historical architectural wonder after another, in a profusion that would make them world-famous if they were more easily visited.

For instance: After arriving in Prague, we rented a Skoda, the (perfectly fine) national car, and headed south. An hour out of town we saw a small sign saying KONOPISTĚ. We swung off the road for family-curiosity reasons—Deb remembered that her great-grandfather had worked as a gardener at a place with such a name—and found, at the end of a long path, an enormous castle on a 500-acre estate. (Grandpa Zderadicka appar-

Koníček ("Little White Horse"—see how easy Czech is?), and each evening, as we drank our beer, we looked out on a perfectly proportioned cobblestoned piazza, lined with pastel-colored shops, that would be celebrated on travel posters if it were in the south of France. Between the morning and the evening sessions we went for rides on rented bicycles through the woods. This part of Bohemia has, for some reason, specialized since antiquity in carp farming as a main industry. The ponds are still in action—when you see *kapr* on the menu, be forewarned—and they give the area a man-made but convincing Land of a Thousand Lakes feeling.

In this area the government has established a network of "greenways," or nature trails, that skirt the ponds and wend through woods and have informative signs, in Czech and English, every mile or so. Like the products of most other service industries in formerly Commu-



TOM KRAUSZ / FOCUS-MATRIX



SCOTT WARREN / TOM KELLER & ASSOCIATES

Music in Krumlov Castle and, at right, Konopiště's grounds

Polish man almost brag about the city's razed, warehousey look. Okay, so we don't have the beautiful old buildings, he said. But that's because we have stood up to fight for our rights, against the hated Russians and Germans, so many times. He went on to belabor the contrast with the neighboring Czechs: each perfectly preserved historic square in Prague, each turret on a castle in the Bohemian countryside, only underscored how often the Czechs had capitulated to conquerors rather than going down in flames, Polish-style, to an obviously superior force. By this Pole's logic, Czechs should be ashamed that Bohemia has been free of large-scale combat for about 500 years—and that the main military figure in their heritage is the fictional Good Soldier Svejk, who pretends to obey while subtly defying authority. But by the modern visitor's logic, the Czech strategy has been

ently did not work alone in the garden.) We spent the next few hours exploring what had been the Archduke Franz Ferdinand's country estate in the years before his assassination. An entire gallery was filled with hundreds of paintings and statues of Saint George and assorted dragons, another with hundreds of swords and pieces of armor. Nearly every other inch of the castle was adorned with antlers, horns, tail feathers, mounted heads, and other relics of wildlife that the archduke had shot for his sporting relaxation—9,000 trophies in all. In a small glass-fronted case was the bullet that had killed Franz Ferdinand's wife, the princess Sophie, in Sarajevo. We were relieved not to see her stuffed head nearby on the wall.

By the end of the day our Skoda had taken us farther south, to the medieval city of Třeboň. Each morning, as we had breakfast on the terrace of the hotel Bily

nist countries, the trails are half charming and half absurd. The first few miles of the twenty-five-mile track we followed were paved with big, uneven cement squares, making for a jarring ride. But other portions were smooth and sylvan. At the end of the day, having stopped for several feet of sausage and many hearty hellos to Czech and German travelers, we were glad to have made the journey.

We later stayed in a similar piazza-perfect medieval town, Litoměřice, to the northwest of Prague. Its buildings are

Diversity works.



It has long made sense to us at IBM to welcome and value individual differences. We prove this commitment to our workforce every day. Programs such as employee networking groups, child/elder care, domestic partner benefits and flexible work hours help us attract and retain the best and most talented individuals. And in our diverse marketplace, that's always good business. To learn more, just visit our Web site at www.ibm.com/diversity

IBM

Solutions for a small planet™

IBM is an equal opportunity employer. IBM and Solutions for a small planet are trademarks of IBM Corporation. ©1998 IBM Corp. All rights reserved.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Princeton

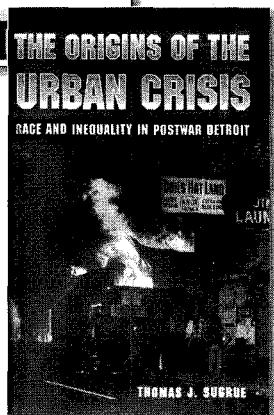
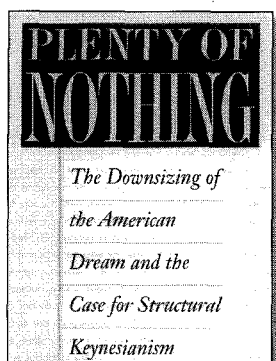
Plenty of Nothing

The Downsizing of the American Dream and the Case for Structural Keynesianism

Thomas I. Palley

If we are doing so well today, many Americans ask, why does it feel like we are working harder for less? In this wide-ranging and provocative book, Thomas Palley proposes a new economic model that he argues would return America to sustainable and shared prosperity.

Palley's book, which began as a cover article for *The Atlantic Monthly*, argues that government can and should shape U.S. capitalism from a "mean street" system into a "main street" system. Cloth \$27.95 ISBN 0-691-04847-9



Now in paperback

Winner of the 1998 Bancroft Prize

The Origins of the Urban Crisis

Race and Inequality in Postwar Detroit

Thomas J. Sugrue

In this reappraisal of racial and economic inequality in America, Thomas Sugrue asks why Detroit and other industrial cities have become the sites of persistent racialized poverty. This prize-winning book is available for the first time in a paperback edition.

Paper \$16.95 ISBN 0-691-05888-1

Princeton University Press

AT FINE BOOKSTORES OR CALL 800-777-4726
HTTP://PUP.PRINCETON.EDU

distinguished by elaborate *sgraffito*, an etched design heavily used in Bohemian architecture. The town would no doubt seem cheerier were it not the settlement nearest the Nazi concentration camp of Terezín. This was originally a Hapsburg fortress, named after the Empress Maria Theresa, and during the Second World War it was not an outright slaughterhouse so much as a jail and holding area for Jews and other prisoners. It was here that a notorious propaganda film, *Hitler Gives the Jews a Town*, was shot, in 1941. Clips from the film are shown—along with equally creepy films made during the Communist era—in Terezín's imposing "Small Fortress."

The greatest preserved marvel of Bohemia, and one free of ominous historical overhang, is certainly Český Krumlov. I say "certainly" although I had never heard of the place before setting foot in it. Nearly a thousand years' worth of castle-building by successive grand families—Krumlovs, Rožmberks, Schwartz-enbergs—have given the town a concentrated fairyland effect. The town is built on and around a peninsula formed by the Vltava River as it makes elaborate serpentine loops. For a few dollars you can rent a raft and float for hours down the Vltava (and be brought back, by Skoda truck). In the evenings there are concerts in the rose garden of the Krumlov Castle, which dominates the city from a hill; an international music festival takes place in August. Cars are banned from most of the city. You can walk from tiny boardinghouse to tiny coffee shop to tiny beer hall. This is a major tourist destination for Czechs and other Central Europeans. But when the tour buses roll up, they are stopped by traffic barriers on the outskirts of town, and they let out their passengers at a gigantic feeding hall run by the Eggenberg brewery.

WHICH brings me to my real subject. Not only is the architecture of Bohemia lovely—so is the beer. All drinking Americans have heard of Pilsner Urquell, the Czech beer that calls itself the best in the world. I had not realized that the name is the German version of what is locally known as *Plzeňský Prazdroj*, or that both names simply mean "original Pilsener." Indeed, to ask for this beer in Bohemia you simply request "a Pilsener." Bohemia has long had a diversified

economy. Its Skoda works have made airplanes, automobiles, and weapons since early in the century. Throughout the country are primitive-looking but effective glassworks in which sweaty men in dirty undershirts blow molten glass into goblet shapes, between swigs of beer. But the heart of the country seems to be the beer. Beer is everywhere—so abundant and so good that we had to impose rules on ourselves, and not just about daily intake.

Each brewery produces glasses bearing its logo or coat of arms. Each bar pushes the beer of one or two breweries. We started collecting specimens, bribing bar-men twenty-five to a hundred crowns a glass (\$1 to \$4). But we believed in rules! We would not buy a brewery's glass until we had drunk its beer. And so our quest began: Pilsner Urquell, of course, with its famous green-script logo. Bohemia Regent, brewed in the old city of Třeboň the old-fashioned way, in open vats—to my taste, the best of all the beers. Platan, with a logo of plane-tree leaves and an advertising campaign that suggested, as best we could figure from the pictures, that this was Satan's favorite beer. Krušovice, a snooty beer with an elaborate gilded design on its glasses. Gambrinus, named for the Flemish duke Jan the First, or "Jan Primus" of Antwerp, patron saint of beer. And many more. We stopped only when we realized with horror what it would mean to pack everything for the trip home. Twenty-eight glasses all made it, in our admittedly strange-looking carry-on bags.

There was a logical progression to our beer encounters. First, casual tastings of Pilsner Urquell in Prague. Then a glimpse of the Regent brewery, in Třeboň. Then to the industrial city of České Budějovice, near the German border. The German name for this city is Budweis, and here, starting in the 1200s, Budweiser beer was originally made. Budweiser is still produced in České Budějovice, at a rate of a million hectoliters, or 26 million gallons, a year. But to the company's chagrin another kind of Budweiser is produced in America at roughly thirty times the volume. Budweiser Budvar and Anheuser-Busch have ongoing legal struggles over who really controls the name. Anheuser-Busch's recent ads in the United States have emphasized the com-

(Continued on page 52)

JUNE
1998

Arts

PREVIEW

CLASSICAL

*The Alchemist—
A Magical Story
Is Set to Music*

THEATER

Richard
Greenberg's
Uptown
Comedies

DANCE

The
Mark
Morris
Philosophy

FILM

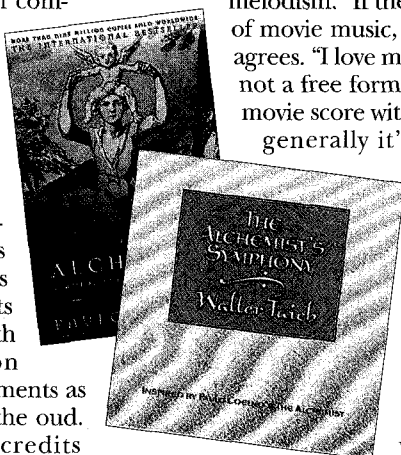
A Fitting Final
Performance
for Mastroianni

Classical Music

BY AUSTIN BAER

SPINNING GOLD—TRANSFORMING A BEST SELLER INTO A SYMPHONY

You've read the book; now hear the symphony." If not unprecedented, the pitch is certainly rare. *The Alchemist's Symphony*, by the twenty-nine-year-old French composer Walter Taieb, takes off from *The Alchemist*, by the Brazilian author Paulo Coelho. The novel, published ten years ago, has sold 17 million copies and been ranked as the No. 1 best seller in sixteen countries. Taieb's symphony is in eight brief movements (keyed to specific moments in the book), punctuated with improvised interludes on such folk and ethnic instruments as the darbuka, the nay, and the oud. A whiz kid whose other credits include chart-topping pop songs and 3-D computer graphics, the composer thinks that too many influential movements in twentieth-century classical music have been dominated by concepts, in analogy to the visual arts. "I feel music needs to speak and tell stories and develop emotions," he explained recently over the phone from his home on Long Island.



Like many others, he has rediscovered tonality: "an international language," he insists, "a universal language," suitable for telling stories. He calls his style "neomelodism." If the uninitiated think of movie music, Taieb politely disagrees. "I love movie music, but it's not a free form of art. Listen to a movie score without pictures, and generally it's terrible: a pot-

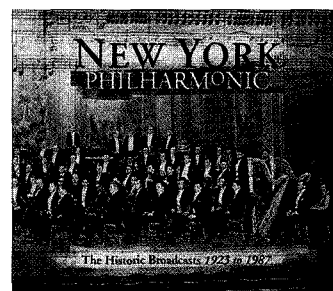
pourri of little things of two minutes, not a composition to be heard on its own. I think my music is sufficient alone. For forty-five minutes the music makes you travel. You don't waste any

time. You get a theme with a short development, and then right away you jump. It's a lot of work to write this way!" *The Alchemist's Symphony* receives its first live performance on June 5 at a gala in the ancient Spanish town of Tarifa, which in the book is where the hero's journey begins. Fortunately for those with other

plans that night, a polished recording on BMG reveals how evocative the score is of the novel's exotic locales. The movement "The Oasis," with its drowsy melody and lopsided African rhythm, is especially fetching.

SPIRIT OF THE RADIO

The New York Philharmonic has just wrapped up an eventful, often brilliant season that was remarkable, too, for its reach. Through the largesse of Time Warner, nine of the best programs aired on more than 200 radio stations. Such exposure, rare these days, was once common. The Philharmonic reminds music lovers everywhere how thrilling live performances on the air can be with its ten-CD package *The Historic Broadcasts 1923 to 1987*. The roster of maestros includes legends like



A NEW VOICE FOR ARIANNA

Lost operas probably number in the thousands, but the ones posterity mourns for are few. The *Arianna* of Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643), the father of opera as we know it, is certainly close to the top of the list—particularly since it is not wholly lost. The ornate, highly literate libretto of Ottavio Rinuccini survives. So does the monologue of the heroine, the Cretan princess abandoned by Theseus, slayer of the Minotaur. Seventeenth-century cognoscenti recognized this excerpt as a very fine thing indeed, and copies circulated in both printed and manuscript forms. Modern composers have made arrangements. Now the British composer Alexander Goehr has recomposed it completely—along with the rest of Rinuccini's libretto. To



Titian: *Bacchus and Ariadne* (Arianna)

appreciate how eccentric this is, suppose we knew *Macbeth* only from a synopsis and the dagger monologue, and a playwright wrote a new, mock-Shakespeare tragedy that paraphrased the only original fragment we had. Other vocal compositions prove Goehr to be a careful student of Monteverdi's emotional, supremely flexible style, and in England his pastiche has won high praise. This month Opera Theatre of Saint Louis mounts the American premiere, in English, which adds a new wrinkle. Goehr has written that his purpose was to rescue the beauty of Rinuccini's original Italian. So in that sense the new production violates the composer's intention. Make of this what you will; he has not withheld the performance rights (June 7, 10, 13, 19, and 25; 314-961-0644).

Willem Mengelberg, Otto Klemperer, Arturo Toscanini, Bruno Walter, Dimitri Mitropoulos, and Fritz Reiner. The composer Francis Poulenc is dazzling in the piano part of his own *Concert champêtre*, and Igor Stravinsky forges links to tradition with an idiosyncratic but illuminating account of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 2 (the *Little Russian*). Listeners unused to archival material may blanch at the sound quality of some of the earliest entries, but the verve of the performances offers rich compensation. Of related interest: a CD of Leonard Bernstein's historic New York Philharmonic debut, as a last-minute replacement for the revered Bruno Walter. Unlike the big box, this single disc documents the entire concert, announcements and all. The music is electrifying—and knowing what we know now, the sense of occasion is breathtaking. (For the former call 800-557-8268; for the latter 800-99-MUSIC.)

Austin Baer is a writer based in New York.

Dance and Theater

BY NANCY DALVA AND JOHN ISEL

WRITTEN ON THE BODY

The award-winning poet and playwright Naomi Wallace writes dramas with the no-holds-barred, bowie-knife sensibility of a better-known Kentuckian, Daniel Boone. A thirty-something mother of three, Wallace



Scene from *One Flea Spare*

scouts out the ways our body politic is reflected in the politics of the body. In *Slaughter City*, for instance, set in a Louisville meat-packing factory, she shows how late-stage capitalism consumes the bodies of its laborers like the slabs of meat they butcher. In a scene from *In the Heart of America* a Gulf War soldier recalls slitting open an Iraqi soldier, stepping into his rib cage, and proclaiming, "Hey, boys, now I'm really standing in Iraq." In *One Flea Spare*, Wallace demonstrates the artificiality of class distinctions when the aristocratic Mrs. Snelgrave (played off-Broadway by Dianne Wiest last season) rides out a seventeenth-century London plague quarantined with a scurvy sailor who reignites her sensuality. Last year Wallace's stage adaptation of William Wharton's novel *Birdy* (which Alan Parker made into a 1984 film with Matthew Modine and Nicolas Cage) opened in London's West End, starring Rob Morrow, of *Northern Exposure* fame. It now receives its U.S. premiere thanks to the Philadelphia Theatre Company (May 29-June 28; 215-735-0631). Jumping back and forth in time, Wallace's adaptation focuses on the shrapnel embedded in two Second World War buddies' psyches. Again Wallace finds images to make her ideas physical: at one point Al feeds his psychotic would-be feathered friend by masticating food and spitting it into his mouth. In *Birdy*, Wallace again reminds us that our common humanity may be grounded in other parts of the body as well as the heart. —J.I.

UNDER THIS MONARCH INCLUSION IS THE RULE

In Virgil's *Aeneid*, Dido, the Queen of Carthage, promises her lover, Aeneas, that she will make no distinction between his people and hers. No wonder the choreographer Mark Morris cast himself as Dido in his own *Dido and Aeneas*. He is Dido! In his movement world he makes no distinctions. Story ballet, Graham, Balanchine; sign language, clogging, flamenco; tableaux vivants, country western; church processions, the laying on of hands, the simple sight of people turning in their sleep—all this, and more, Morris embraces. The Morris philosophy is also expressed through the catholicity of his musical taste, and in his choice of dancers. Within the Mark Morris Dance Group there is a continuum of color and corpus, with men and women ranging from sinuous to sturdy, and all considered beautiful. With his work and with his presence, Morris crosses the boundaries we tend to impose

on time, on identity, on the nature of people and the nature of things. His own visage is confounding: winged-browed, craggy-chinned, snaggle-toothed, moonpale. His physique is contrary: large-boned, bulky, buoyant, precise. You never know whether Morris is getting ready to bourrée or to belch. Nowhere do you realize this great comprehensiveness, as it were, more than in his *Dido and Aeneas* (set to a glorious Purcell opera of the same name). Morris plays both the noble, love-besotted Carthaginian Queen and her nasty sorceress nemesis in a star turn that is arguably either a very grand theatrical transformation or a very potent personal revelation.

Or, perhaps, both (June 24–27, BAM Opera House; 718-636-4100). Earlier in the month you can catch the American premiere of Morris's weirdly enchanting version of Jean-Philippe Rameau's *Platée* (June 10–13, Zellerbach Hall, Berkeley; 510-642-9988).

—N.D.
Morris as Dido (left)



MANHATTAN: THE GREENBERG VARIATIONS

Richard Greenberg's characters barely seem to possess bodies. In breezy comedies like *Eastern Standard*, *The Maderati*, and *The Extra Man* they resemble paroxysms of verbosity. With waspy, petlike names, they pontificate and postulate, berate

and bellyache, wheedling and whining with rare wit. Then there are the ones to be pitied—poor saps who can't pun with the rest of them, who stutter, sputter, and mumble or, heaven forbid, heap cliché upon cliché. In other words,



Three Days of Rain

Greenberg is the closest America can come to producing another Noel Coward. His latest, *Hurrah at Last*, at South

Coast Repertory in Costa Mesa, California (May 22–June 28; 714-957-4033), caps a triple-crown season for the playwright. His haunting family drama *Three Days of Rain* explored two generations of aristocratic New Yorkers and ran to critical acclaim last fall at the Manhattan Theatre Club after its debut at South Coast. In March the McCarter Theatre in Princeton, New Jersey, premiered Greenberg's *Safe as Houses*. *Hurrah at Last* finds Greenberg again amid the East Coast elite, focusing on a privileged, assimilated Jewish family (with typical Greenbergian names like Thea, Lawry, and Sumner) that gathers to celebrate Christmas Eve in a swank New York City loft. Following in the footsteps of literary forebears such as Thornton Wilder and A. R. Gurney Jr., Greenberg's comedy promises to be the perfect antidote to a long Christmas dinner. —J.I.

Nancy Dalva is the author of *Dance Ink*: Photographs. John Isel is a senior editor at Stagebill.

JEEP.. THE MOST BRAND OF



That's not surprising considering that Jeep vehicles have been at the forefront of 4x4 technology, innovation, and design for over 50 years. All you have to do is check the myriad of four-wheel drive and automotive enthusiast magazines out there—

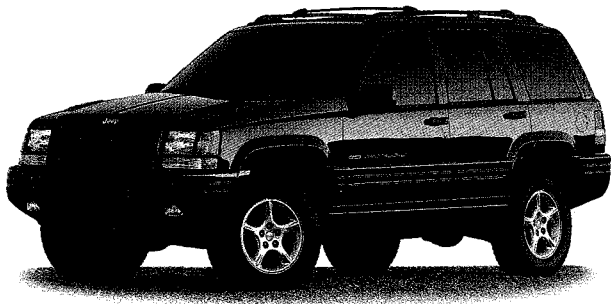
we've collected numerous awards and endorsements from almost all of them.

All those awards and endorsements are the result of our constant mission to improve and perfect 4x4 technology. Whether it's the legendary Jeep Wrangler, the rugged Jeep



*Based on 0-60 acceleration. Always use seat belts.

AWARD-WINNING 4x4s ON EARTH.



Cherokee, or the ultimate in 4x4s, Jeep Grand Cherokee, they all share in that classic Jeep capability and award-winning tradition.

Speaking of winning, we're proud to announce that Jeep Grand Cherokee 5.9 Limited, the fastest sport

utility vehicle in the world,* has been named the 1998 4x4 of the Year by *Petersen's 4-Wheel & Off-Road* magazine. But then, what would you expect from the most award-winning brand of 4x4s on earth? For more information, call 1-800-925-JEEP or check out our Web site at www.jeep.com

Jeep®

T H E R E ' S O N L Y O N E

Remember, a backseat is the safest place for children. Jeep is a registered trademark of Chrysler Corporation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Film

BY ELLA TAYLOR

SUSPICIOUS MIND

Mistrust, all but done to death as a movie theme, receives a fresh coat of paint in *Mr. Jealousy*, a deceptively light romantic comedy from Noah Baumbach, the very young director with a very old head who made the 1995 art-house hit *Kicking and Screaming*. Eric Stoltz stars as Lester, a thirty-ish Manhattan substitute teacher and aspiring novel-

ist who, after a formative experience with his first girlfriend, seems doomed to ruin all subsequent romances with his possessive behavior. When his soon-to-be-married friends Vince (a very funny Carlos Jacott) and Lucretia (*Secrets and Lies*'s Marianne Jean-Baptiste, sporting a

seamless American accent) introduce him to the free-spirited Ramona (Annabella Sciorra), the apparently reasonable Lester soon becomes obsessed with his new girlfriend's past lovers, especially the slick Dashiell (Chris Eigeman), author of a best-selling novel, *The Sensualist*. Joining Dashiell's therapy group under Vince's name to soak up data about his "rival," Lester mires himself in a thickening tissue of lies that threaten to destroy his relationships with those he cares for most. Baumbach's gracefully constructed screwball plot keeps doubling back on itself, expanding the boundaries of time and place to sustain a chronic instability that mirrors both the young man's insecurity and the ambivalent thrashing about that is modern love. The characters happen to be the same age as the director, but *Mr.*

Jealousy is no Gen-X sitcom. In his precocious wisdom and the assurance of his touch, Baumbach recalls both Truffaut and early Woody Allen.

Ella Taylor is a film critic for LA Weekly.



Eric Stoltz as a man obsessed

JOHN CLIFFORD

KEEP THE SATIRE FLYING

Robert Bierman's film version of George Orwell's novel of 1930s London, *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, blandly retitled *A Merry War* for American moviegoers who may be stumped by the name of the houseplant that epitomizes lower-middle-class English respectability, is nevertheless a wickedly clever piece of satirical fun. Wearing his customary air of barely contained middle-class fury, Richard E. Grant plays discontented advertising copywriter Gordon Comstock, who, after a favorable review in the London *Times* of his slender volume of poetry, recklessly dumps his steady job to live out his idea of the artist's life. Despite all kinds of support from his level-headed girlfriend, Rosemary (played with rueful wit by Helena



Carter and Grant

Bonham Carter), his long-suffering sister (Harriet Walter), and his patient publisher (Julian Wadham), a champagne socialist who loves the working class from a safe distance, Gordon's literary career fails to ignite. Convinced that success eludes him because he isn't moneyed or homosexual or a Communist, Gordon disgraces himself in a posh restaurant and flounders off to dwell among the glorious proletariat, until bedbugs and Rosemary return him to sanity and his assigned place in the order of things. Crisply adapted by the television writer Alan Plater, *A Merry War* is a handsome period piece that does full justice to Orwell's scorn for the pretensions and hypocrisies of England's hidebound class structure.

ONE LAST LOOK AT LIFE

Marcello Mastroianni gave his last performance in *Voyage to the Beginning of the World*, a beautiful new film by the renowned and endlessly prolific Portuguese director Manoel de Oliveira, who will turn ninety this year. Frail but entirely in command, Mastroianni plays Manoel, an aged film director who accompanies a half-French, half-Portuguese actor and two others to the village in Portugal where the actor's father was raised. As the four drive through the lovely countryside (the scenery achieves an intense life of its own), Manoel, by turns puckish, crusty, flirtatious, and wistful, reminisces about his own privileged youth in the same region. Moved by a roadside statue of a lonely man bearing a wooden beam on his back, Manoel reflects on how, with age and the passing of time, memory dominates a man's experience, yet without allowing him to grasp the past. "I

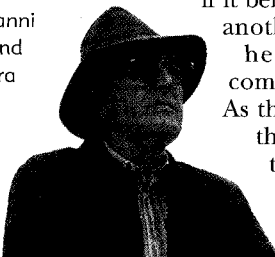
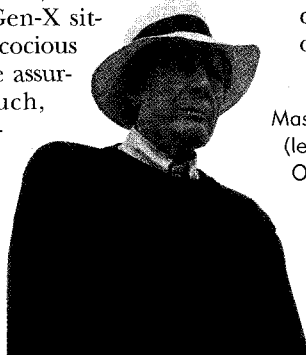
know my own history, as

if it belonged in another life,"

he tells his companions. As they reach the village, the focus shifts to the life

of another Manoel—the actor's troubled father, whose story is told by an austere aunt, herself a relic of a dying rural world. In his connection with a blood relative, the actor makes peace with the father who died when he was young. For his part, the director, wandering among gravestones, achieves a more equivocal serenity. "A long life is a gift from God," he says. "But it has its price."

Mastroianni (left) and Oliveira

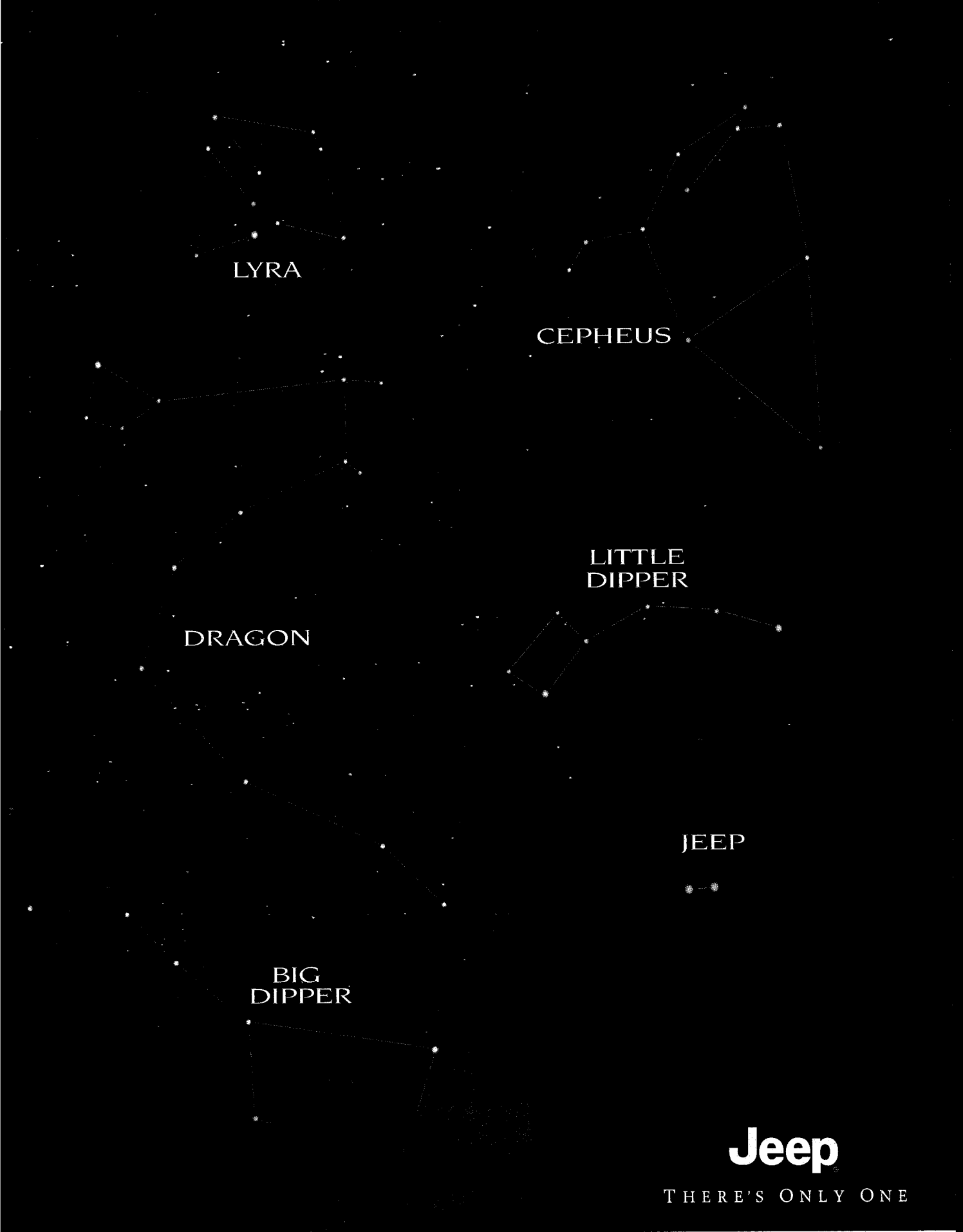


Jeep

THERE'S ONLY ONE

A Jeep® tradition continues August 14-16, 1998, as thousands of Jeep owners, their families, and friends travel to Camp Hale, Colorado, for the fourth annual Camp Jeep™.

Participants can choose from dozens of activities such as fly casting, white-water rafting, 4x4 trails, and outdoor musical concerts. For more information call 800-789-JEEP.



LYRA

CEPHEUS

LITTLE
DIPPER

DRAGON

JEEP

BIG
DIPPER

Jeep

THERE'S ONLY ONE

When choosing destinations, the sky's the limit if you drive a legendary Jeep® 4x4.
For further study, contact us at 1-800-925-JEEP or www.jeep.com

Always use seat belts. Remember, a backseat is the safest place for children.
Jeep is a registered trademark of Chrysler Corporation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 44)

pany's nearly spiritual devotion to making fine beer. They will have a hard time competing with the devotion of the Czech company, which in its official handbook (English version) says, "Drinking the beer, as the one originating in Budvar is, you feel like singing and you, suddenly, are full of the most courageous ideas."

Life and other magazines, came back to claim the hotel when the Communists departed. Some of the rooms are still models of Soviet grimness, with brownish carpet everywhere. But year by year Janecek is renovating rooms with polished woodwork and stunning antique furniture—meanwhile running around the hotel and bewailing, in a charming,

minute—thank God—with a sip of the product straight out of an aging barrel. No doubt it was the power of suggestion and environment, or the effect of an hour's propaganda about the excellence of Plzeň's beer. But after I watched the foamy golden liquid spill out of the barrel and into my glass, it seemed to me that this was the best glass of beer I would ever taste. It was so good, in fact, that it became hard to drink Pilsner Urquell when we got back home, knowing how many miles from Plzeň those poor bottles had had to come.

On second thought, it's not so hard. Let me get one from the fridge right now and pour it into my official Pilsner Urquell glass. ☛



BERNARD BOUTRIT/WOODFIN CAMP

From the original Budweiser's home we drove through the hop-growing lands of western Bohemia toward the beer mecca: Plzeň to the Czechs, Pilsen to everyone else. (Travel tip: Do not stop and chew raw hops from the vine, though these Saaz hops are the most renowned in the world. The bitter oils that give beer its bite are vile in this form.) Plzeň is a grim industrial city, close enough to Germany to have been damaged by American bombing in the Second World War. It has some attractions beyond its beer. For us the most memorable was the Interhotel Continental, a once elegant turn-of-the-century grand hotel. It was posh through the thirties, was bombed in the forties, was redone in hideous Stalinist fashion starting in the fifties, and is now being renovated, verrrry slowly, by an American-raised Czech citizen named George Janecek. Janecek's mother and her first husband had owned the hotel before the war. After the husband was killed in an American bombing raid and the Communists took over, the mother fled to the United States with her new husband, who became George Janecek's father. George, who is in his early fifties and has worked as a photographer for

Woody Allenish way, how hard it is to get good help or to import pinto beans for the burritos he wants to serve in his restaurant.

Our excitement in Plzeň, whetted by Janecek's story, mounted when we visited the Brewery Museum. The secret of the town's brewing success can apparently be found in the limestone underneath the city.

This gives the water a favored taste, which is passed to the beer. In the Brewery Museum the progress of beer since the 1300s is traced. Its modern culmination can be found a few blocks away, in the Prazdroj brewery, where Pilsner Urquell is made. Hour-long tours are given on the hour from 10:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. April through December, and at 11:00 A.M. and 2:00 P.M. January through March. They start with a campily respectful movie about the miracle of beer, proceed through the brewery and some of the miles of limestone caverns in which the product is stored, and cul-



WALTER MAYR/FOCUS-MATRIX

Bohemian town life, and enjoying the local product in České Budějovice

inn on the outskirts of Prague called Pension Vetrník. It has a red-clay tennis court, modern rooms, and food prepared by one of the country's most renowned chefs. Reservations can be made through Czech In. Other hotel contacts: The Bílý Koníček, in Třeboň, fax 011-420-333-721-213. In Litoměřice, Hotel Salva Guarda, 400 years old but newly renovated, fax 011-420-416-3296. Our boardinghouse in Český Krumlov was Na Louži, fax 011-420-337-711-280, E-mail hotlouze@ck.ipex.cz. Each of its rooms has a name; do not accept a cramped one called Jan. The Interhotel Continental, in Plzeň, fax 011-420-19-722-1746. We rented our Skoda from cheap, efficient, reliable Czechocar, fax 011-420-2-611-72432.

VIZIO

MOVADO.



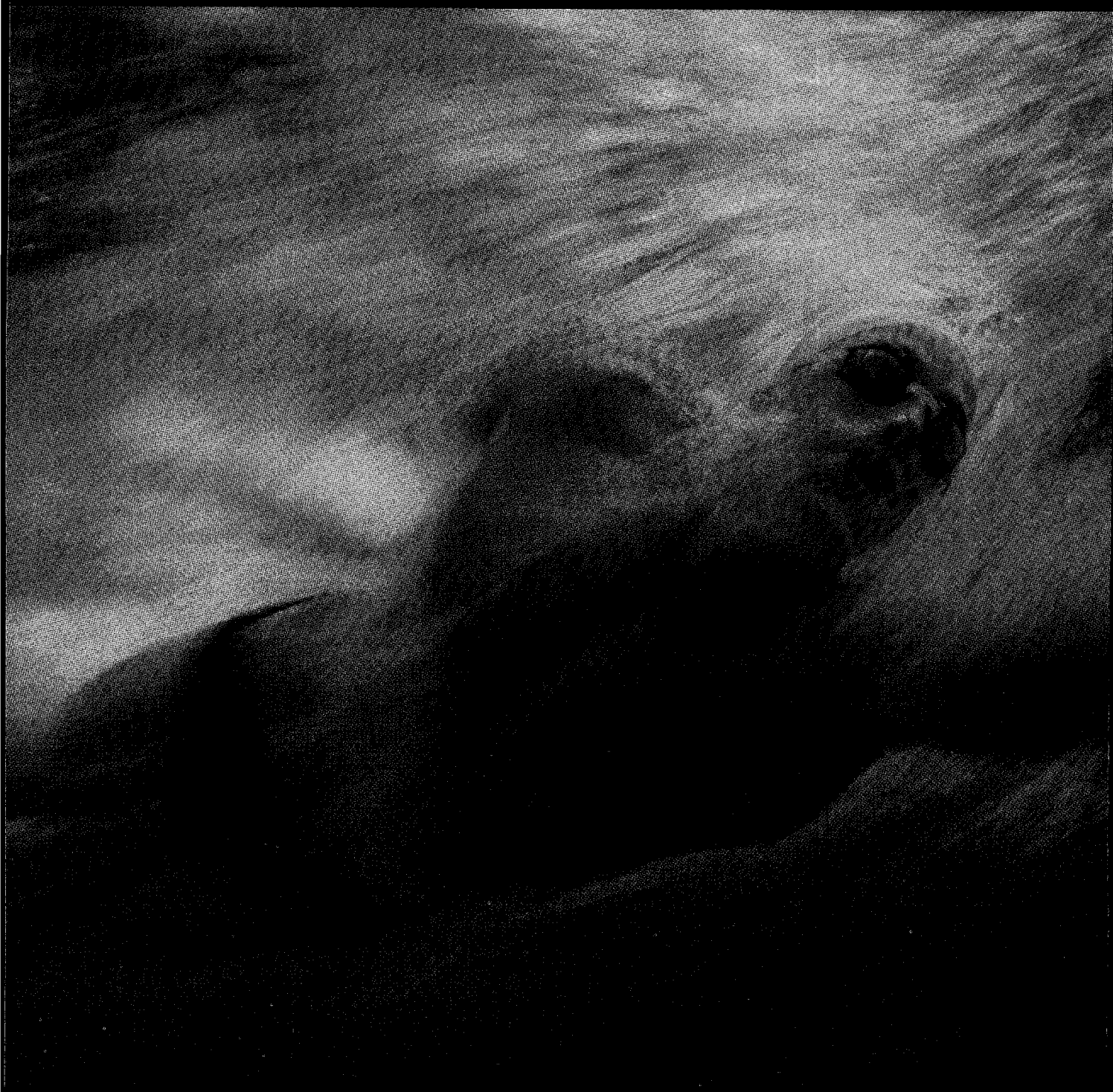
Solid stainless steel and
18K gold. Black or
white dial. Sapphire
crystal. Water resistant.
Available in 4 sizes,
from \$2490.

A.R. MORRIS JEWELERS
Wilmington, DE, 302-658-4013

For a free Vizio brochure: 1-888-4-A-V-WATCH or <http://www.vizio.com>

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLD WEATHER MEANS NOTHING. RAINY DAYS DON'T MATTER.
AND A NATIONAL HOLIDAY MEANS TWO PRACTICES INSTEAD OF ONE.



Phillips Petroleum salutes the hard work and determination of the men and women of United States Swimming, which is why we are very proud to celebrate our 25th year of sponsoring

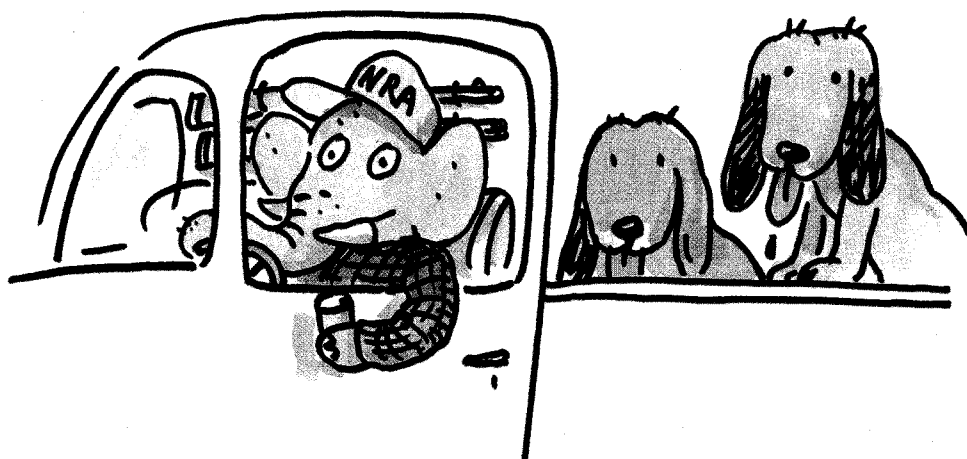
these athletes—the longest continuous corporate sponsorship of an amateur sport. At Phillips, that's what it means to be The Performance Company.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY 

For a copy of our annual report, call 918-661-3700, write to: Phillips Annual Report, B-41, Adams Bldg., Bartlesville, OK 74004, or visit us at www.phillips66.com.

THE SOUTHERN CAPTIVITY OF THE GOP

by CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL



In a geographic and cultural box, with political demography tilting against it, the Republican Party is “an obsolescent one,” argues the author, a senior writer for the conservative Weekly Standard

SHORTLY before the 1994 midterm elections, when House Minority Leader Newt Gingrich began talking about a coming Republican takeover of Congress and outlining plans for his speakership, David Dreyer, a White House aide, remarked, “He’s done Lord Acton one better. He’s corrupted by power he doesn’t yet have.” After Election Day it was Dreyer who had egg on his face. The Republicans did take over the House and the Senate, controlling the two for the first time since 1955—and by a broad enough margin that they seemed likely to hold both houses indefinitely. Everyone spoke of a “revolution”—both politicians and the wider public, both those who favored and those who feared one. Pundits resurrected the decades-old metaphor of the political analyst Samuel Lubell, according to which America has essentially a one-and-a-half-party system. One party is the sun, illuminating all the planets. The other is the moon, giving off only reflected light. For the first time since before FDR’s election, it looked as if Republicans were the sun and Democrats the moon.

Today Dreyer and others who scoffed at a Republican ascendancy seem likely to have the last laugh. There has indeed been a movement to the right on some issues, but it has not translated into a partisan shift. A stunning mid-1997 ABC/*Washington Post* poll, asking voters “Which party do you trust more to . . .,” showed the Democrats besting the Republicans on practically all issues, including such Republican staples as taxes, crime, and budget balancing.

<u>Trust more to . . .</u>	<u>Democrats</u>	<u>Republicans</u>
Improve education	51%	30%
Help middle class	51	30
Handle economy	43	39
Hold down taxes	41	38
Balance budget	39	36
Handle crime	38	34
Handle foreign affairs	38	40
Reform campaign finance	34	31
Maintain strong defense	32	50

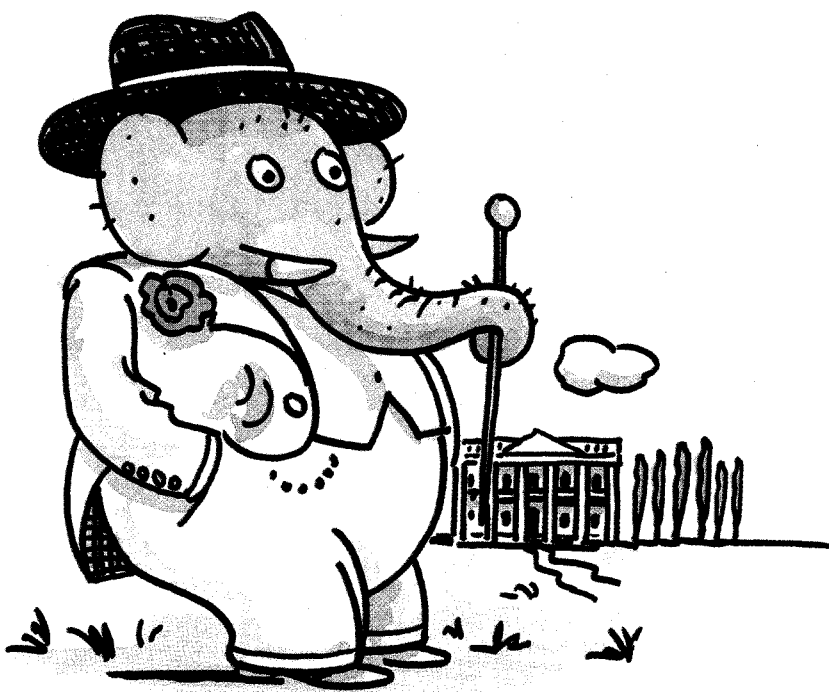
Suddenly it looked as if either the 1994 election was a fluke or the 104th Congress had done something dramatically wrong. The Republicans have narrowed the gap in party registration until they're only four percentage points behind the Democrats (39–35), but the Democrats still lead on the issues. The Republicans hold a majority in Congress, but that Congress has been trumped by a Democratic President on every major policy initiative of the past three years. And when a midwinter sex scandal initially sees the President's job-approval ratings *rising* to about 70 percent, the Republicans have cause for worry. There is now no sense in which they are the sun of American politics. Far from it: they are a majority giving rise to second thoughts among those who made them one.

This is something the Republicans seem not to realize. Their party was thrashed in the 1996 national elections. In presidential politics they were stuck on the Goldwater-McGovern-Mondale landslide-loser plateau of 40 percent, as they had

its corner. Still others—among them such Class of '94 congressional firebrands as Steve Largent, of Oklahoma; Linda Smith, of Washington; and Mark Neumann, of Wisconsin—say that the party has ignored centrist, Reform Party–style outrage and made itself a campaign-finance-swilling incumbency-protection machine. Another line of thinking is that the party has merely been victimized by accidents of personality: the mysterious ability of Newt Gingrich to generate loathing and of Bill Clinton to generate support.

Many, if not most, Republicans view the 1994 election as a mandate stolen from them by accidents of leadership and the collusion of the press and other “elite” institutions. In this reading Bill Clinton lifted “their” issues by mouthing conservative positions on the budget and welfare reform, and the credulous media have abetted Clinton's public-relations war of “micro-initiatives” such as school uniforms, the V-chip, portable phones for neighborhood-watch groups, and various small education proposals.

Republican problems go deeper than that, however. The party faces a crisis of confidence that has many symptoms—repudiation in the most sophisticated parts of the country, widespread distrust of the Republican leadership, an inability to speak coherently on issues. All of them grow out of the same root cause: a vain search to rediscover the formula that made that unformulaic President, Ronald Reagan, so broadly appealing—even beloved. Congressional Republicans triumphed decisively in 1994 on such Reaganite issues as free trade, welfare reform, and shrinking the government. But thanks to a deficit-dissolving economy and a dwindling memory of the Cold War, those is-



been in 1992. They lost nine seats in Congress. Yet the party is approaching the 1998 election as if it won the last time out. Republicans of all persuasions view their party's problems as temporary, remediable through either ideological fine-tuning or image buffing and spin. Certain Republicans—particularly cosmopolitan governors on the East and West Coasts, such as Christine Todd Whitman, of New Jersey, and Pete Wilson, of California—claim that the party has moved too far to the right, and that its stances on social issues, notably abortion, are driving away centrist voters. Others—particularly those at Christian organizations, such as Gary Bauer, of the Family Research Council, and James Dobson, of Focus on the Family—say it's too far left, lacking the guts to assert itself on family dissolution and related family-values issues on which the public is in

issues were of declining importance even then, and they have given way to a bipartisan consensus. “Consensus,” of course, is only another way of describing the issues that have been taken *off* the table. What remains for the party to talk about? On first thought, not much. The Republican strategist Ed Gillespie says, “We're like the dog that caught the bus.”

Now that there is no longer any force on the political landscape to challenge their general principles, the Republicans are clinging to power, even as they grow confused about what exactly they are supposed to do with it. They are infuriating voters by blaming them at every turn for the party's failure to win their hearts. In other words, the Republicans are looking more and more like the Democrats of the 1970s and 1980s, and less and less like the party that overthrew them.

STOLEN BASES

SINCE the 1960s Republican gains at the national level have been built on two trends. One is regional—the capture of more and more southern seats. The other is sociological—the tendency of suburbanites to vote Republican. The party's 1994 majority came thanks to a gain of nineteen seats in the South. In 1996 Republicans picked up another six seats in the Old Confederacy. But that only makes their repudiation in the rest of the country the more dramatic. The party has been all but obliterated in its historical bastion of New England, where it now holds just four of twenty-three congressional seats. The Democrats, in fact, dominate virtually the entire Northeast. The Republicans lost seats in 1996 all over the upper Midwest—Michigan, Wisconsin (two seats), Iowa, and Ohio (two seats). Fatally, they lost seats in all the states on the West Coast. Their justifiable optimism about the South aside, in 1996 it became clear that the Democratic Party was acquiring regional strongholds of equal or greater strength.

As Walter Dean Burnham, a political scientist at the University of Texas, has noted, the 1996 elections almost diametrically oppose those of 1896. (See maps below.) Anyone who is today middle-aged or older was born in a country with a solidly Democratic South and a predominantly Republican Midwest and Northeast, and probably will die in a country in which the Republicans hold the Old Confederacy and the Democrats dominate from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic. In effect, the two parties have spent the twentieth century swapping regional power bases.

Since it is the southern and mountain states—the Republican base—that are adding voters, congressional seats, and electoral votes, this constituency-trading was supposed to be all gravy for the Republicans. It isn't. The bad news for the party in 1996 was not so much regional as sociological. In the suburbs—home to 40 percent of voters, by conservative esti-

mates—Clinton ran even with Bob Dole. Clinton won among eighteen- to twenty-nine-year-olds in 1996 and 1992, reversing Reagan and Bush victories among that cohort in 1984 and 1988, and he also won among Catholics, who had voted Republican in the three previous elections. (In Congress the Republicans won the Catholic vote for the first time ever in 1994; one election later they were routed, by 53 to 45 percent.)

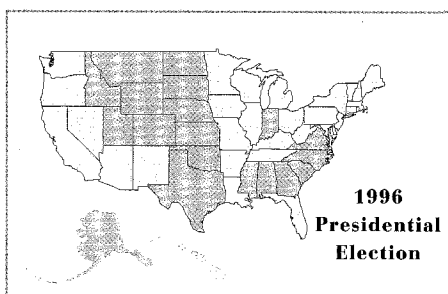
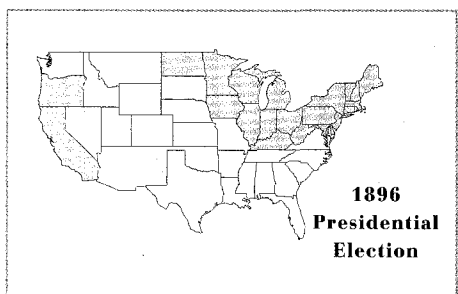
And the Republicans lost heavily among Hispanics, America's fastest-growing voting bloc, who added 1.5 million voters from 1992 to 1996, and will probably add as many again by the next presidential election. This alarming result confounded an earlier Republican optimism. Democrats who had arrogantly assumed that standard-issue minority politics would easily pull Hispanics into the party fold were proved wrong throughout the 1980s. Hispanic voters turned out to be disproportionately entrepreneurial and disproportionately receptive to Republican family-values rhetoric, and gave the party roughly a third of their votes in the three presidential

THE REPUBLICANS have reason to worry.
They are a majority party that causes second thoughts among those who make them one.
The Republicans are in the midst of a crisis of confidence that has many symptoms.

elections from 1980 to 1988. Leaving aside Puerto Ricans and Dominicans in New York, who *do* fit the Democrats' minority paradigm, the Republicans were doing better with the Hispanic vote than might be expected.

But the Republicans in the 104th Congress tried to shore up their Texas and California right wings with hostile rhetoric on immigration. They passed legislation that sought to deprive not just illegal but also legal immigrants of federal benefits. (Newt Gingrich and other Republicans backpedaled in 1997,

reversing some of the measures, but the damage was done.) And California's Proposition 187, supported by Republican Governor Pete Wilson and aimed at denying benefits to illegal immigrants, brought angry Hispanics to the polls in unprecedented numbers. Clinton took 72 percent of the Hispanic vote nationwide, including 81 percent in Arizona and 75 percent in California;



□ Democrat (or Populist) ■ Republican

Got a craving for adventure and luxury? Treat yourself to the new Subaru Outback® Limited. On the outside, this unique

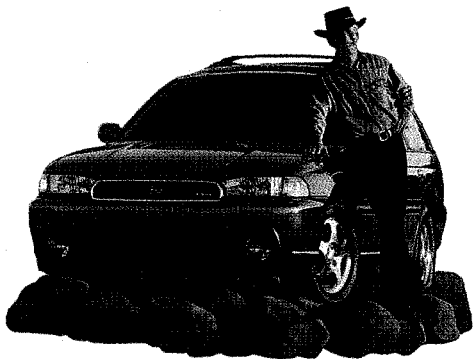
All-Wheel Drive vehicle is more than a match for the competition, holding a turn better than a Blazer and braking better than

an Explorer. Inside, the Limited offers deliciously decadent comforts like soft leather seating, woodgrain patterned trim

and - count 'em - two sunroofs. To get a taste of The World's

First Sport-Utility Wagon™, see your Subaru dealer, call

1-800-WANT-AWD or visit our website at www.subaru.com



The New Outback Limited

SUBARU 

The Beauty of All-Wheel Drive®

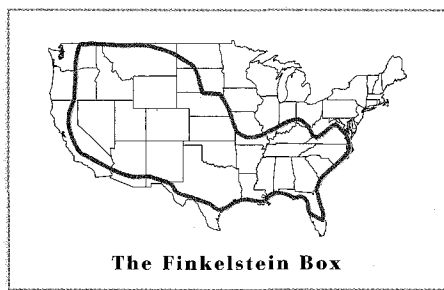


Hard



shell. Soft yummy center.

1997 Chevy Blazer turning stability claim based on USAC-certified dry lateral acceleration test. 1997 Ford Explorer braking comparison based on USAC-certified dry testing of 60-0 braking. The ABC's of Safety: Air bags. Buckle up. Children in back.



The Finkelstein Box

he took 78 percent of Hispanics under thirty. He nearly split the Hispanic vote even in Florida, where 97 percent of the Cuban population voted for Reagan in 1984.

The hardening loyalty of Hispanics is a catastrophe for the Republicans' presidential prospects. According to census projections, by 2025 the country's two most populous states, California and Texas, will be 43 and 38 percent Hispanic respectively. And earlier in the decade California was hemorrhaging Republicans anyway, owing to what could be called the Fuhrman effect: a large secondary migration of older, middle-class whites who appear to have lost patience with the multiracial, multicultural society already in evidence in the state, and have moved to Idaho, Nevada, Arizona, and other more solidly Republican states of the intermountain West.

These in- and out-migrations, coupled with the growth of lifestyle liberalism and federal Democrats' careful nurturing of West Coast interests, could make California close to unwinnable for Republicans. That would put the White House, too, out of reach for a long time. The only Demo-

crat ever to win California and lose the presidency, after all, was Winfield Hancock—who was defeated by James Garfield in 1880, when the state had six electoral votes.

THE FINKELSTEIN BOX

THESE sociological and geographic shifts are part of a broad change in party allegiance. No one has been more astute in outlining its nature than the Republican consultant Arthur Finkelstein, who set the pattern for Republican triumphs in the 1980s by running aggressive, ideological campaigns that went after Democratic candidates for their uncommonsensical "liberalism"—a word that was repeated almost hypnotically in the ads and speeches he wrote. Of late Finkelstein has been criticized by some of his candidates outside the Northeast, largely for having the temerity to suggest that this message must be broadened now that liberals are drubbing Republicans on a range of new issues. These are issues on which the party has historically been silent—education, the environment, and health care, for example. The absence of a Republican voice on them helps to explain why the party has scraped up only about 40 percent of the vote for two presidential elections running.

Finkelstein uses a simple graphic device to show his Republican candidates, geographically, just how differentiated the country is. Put a pen point on Washington, D.C., and draw your way across a map of the continental United States, edging up between Iowa and Nebraska, running through the Dakotas and Montana, dropping down through Washington and Oregon and along the western border of Nevada into California, and then heading back east, with the tips of Texas and Florida south of the line. The box that results leaves you with two different political countries. (See map.) The Finkelstein Box refutes a long-standing axiom among political consultants: that as people prosper and grow more educated and cosmopolitan, they become more likely to be Republicans. In states that have their largest population centers outside the box, no Republican senatorial candidate got a majority in the last election. Inside the box no Democrat got a majority except Mary Landrieu, of Louisiana (and that barely). Although most Republican governors outside the box are pro-choice, almost every single Republican governor inside the box is pro-life.

The Republican Party is increasingly a party of the South and the mountains. The southernness of its congressional leaders—Speaker Newt Gingrich, of Georgia; House Majority Leader Dick Armey and House Majority Whip Tom DeLay, of Texas; Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott, of Mississippi; Senate Majority Whip Don Nickles, of Oklahoma—only heightens the identification. There is a big problem with having a southern, as opposed to a midwestern or a California, base. Southern interests diverge from those of the rest of the country, and the southern presence in the Repub-

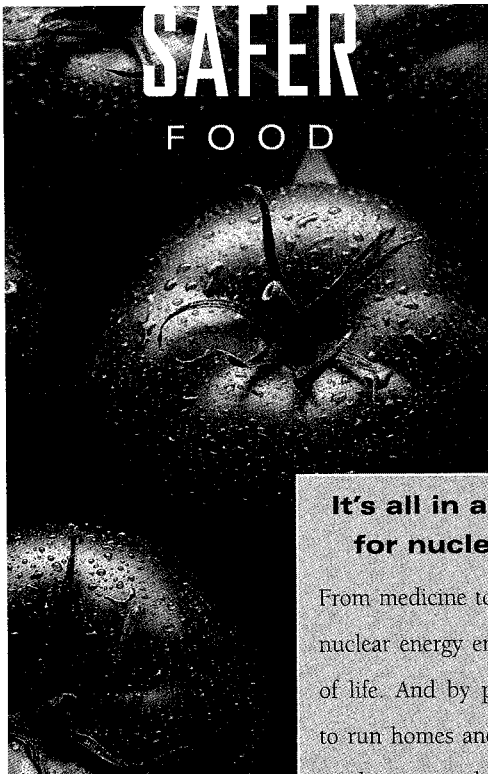
CORRESPONDENCE

"I hat you," my daughter writes
in her newfound mastery of phonics.
She has taken to sending me notes
from kindergarten: love notes,
joke notes, problem notes,
and now angry notes that say
I don't care about her feelings.
These notes arrive after lunch
in envelopes, like the mail,
marked by hearts or skulls.
You are "meen" she says today,
you just sit around and "rit"
and don't let me watch "moves."
Why do her notes carry more weight
than her spoken accusations?
She isn't the same child now:
she is an owner, a thief.

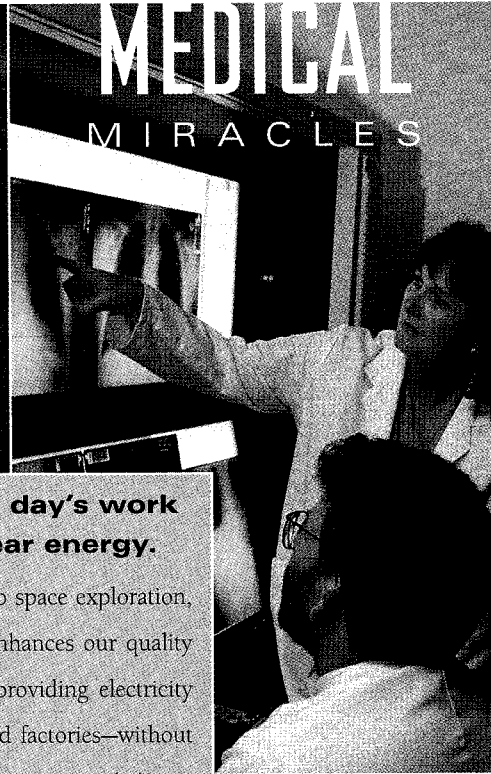
—TERESA CADER

Irradiation kills
bacteria in food.

Nuclear materials are indispensable
to medical diagnosis and therapy.



FOOD

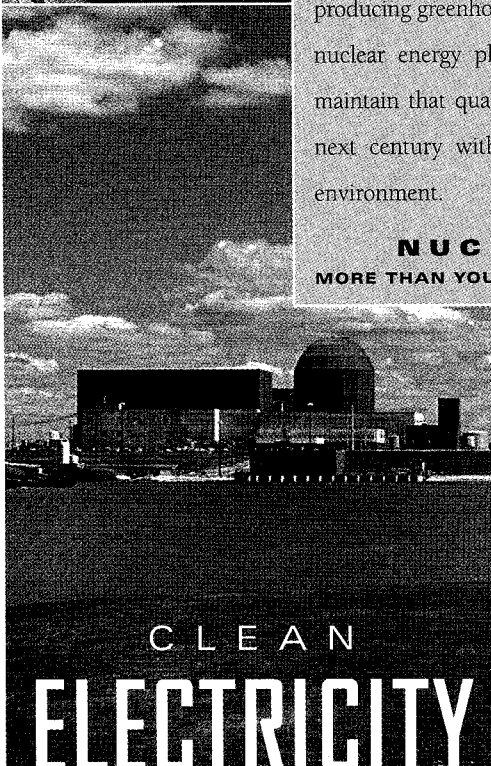


MIRACLES

**It's all in a day's work
for nuclear energy.**

From medicine to space exploration,
nuclear energy enhances our quality
of life. And by providing electricity
to run homes and factories—without
producing greenhouse gas emissions—
nuclear energy plants enable us to
maintain that quality of life into the
next century without polluting the
environment.

NUCLEAR
MORE THAN YOU EVER IMAGINED



ELECTRICITY

Nuclear energy generates electricity
without polluting air and water.



DISCOVERY

Powered by nuclear fuel,
NASA's Cassini probe explores Saturn.



1776 I Street, NW • Suite 400 • Washington, DC 20006-3708 • 202-739-8000 • www.nei.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lican Party has passed a "tipping point," at which it began to alienate voters from other regions.

As southern control over the Republican agenda grows, the party alienates even conservative voters in other regions. The prevalence of right-to-work laws in southern states may be depriving Republicans of the socially conservative midwestern trade unionists whom they managed to split in the Reagan years, and sending Reagan Democrats back to their ancestral party in the process. Anti-government sentiment makes little sense in New England, where government, as even those who hate it will concede, is neither remote nor unresponsive.

The most profound clash between the South and everyone else, of course, is a cultural one. It arises from the southern tradition of putting values—particularly Christian values—at the center of politics. This is not the same as saying that the Republican Party is "too far right"; Americans consistently tell pollsters that they are conservative on values issues. It is,

nual Washington marches still rankles the party's southern wing. Although he several times sent a message by phone hookup, he never once greeted them on the Mall.

Grover Norquist, the president of Americans for Tax Reform, disputes that the two wings were ever at odds, and insists that libertarians and moralists can still cohabit. And since Norquist is a key—if not *the* key—adviser to Newt Gingrich, his interpretation can be taken as a semi-official Republican understanding of what's left of Ronald Reagan's electorate. "The Reagan coalition is the Leave Us Alone coalition," Norquist says. "Tax activists want their paychecks left alone. Pro-family people want their kids left alone. Ralph Reed's constituents are not interested in running other people's lives. They don't care what odd people do in San Francisco on Saturday afternoon."

For his part, Reed, formerly the executive director of the Christian Coalition and now a Georgia-based political and public-affairs consultant, thinks the two wings get along as well as ever. Looking at the Republican field for President in 2000, he says, "Traditional supply-siders like Steve Forbes are enthusiastically embracing the social dogma of the party. Lamar Alexander is moving to the right, guys like John Ashcroft are picking up steam, John Kasich is talking about faith in God. I see a holistic message developing." To an extent Reed is right: this is not 1963 or 1964, when the Rockefeller

wing and the Goldwater wing fought an intraparty civil war. Yet there is something more troubling going on. Every Republican candidate now has to "make his bones," to prove his good faith by declaring his unequivocal willingness to alienate the "elites" of the country. Describing the Christian right to a reporter last fall, the former Washington congressman Randy Tate, who is now the executive director of the Christian Coalition, said, "They don't just want to be given crumbs off the table and taken for granted." Far from proving Republican tolerance, the rapprochement Reed points to is merely the sound of the Republicans' cosmopolitan wing crying "Uncle."

This southern takeover is part of a natural, if paradoxical, transformation. It parallels the way the Goldwater debacle of 1964 destabilized the Democratic Party—by sending alienated northern Republican progressives into the Democrats' ranks. These progressives joined with northern urbanites to forge a party that was more to their liking, though it was too liberal for the Democratic Party's stalwart southern conservatives—and, eventually, too liberal for the nation as a whole. In like fashion, Democratic excesses since the seventies may have destabilized the Republican Party by chasing those southerners into the

THE SOUTHERN presence in the Republican Party has now passed a "tipping point."

As southern control over the Republican agenda has grown, the party has alienated even conservative voters in other regions.

rather, that the Republicans have narrowly defined "values" as the folkways of one regional subculture, and have urged their imposition on the rest of the country. Again, the non-southerners who object to this style of politics may be just as conservative as those who practice it. But they are put off to see that "traditional" values are now defined by the majority party as the values of the U-Haul-renting denizens of two-year-old churches and three-year-old shopping malls.

Southerners now wag the Republican dog. How did the party let that happen?

THE PARTY

GEORGE McGOVERN BUILT

THROUGHOUT the 1980s the Reagan coalition—economic and social libertarians on the one hand, and largely Christian "social issues" voters on the other—were in rough balance. If anything, southern Christians were the low men on the Reaganite totem pole, coddled far less than tax activists in the prosperous coastal cities. That Reagan paid only lip service to pro-life activists during their an-

fold, transforming the Republican Party into a machine that is steadily becoming too conservative for the country.

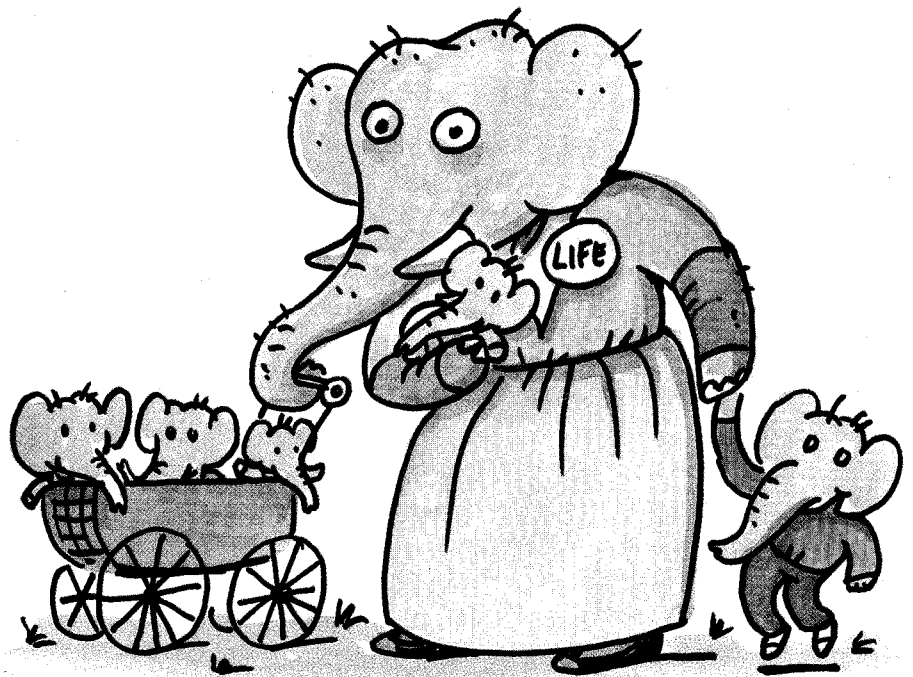
There has always been tension between the Republicans' constituent wings. What long masked it was the Cold War. The Reaganite party was never a two-part but always a three-part coalition, of social conservatives, economic conservatives, and foreign-policy hawks. The hawks' group was minuscule, but it happened that their passion (anti-communism) was shared by Christians and capitalists alike. This was a passion that Democrats—with a few notable exceptions, including Senator Scoop Jackson, of Washington—were renouncing by the mid-1970s. Foreign-policy hawkishness became a permanent electoral advantage for the Republicans, but just as important, it became the party's internal glue. When the Cold War ended, the coalition lost its last point of common ground. As one Republican consultant says, "In 1992 we go to Houston, and Jack Kemp and Pat Buchanan look up at one another and say, 'What the hell are you doing in my party?'"

The Republicans have been, in a word, "McGovernized." We think of McGovernization as a Democratic problem, largely because George McGovern was a South Dakota Democrat when he led a commission that reformed party structures three decades ago, increasing the importance of state primaries and thus shifting power away from compromise-oriented national conventions. Not incidentally, McGovern went on to suffer electoral humiliation in the first presidential election conducted under the reforms. The Republicans, too, soon adopted boss-proof electoral rules. These reforms were implemented just when money and television were driving politics away from "local" issues (that is, bread-and-butter ones) and toward "national" issues (that is, ideological ones). One party was bound to win and one to lose. In retrospect—and it was only the aftermath of Richard Nixon's disgrace that blinded people to it at the time—the ideological configuration of the country in the 1970s gave the Republican right a monumental advantage over the Democratic left. What was the 1976 Reagan movement if not a McGovernized groundswell?

Now the shoe is on the other foot. Overrideologization is beginning to work against the Republicans. At the 1996 convention Christian conservatives moved to make their intra-party advantage permanent and institutional, much as racial and social liberals had done before the 1972 Democratic convention. Control over appointments to the Resolutions Com-

mittee was wrested from the national chairman and given to the (largely hard-line) delegates. Organized interest groups of the values right thus grew strong enough to bend the party to their own interests, at the expense of the party's. An unstoppable McGovernesque radicalization was under way.

At a January Republican National Committee meeting near Palm Springs delegates defeated—handily, but only after much effort—an initiative to withhold campaign funds from Republicans who didn't oppose late-term, "partial-birth" abortion. It should be noted that three quarters of Americans back Republicans on the merits of the issue—it may be their single best issue at present. But the vote was not *about* partial-birth abortion, because there are only a half dozen Republican congressional candidates in the entire country who would have been affected by the initiative. If more evidence were necessary that sectional interests trump party ones, last fall the National Right to Life Committee



began running ads against *pro-life* congressmen, including the Republican Zach Wamp, of Tennessee, for supporting a campaign-finance reform that the NRLC feared would threaten its ability to raise money.

At the same time, the abortion issue illustrates that the problems of a southernized Republican Party are not simply a matter of how far right the party is. Opinion on abortion has swung sharply toward the Republican position since the controversy over partial-birth abortions began. A January ABC poll found that the statement "A woman should be able to get an abortion if she decides she wants one no matter what the reason" drew the lowest level of support (50–47) it has since early in the Reagan Administration. Even so, polls asking Americans, in effect, which party they trust more on

the subject aren't budging. Why not? Many Republican politicians complain off the record about party rhetoric on social issues. It's not the issue of abortion that's driving people away, they argue, so much as it is the broader cultural claims of those who put it forward.

In this sense, conservative Christians are to the Republican Party what blacks were to the Democrats in the 1970s: its most loyal troops, the source of its most talented activists, its moral core. For that reason they are also the main source of radicalization and overreach. The activists who in the 1970s married the Democratic Party to a caricature of black interests burdened the party with busing, affirmative action, leniency on crime—all unpopular issues. As voters began to drift away, Democrats resorted to ever-more-preposterous accusations of Republican “racism.” From there it was easy for the Republicans to taunt the Democrats into pursuing policies that taxed the patience even of moderate voters. Attacks on the Demo-

rest of the country grows alienated from the party's southern message. Most members of the party are content with this arrangement, but they're also hoping that the South can be transformed enough to keep voters elsewhere from fleeing the party in droves. “I think the South is a new South,” says the Republican strategist Arnold Steinberg, of California. “You'll see southern cities that are more progressive.”

“On the other hand,” Steinberg admits, “the North doesn't exactly realize that.”

ACLU REPUBLICANS

A GAIN, it is simplistic to see Republican politics as merely too far right, particularly at a time when the difference in total spending between Clinton's and Congress's budget proposals, for instance, is just a fraction of a percentage point. But it's understandable that voters

have found Republicans “frightening,” given the dovetailing of southern Republican anti-government rhetoric with that of right-wing terrorists. From this standpoint the two signal events of the 104th Congress were the Oklahoma City bombing, on April 19, 1995, and the government shut-downs of 1995–1996, advanced in a belligerent rhetoric of “revolution” that, according to Goeas and other pollsters, Americans distrusted—and none more so than the Republicans' own base.

On the morning that Timothy McVeigh sent hundreds of innocents to their graves, the lead story in all the major newspapers was President Clinton's disastrous speech of the night before, the low point of his entire presidency, in which he argued pathetically that he was still “relevant” to the country's politics. Clinton's numbers quickly began to turn around. Newt Gingrich's popularity, meanwhile, remained strikingly low. Gingrich called “pathetic” the media's conflation of his “revolution” and McVeigh's. But the court of public opinion is not a court of law, and politicians who show too much overlap with a force that Americans consider a genuine menace are punished for it, as the Democrats were during the Cold War.

And, like the Democrats of the seventies and eighties, the Republicans in the aftermath of Oklahoma City compounded the problem through their nitpicking libertarian indifference to Americans' fears about armed violence. In thrall to their supporters in the National Rifle Association, the Republicans were soon trying to repeal a 1994 assault-weapons ban, after a brief post-bombing breather. And what could be more like the Democrats' “coddling of criminals” circa 1975 than the Re-

THE MOST destructive interest group on the right is the NRA. The Republicans' rabidly pro-gun rhetoric has put the Democrats on the side of cops and crime control, the Republicans on the side of criminals and crime.

crats for coddling “welfare queens” worked politically less because of their substance than because they goaded the Democrats into defending the worst kind of welfare abuse.

But there is an easily overlooked difference between southern Christian Republicans and black Democrats—or any Democratic group, for that matter. The great Democratic electoral liability has always been that the party is a congeries of constituencies—blacks, the welfare-dependent, Jews, union members, feminists, teachers—the loss of any one of which can cost an election. None of the individual Democratic constituencies can produce a commanding majority on its own, but for that reason none is particularly frightening, either. Southern-style Christians are a powerful bloc in a way that none of the Democratic blocs is. Ed Goeas, the president of the Tarrance Group, a Republican polling organization, routinely includes in his polls the question “Has something happened in your life that has caused a recommitment to Christ?” Forty-three percent of respondents answer yes. This is a big enough bloc to take over not just a party but a country.

The bet that Republicans are making is that the South will add congressional seats and electoral votes faster than the

what if I want to keep a close eye on costs?

what if
we
outgrow
our
plan?

what if
paperwork
makes me
sick?

what if?

what if I need an HMO, PPO, and POS ASAP?

what if
I want a large
network close
to home?



what if

we need help with stress management?

what if I want more choices of doctors?

what if my employees want to have their cholesterol checked?

what if I need quick claims processing?

what if you didn't have to worry about health care?

What if there were a health care organization with innovations that anticipated the health care needs of your business? With an extensive choice of cost effective, customized managed care options, and the flexibility to change as your needs do? 1-800-244-BLUE. <http://www.bluecares.com> **BlueCross® BlueShield®**



©1996 Blue Cross and Blue Shield Association, an Association of Independent Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans. ©1996 Columbia Pictures; Comedy III Productions, Inc. All Rights Reserved. The Three Stooges™ The Three Stooges is a trademark of Comedy III Productions, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

publican attack on “taggants” in the 1996 terrorism bill? Congressional Republicans, in the name of the Second Amendment, fought to prevent the use of chemicals that would allow plastic explosives to be traced. This kind of procedural excuse for letting murderers walk led one analyst at the conservative Heritage Foundation to coin the term “ACLU Republicans.”

An apt parallel. If Christians are the blacks of the Republican coalition, then the NRA is its ACLU. The Republicans are not yet as beholden to their special-interest groups—their marksmen, polluters, and plutocrats—as Democrats are to their teachers’ unions and race agitators, their feminists and ambulance chasers. But guns are special. The bipartisan political consultant Dick Morris maintains that the single most destructive interest group on the right is the NRA. Representative Henry Hyde, an Illinois Republican, holds guns—not abortion—to blame for the gender gap. Rabidly pro-gun rhetoric has succeeded in

POINTY-HEADED REPUBLICANS

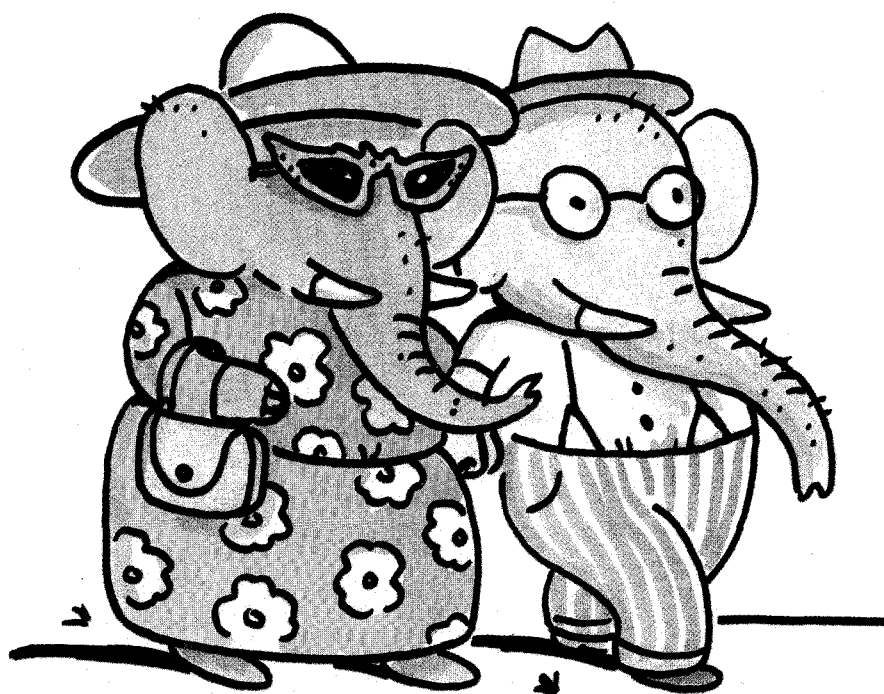
THE rhetorical corner that the Republicans got stuck in after Oklahoma City convinced many of them of what non-Republicans had known for months: that the party had a major problem in its leader, House Speaker Newt Gingrich. First, in his self-aggrandizement. Gingrich set the tone by initially accepting a multimillion-dollar book advance from HarperCollins even before the start of his speakership, a speakership in which he was planning to ask Americans to make a number of difficult sacrifices. (After an uproar he announced that he would forgo the advance.) Second, in a nails-on-the-blackboard loquacity that shows no sign of abating. Last January, outlining his “vision for America” before the Cobb County (Georgia) Chamber of Commerce, Gingrich suggested that students read the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence: “It will do all of us good if every child

begins to learn that they’re endowed by the Creator and, by the way, so is the person next to them,” he said. Fine, so far, even inspiring—but then came the hallmark, cannot-shut-up Gingrich touch: “. . . So, if you’re a rapist, the person you’re raping is endowed by God.”

Asked at a press conference last September whether he worried that Gingrich was making headway in attacking the Internal Revenue Service, Michael McCurry, the White House press secretary, responded, “Since I think the speaker, last time I checked, is probably one institution in American political life less popular than the IRS, the more he wants to get up and talk, I guess the better off we are.” He’s right:

as a former college professor, Gingrich suffers from the stereotype developed by George Wallace but raised to an art by Republicans. He’s a “pointy-head”—strange, abstract, condescending, with radical plans for reshaping society even though he’s never had a job in the real world.

Under Gingrich’s leadership the Republicans have not merely replaced the Democrats of the 1980s; they have *become* them. Gingrich was foremost among Republicans in diagnosing the corruption of the incumbency-protection system that Democratic majorities had consolidated in the wake of Watergate. The Democrats created ever-proliferating subcommittees, controlling ever-more-capricious regulations, to coerce big political donors into giving the party a campaign-finance monopoly. From 1973 on Gingrich called the system



putting the Democrats on the side of the cops and crime control, Republicans on the side of criminals and crime. Suddenly, in the wake of Oklahoma City, Americans noticed that it was conservatives, not liberals, who assailed the FBI and railed against putting 100,000 cops on the streets. It was the NRA, not the ACLU, that was raising money by attacking the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms as “jackbooted thugs.” Today it is the right, not the left, on which suspicion falls first whenever a bomb goes off. The identification of Gingrich with McVeigh may have been excessive, but there was no denying that sometime since the Reagan Administration the Republicans had replaced the Democrats as the To-Hell-in-a-Handbasket Party, the party more congenial to haters of America.

Get it? Kind of. In the north of where you are now, nature puts on a show for a fortunate few. The new Trooper will take you there to see it. Fourteen years of refinements have culminated in this, the rugged and stylishly appointed new Trooper. Heated leather seats and a powered glass moonroof ensure that you always have the best seats in the house. And with its new **TORQUE-ON-DEMAND**™ variable system and more powerful 215 horsepower engine, the Trooper can help you find a different show every night. **The new 1998 Trooper.**

Watch the show. Performances nightly.



800 726 2700 / www.isuzu.com

© 1997 Isuzu North America, Inc. All rights reserved. Isuzu and the Isuzu logo are trademarks of Isuzu North America, Inc. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

*Specialized Worldwide Builders
of Adventure Machines.*



Go farther.

a "dictatorship." But he owes his rise not to his diagnosis of the system but to his mastery of it. Last year Gingrich was hit with a \$300,000 fine for using tax-exempt donations for political purposes and for giving false information to the House Ethics Committee. And since coming to power Gingrich's Republicans have been inclined to inhabit, rather than demolish, the corrupt edifice that the Democrats built. Whip Tom DeLay is said to keep lists of "friendly" and "unfriendly" PACs, and has made clear to lobbyists that they will have to send more-conservative operatives to Capitol Hill if they want to get business done.

For much of his tenure Gingrich's approval ratings have hovered in the twenties, even dropping into the teens at times, and the Republican Party suffers to the extent that he's viewed as a national leader. Although profile-oriented news media have certainly played a role in identifying the party with its least popular member, Gingrich bears the lion's

share of blame. Early in the 1980s, after all, the Republicans sought to forge precisely such a direct identification between Tip O'Neill and the Democratic Party. It didn't work, because O'Neill explicitly rejected it, saying that he was elected only by his constituents. Which is true. It's true of Gingrich, too. But Gingrich has treated descriptions of him as the Republican "leader" as an opportunity to compare himself to Churchill, Eisenhower, and FDR, as the former representative Susan Molinari remarked in her recent book.

ganomics, and however haphazardly it may have been implemented, its central insight—that beyond a certain level taxes retard investment, hinder economic growth, and lead to declining tax revenues—was merely common sense. At the beginning of the Reagan Administration taxes were indeed at such a level—70 percent for top earners. Today, with top marginal rates in the 30s, they're not. In a climate like this not only do tax cuts always produce less revenue, but modest tax hikes, such as the ones in Clinton's 1993 budget, produce more. Particularly now that U.S. interest rates are highly competitive in a rapidly globalizing capital market, tax cuts can no longer be justified on supply-side grounds. With the budget back in balance (owing partly to Clinton's rate hikes for top earners), and with voters leery of going back into the red, tax cuts are hard to defend on political grounds, too.

There is, however, a way that Republicans can keep promising to cut taxes. The old-fashioned way: by cutting spending. This should play to a Republican strength, because cutting spending means shrinking government, which has always been the noblest and most stirring part of the Republican philosophy, because it means giving people more freedom—and, arguably, not just economic freedom. In 1994 the Republicans promised exactly that with the Contract With America, the list of ten propositions—tax cuts, social-

service cuts, and such government reforms as term limits—announced as a manifesto six weeks before the 104th Congress was voted into office. There were two problems with the contract. First, two thirds of Americans didn't know it existed. Second, Republican polling, done by Frank Luntz, had been fraudulently presented to the public as showing that the contract commanded 60 percent support in all its particulars. An NBC/*Wall Street Journal* poll, in fact, found that people disagreed, by 45 to 35 percent, "with most of what the GOP House is proposing to do."

EVEN IF the Republicans were serious about shrinking government (and they are not), there are good structural reasons that people would begin to desert the party despite accepting its small-government message.

share of blame. Early in the 1980s, after all, the Republicans sought to forge precisely such a direct identification between Tip O'Neill and the Democratic Party. It didn't work, because O'Neill explicitly rejected it, saying that he was elected only by his constituents. Which is true. It's true of Gingrich, too. But Gingrich has treated descriptions of him as the Republican "leader" as an opportunity to compare himself to Churchill, Eisenhower, and FDR, as the former representative Susan Molinari remarked in her recent book.

THE FORBES POSTCARD

It is taxes and spending, the Republicans' bread and butter, that best show how superannuated the party's agenda is. Just as the Democratic Party fell apart in the seventies and eighties when it could add no more to its proudest achievement, the social safety net, the Republicans are finding that their tax revolution is complete and they have no more reforms to offer the public that are sensible even on their own terms.

However much the Democrats may have derided Rea-

*Eddie Arcaro slept here.
Then again, maybe he didn't.*

"One Ruby Eve I got a call from Eddie Arcaro at two in the morning. He said these people had something in their Suite I had to see. He said they had a million people and a horse. Well, who wants to miss a million people and a horse in a hotel room? I went to the party. Everybody who was prominent in racing was there. The horse didn't bother anybody. He seemed to be wandering around the room just like everybody else, seeing who else was there and what he could overhear. I figured seeing that horse was why Arcaro told me you needed a drink as soon as you walked in the door." Joe Hirsch, Executive Columnist, Daily Racing Form



Louisville •



On any given night in a Camberley Hotel, history is in the making. But then, our attention to detail comes from a rather historical precedent of providing accommodations in the tradition of the grand old hotels. Perhaps that's why notables like Eddie Arcaro have chosen us throughout the years. Admittedly, we are unable to confirm that he ever actually slept here. But with our reputation for hospitality, who can blame him? Camberley Hotels. Become a part of our history.



The
**CAMBERLEY
BROWN**

Call your travel professional or Camberley Hotels (800) 555-8000 www.camberleyhotels.com

ABINGDON • ATLANTA ('99) • BERMUDA ('99) • JACKSON • LEXINGTON • LOUISVILLE • NEW YORK • OAK BROOK • SAN ANTONIO

ters, then the very fact that the Republicans *could* get elected to a majority robbed the party of an issue.

It was the small-government part of the contract that Gingrich publicized and pursued most forcefully. In a series of maneuvers that owed much to his dismal tactical judgment, the new Republican majority frightened voters with what appeared to be a recklessly anti-government agenda. Most famous were the two government shutdowns in the winter of 1995–1996, but there were smaller confrontations as well: over school lunches, whose federal subsidies the Republicans wanted to eliminate; over disaster relief to the flooded Midwest, which Republicans held up to win budget concessions; over tax cuts that almost exactly matched Medicare cuts . . . These minor incidents mobilized much of the American public on behalf of a cause it didn't know it espoused: keeping government roughly the same size.

Gingrich had maneuvered the Republicans into a posi-

ther they had been disgraceful panders all along or they *were* just as reckless as their opponents had said. They suddenly had the worst of both worlds. They were indeed too far to the right for much of the country on social issues. But they were too far to the left for the base that had sacrificed so much to bring them to this point.

To be fair, even if the Republicans were serious about shrinking government (and they're not), there are good structural reasons that people would begin to desert the party despite accepting its small-government message. There must be a reason that countries all over the world have demanded reforms in their welfare states—and entrusted the *more statist* parties, which created the rickety structures in the first place, to enact those reforms. The reason may be this: A welfare state that funds itself on a pay-as-you-go basis, as all welfare states do, creates a "vesting problem."

Voters, even voters who think of the Great Society as a con

game and a wretched investment, are on the hook for somewhere between a quarter and half of the money they've earned in their lives. The costs are already sunk. The benefits, however, are in most cases delayed until retirement. Voters will thus be inclined to look kindly on the party that promises to defend the benefits they've already paid for, and to look askance at the party that says, "Just trust me." Particularly when that party is led by a pointy-headed, never-met-a-pay-

SUCCESSFUL PARTIES create their own monsters. Reaganomics helped to create a mass upper-middle class, a national culture of childless yuppies who want gay rights, bike trails, and smoke-free restaurants.

tion where either they stood for the noblest kind of self-reliance and freedom or they stood for nothing. As soon as self-reliance was shown to be a bit less popular than Frank Luntz's bogus polling had assured them it would be, they decided they stood for nothing. There were still plenty of opportunities to carve out positions defending freedom against Democratic depredations. But the Republicans wanted none of it. Look at cigarettes: for all the money the party has received from tobacco interests, it is now seemingly impossible to find a Republican who will publicly disassociate himself from the largely Democratic campaign to regulate smoking. Look at affirmative action, the linchpin of the Democratic Party's monopoly on black votes: a petrified Gingrich was soon trying to bottle up in committee a bill that would have abolished it. In 1996 the Republicans chose as their presidential nominee Bob Dole, the archetypal stalwart of liberal-Republican support for the welfare state.

The Republicans have been on the defensive ever since. If they would abandon in a matter of months what they had proclaimed to be the heart and soul of their mission, then ei-

roll academic like Newt Gingrich.

The Republicans' loss on the Contract With America set up a chain reaction of political catastrophe. When they gave up small government, they gave up any credible tax plan as well. Too bad: tax cuts were the part of Republicanism that *everyone* loved, provided the deficit was kept in check. When the Republicans can no longer promise tax cuts, they're left with only the most abrasive aspects of the Reagan message, kept under wraps throughout the 1980s: the southern morals business. If the Republicans didn't believe in shrinking government, they didn't believe in the freedom that it was supposed to promote—which made it much harder to argue that their moral agenda was being advanced in the name of live and let live. And what did they have besides the moral agenda? A grab bag of minor issues dredged up from 1988: school choice, the Strategic Defense Initiative, tort reform, abortion. Worthy issues all, but none of them capable of winning elections.

So the Republicans, unable to promise tax cuts credibly, have decided to promise them *incredibly*. What's new is the language: regressivizing taxes is now couched in terms

of abolishing the IRS and instituting a flat tax that you can file by filling out a postcard. Of course, since investment income is exempt from taxes under most flat-tax plans, the program is destined to be popular only until some Democratic strategist writes an ad showing that Steve Forbes would pay zero taxes on his enormous stock portfolio. The old Republican program to abolish estate taxes is advanced as the abolition of the “death tax.” Even on entitlement reform, Gingrich’s talk of “privatizing” Social Security has now yielded to rhetoric about giving taxpayers “personal accounts.”

This is little more than a marriage of Reaganite issues—on which the Republicans have already won their victory—to Clintonite sweet talk. The Republicans would like to think that Americans are the dupes of a lecherous Arkansas sleazeball, just as the Democrats in the 1980s saw voters as gulled by a senile B-movie warmonger. But Clinton’s success, like Reagan’s, has to do with American beliefs and the extent to which he embodies them and his opponents do not.

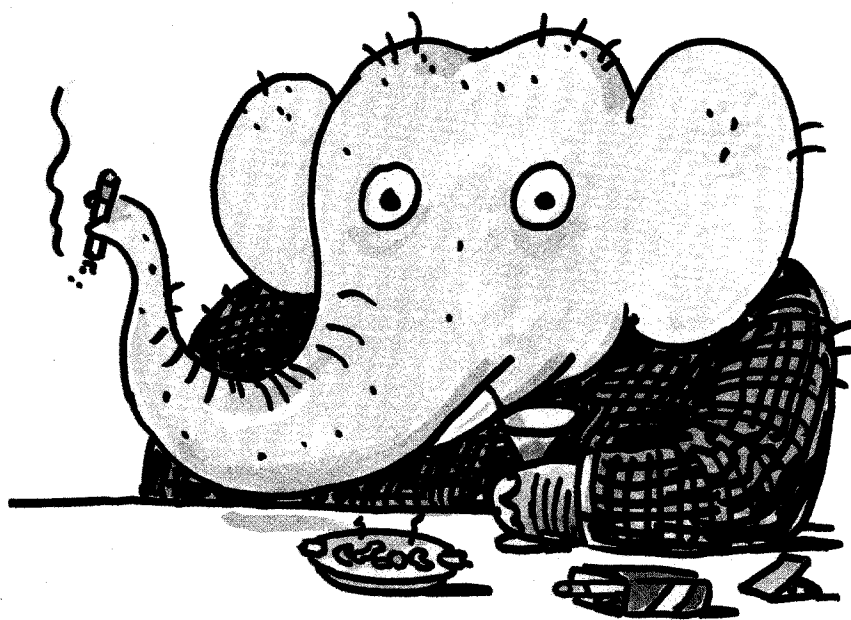
THE HILLARY CLUSTER

THERE is an ideological component to Clinton’s success and the Republicans’ failure. The end of the Cold War, the increasing significance of information technology, and the growth of identity politics have caused a social revolution since the badly misunderstood 1980s. It’s difficult to tell exactly what is going on, but in today’s politics such subjects for discussion as Communist imperialism and welfare queens have been replaced by gay rights, women in the workplace, environmentalism, and smoking. On those issues the country has moved leftward. In 1984 the Republicans held a convention that was at times cheerily anti-homosexual, and triumphed at the polls. In 1992 the party was punished for a Houston convention at which Pat Buchanan made his ostensibly less controversial remarks about culture war. Reagan’s Interior Secretary James Watt once teasingly drew a distinction between “liberals” and “Americans” while discussing water use, and pushed a plan to allow oil drilling on national wildlife refuges. By 1997 the New Jersey Republican Party was begging its leaders to improve the party’s image by joining the Sierra Club.

This is in part a story of how successful parties create their own monsters. Just as Roosevelt’s and Truman’s labor legis-

lation helped Irish and Polish and Italian members of the working class move to the suburbs (where they became Republicans), Reaganomics helped to create a mass upper-middle class, a national culture of childless yuppies who want gay rights, bike trails, and smoke-free restaurants. One top Republican consultant estimates that 35 to 40 percent of the electorate now votes on a cluster of issues created by “New Class” professionals—abortion rights, women’s rights, the environment, health care, and education. He calls it the “Hillary cluster.” The political theorist Jean Bethke Elshtain calls it, more revealingly, “real politics.”

And with this new landscape of issues Republicans aren’t even on the map. Because of the Reagan victory, the Democrats went through the period of globalization and the end of communism amid self-doubt and soul-searching. The experience left them a supple party that quickly became familiar with the Hillary cluster. Bill Clinton’s ideology here is



necessarily an inchoate one, and in his heart of hearts he may be to the left of where the country is. But he is the first President to understand that the Hillary cluster is not on one side or the other of a partisan fault line (and that is his greatest contribution to American politics). The American people are not “for” or “against” gay rights. They overwhelmingly say they favor equal rights for gays—but then draw the line at gays in the military. They’re for AIDS-research funding—but think gays are pushing their agenda too fast. Americans aren’t “for” or “against” environmentalism. They believe that global warming is going on—but waffle on whether major steps should be taken to block it. They have shown a tolerance for paying more taxes to protect the environment, but few list it as their No.1 concern when asked by pollsters.

Such jagged political fault lines make Americans' ideology look ambiguous by old definitions. In fact, the Boston University sociologist Alan Wolfe doubts whether the old polarity of "conservatives" and "liberals" is any longer meaningful, at least on the increasingly important cultural issues. The big question is whether this blending of conservatives and liberals is happening at the party level—whether President Clinton has effected a wholesale change in his party. Ed Goetas and other Republican pollsters say there's no indication that Clinton is enticing people back to the Democrats. The best evidence, however, from 1996 exit polls is that the Democrats are no longer a liberal party—or at least they are far less liberal than the Republicans are conservative. Whereas 58 percent of Republicans identify themselves as conservative, only a third of Democrats identify themselves as liberal.

To the Republicans, it doesn't much matter. They've missed all of this, and continue to campaign against the Democrats

without telling people whose policies they are, they approve of them.' So what! Voters are merely making judgments based on the credibility of the party as an institution. And they're right. In 1980 I knew if people understood what many liberal Democrats *really* wanted, our vote would go down."

People are finding out that the Republicans don't want anything at all, other than to re-elect enough of their members to keep enjoying the fruits of a congressional majority. Lacking a voice on the new 1990s issues, the Republicans are retreating to the issues on which they used to have a voice. In this they resemble those "boomerang kids" who after their first career reversal return home in their late twenties to live with their parents. Republicans are going home to Ronald Reagan but are finding that theirs is no longer the only house on the block promoting the most popular part of his agenda—free-market economics. They're finding that there's nothing to do around the house except dress up their old ideas in the clothes of Clintonite insincerity. Where is the broad argument of a "natural majority" here?

There is none. The Republicans *are* too conservative: their deference to their southern base is persuading much of the country that their vision is a sour and crabbed one. But they're too liberal, too, as their all-out retreat from shrinking the government indicates. At the same time, the Republicans have passed none of the reforms that ingratiated the party with the "radical middle." The Republicans' biggest problem is not their ideology but their lack of one. Stigmatized as rightists, behaving like leftists, and ultimately standing for nothing, they're in the worst of all possible worlds.

That's why the Republicans have spent the past several months waiting for a Clinton scandal to blossom. Like the Democrats of the 1970s, they are now the party with a stake in institutional disruption and bad news. And their resemblance to the corrupt dynasty they overthrew does not stop there. Their party is now directionless, with only two skills to recommend it: first, identifying and prosecuting the excesses of its opponents; second, rigging the campaign-finance system to protect its incumbency long after it has ceased having any ideas that would justify incumbency. The Republican Party is an obsolescent one. It may continue to rule, disguised as a majority by electoral leg-erdemain. But it will be a long time before the party is again able to rule from a place in Americans' hearts. ☙



they wish they were contesting: against Jimmy Carter and his economy, against George McGovern and his foreign policy, against Jesse Jackson and his urban policy. They treat the past two presidential elections—the worst back-to-back disasters that either party has suffered since Roosevelt clobbered Herbert Hoover and Alf Landon in 1932 and 1936—as aberrations, much as certain Democrats throughout the eighties insisted that the only "typical" elections since Truman were in 1960 and 1976. According to Jim Chapin, for decades a New York Democratic activist and now the senior policy adviser to the city's public advocate, "Republicans remind me of us in the late seventies and early eighties. They say, 'If you lay our policies out

without telling people whose policies they are, they approve of them.' So what! Voters are merely making judgments based on the credibility of the party as an institution. And they're right. In 1980 I knew if people understood what many liberal Democrats *really* wanted, our vote would go down."

Patient Choice

If you ignore it,
maybe it will go away.

Today, most of us can choose the physicians who will provide our medical care, including, importantly, the surgeon who will perform any operation we may need. It's one way we can ensure that we'll have the best possible result from any medical procedure. But Americans may not have this choice much longer. Change is coming to our nation's health care system, and changes now under consideration could limit your right to consult with the qualified specialist of your choice.

At the American College of Surgeons, we support initiatives to improve health care. We believe maintaining patient choice is crucial to maintaining high standards of care.

That's why we think you should be fully informed about *all* the implications these proposed changes could have on the care provided to you and your family.

While you may not have thought about patient choice before today, we know that the

next time you or someone in your family needs an operation, you'll want to be able to choose a surgeon who has the best skills and experience to perform the procedure. Don't let your freedom to choose get away from you. Get the facts. Be informed.

I'm concerned about retaining the right of patient choice and want to learn more about this issue. Please send me a free copy of your brochure on patient choice and important information on surgical care.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Return to:

American College of Surgeons

Dept. AM-8, 633 N. Saint Clair St., Chicago, IL 60611-3211

Visit our site on the Internet: www.facs.org



Electric Wizard

by ELIZABETH STUCKEY-FRENCH

They sat calmly, waiting to hear Jason's poem,
and the weight of what had happened to them hung heavily in
the room. I hoped they'd start fighting again

THREE weeks after Jason's death his father got hold of me on the phone. "Ms. Penrose? You were Jason's last teacher." It sounded like an accusation.

I wrapped the phone cord around my hand, wishing I had let the answering machine pick up. "I'm so sorry," I said, hoping my apology would cover both Jason's death and my own lousy teaching. I stared down at the Turkish rug, and for the first time I noticed little white nubs among the blue and green threads, as if it were aging as I watched.

"I'm calling to see if he might've said something," said Jason's father, whose name was Bishop. "Or done something. To indicate his state of mind." Bishop made a gulping sound—holding back a sob? Taking a slug of Scotch? Jason was their only child. His death had been ruled a suicide.

I sank down onto the Turkish rug like a tent collapsing. "He seemed fine to me," I said, which wasn't entirely true. Jason, a redheaded, rubbery-looking boy with knobby knees and black glasses, had been a student in my poetry-writing class, part of a college camp for gifted kids. "I knew him for such a short time," I said, stretching out flat on my back. "I'm probably not the best person to ask."

"Did he write about anything, you know . . . ?"

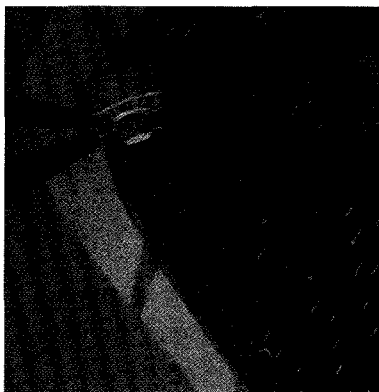
I watched the blades of the ceiling fan go around and around, and thought about the antiques store in New Orleans where my ex-husband, Grant, and I had bought the rug, a dim room full of low, ponderous ceiling fans and ornate mirrors. At that same shop Grant secretly bought a full-length mirror I'd been admiring and had it shipped home to Indiana to surprise me. Out of some stupid newlywed parsimoniousness I sent it back.

"They all write about death," I said to Bishop. "It's junior high." I cringed at the flipness of my words.

"The thing is," Bishop said, "he never showed us any of his poems. He must've thrown them all away." I heard the gulping sound again. It sounded like a chicken making a single cluck.

"I really can't remember what he wrote," I said, and then quickly added, "or the writing of any of my students. I've had so many." That wasn't entirely true either. I remembered a poem written by a girl named Matisse about some passengers in a plane crash slowly drifting down toward the fields of southern Indiana. And Heather's poem about getting poison ivy. And my favorite, Kip's poem about God flunking his driver's test. But the unpleasant fact was that Jason hadn't written a single poem during the entire two weeks of my class. He'd played on the Internet

during class writing time, and I had let him do it, telling myself that the camp was voluntary, that no one received grades, and that I wasn't going to make both our lives miserable. Already I was spending six hours a day, glorious June days, shut up in a classroom with fifteen eighth-graders, something I did every summer to supplement my income from community-college teaching. Usually the kids were eager and uninhibited and talented enough to make the whole thing worthwhile, but I'd had a few resisters over the years, and Jason was by far the most stubborn. Perhaps I sensed that his refusal to write was simply a strand in some larger tangle, and I certainly didn't want to start groping around, exposing things neither one of us was equipped to deal with. In any case, his failure to produce poems reflected badly on both of us, and I hoped no one else would find out.



Rain began to patter against the sliding glass door, and I turned my head from the fan to watch the rain. My girls were still at the swimming pool. "I've got two daughters," I said. "One's Jason's age. I worry about them all the time."

"Is anything coming back to you?" Bishop asked. "I need to know if he left any clues." According to a newspaper article, which quoted various friends and relatives, Jason had a fascination with death, with what a person would feel like right before he died. His parents had caught him playing at hanging himself before, the article said. But this time he'd electrocuted himself by dropping a blow dryer into his bathtub. I thought, *Playing* at hanging himself? Why didn't his idiot parents commit him the first time? I wondered if maybe, since he was in the gifted-and-talented program at school, they thought he was just acting like a curious little genius.

I remembered Jason on the last night of camp, standing on one leg, storklike, at the front of the auditorium full of eighth-graders—his intense voice, his poise, his lively pouf of red hair. "He read a poem at the Evening of Sharing and did a great job," I told his father. "It was our group poem; each student wrote two lines and passed the work on to the next person. But I couldn't tell you which lines were his." I'd asked Jason to read the class poem because I felt guilty about our mutual failure, and his dramatic performance at the Evening of Sharing relieved some of my guilt. I'd begun looking forward to teaching again the next summer, anticipating more success all around.

"What about his *own* poems?" Bishop asked. "What were they about?"

The rain was coming down harder, at an angle. The sheets I'd hung out on the deck railing to dry were getting drenched. "You're mental," Kip had said to Jason once, in front of the entire class. Kip had twisted his flashy turquoise ring, leaning over Jason's desk. "He's just drawing pictures of the same little rat, over and over again." Jason had stared fiercely at his notebook, somebody in the back of the room had sniggered, and I had gone on talking about line breaks.

"I think I remember one poem," I said. The lie was like one of my daughters' Super Balls careening through the house. I could only watch anxiously to see where the next bounce would take it.

"Yes?" Bishop said.

"It was about God flunking his driver's test."

"Could I see this poem?" Bishop said. "Could I get a copy of it?" I'd read in the paper that Bishop was a lawyer.

"I don't have it," I said. "I'm sorry."

"Maybe you can rewrite it."

"I don't think so," I said. "I really only remember the last two lines." Kip's poem was about an Italian man who was driving through the countryside and happened to see a chapel so beautiful it caused him to have a sudden religious conversion. Euphoric, he took his hands off the wheel and said, "God, will you drive?" and his car immediately crashed.

"God flunked his driver's test." So the poem was about death after all—suicide, even—but since it was laughing at death, I hadn't noticed.

"Do the best you can," Bishop said. "We could come by tonight to pick it up."

"Not tonight," I said. If Jason's mother was as pushy as his father, I thought, no wonder the boy wanted out. And, of course, I hadn't been any comfort to him either. I chastised myself with a nasty little movie in my head—Jason hanging back *again* after all the other students left class so that he could walk out with me, refusing to talk to me or look at me directly, answering all my questions with a shrug. There I was, coaxing him along, trying to conceal my irritation, saying dumb, cheery things—"Maybe you'll be inspired tomorrow!" And there he was, frowning and finally turning away, scuffing off to the dorms alone. He electrocuted himself two weeks after camp ended.

"Tomorrow night then," Bishop said. "Around eight."

I felt cornered and wanted to strike. "Why do you think your son was so curious about death?"

"That reporter got it all wrong," Bishop said. "Jason wasn't fascinated with death. He was fascinated by magic. He was experimenting with electricity. He wanted to be a magician, like the Electric Wizard, Dr. Walford Bodie."

"Who?"

Bishop's voice changed to that of a carnival barker. "The Greatest Novelty Act on Earth! The British Edison!"

I didn't like the sound of this. "Never heard of him," I said.

"Dr. Bodie could pass six thousand volts through his body," Bishop said. "He could light up sixteen incandescent lamps, holding them all in his bare hands. The crowd loved him." Bishop laughed, but it sounded like a series of wild hiccups.

"I'll see you tomorrow night," I told Bishop.

AT dinner we hung our heads over pasta with Alfredo sauce. Olive, who had just turned twelve, kept tucking her blonde hair behind her protuberant ears and sighing loudly between bites. When she was a baby, I used to look at her ears and wonder if they'd ruin her life, but gradually I convinced myself that nothing would shake Olive's serene sense of self. No mere physical irregularity, anyway. She was tall and graceful and seemed to live in a higher, calmer sphere than the rest of us.

Maeve let a dribble of milk run down her chin and then slurped it back up. She was eight. "Bernie Spalding was talking about Jason at the pool today," she said. She had a round face and curly hair bleached by chlorine to the various colors of winter weeds. I was certain then that I knew the inner core of both of my children. Whenever I wanted to summon up the essence of Maeve, I thought about her on a sunny fall afternoon, a chill in the air. I saw her running through the front

yard, kicking up leaves, wearing a red sweater. Olive watched her from upstairs, curled up in the window seat, *The Snow Goose*, by Paul Gallico, open in her lap. The essence of Olive.

Now Olive looked up from her plate, her face like a mask. "Bad things happen," she said in a flat voice. "Every minute of every day. Can we change the subject?" Jason's family lived in the town across the river from ours, so Olive and Jason had gone to different schools, but they'd met that spring at a science camp in northern Indiana. They had spent a weekend together, collecting specimens of lake water and plants and examining them under high-powered microscopes, but Olive refused to tell us anything about him.

Maeve stirred her rigatoni vigorously. "Bernie said he was listening to the radio when he did it."

Outside, the rain was still coming down, splattering against the windows as if someone had turned a hose on our house, but our painted furniture gave the room a gaudy glow. Five years earlier, after my divorce, I'd gone on a painting binge, transforming every surface available—furniture, lampshades, even the toaster—with bright colors, dots, dashes, squiggles, and beads. Maeve liked the results, especially our dining table, which was Chinese red with a jagged Cree Indian design, but Olive was merely mystified. "How can you stand to make all those pointless dots?" she asked me. She had the same sort of reaction when I took up knitting and then fly-tying. Her father, Grant, spent his days studying black bears in Minnesota, sneaking into their hibernation dens to change the batteries in their collars. He'd promised Olive she could go along with him this fall.

Grant would be baffled by the little dance that was now going on at our dinner table every night. Maeve and I compulsively discussed Jason's life and death—he'd built a tree house with an elevator, he'd won the soapbox derby three years in a row, he'd put on swimming goggles before he got into the bathtub—and our conversations about him infuriated Olive. Her anger, as unexpected and irrational as our curiosity, only spurred us on. "What station do you suppose he listened to?" I asked Maeve.

"What difference does it make?" Olive said. "Morbid ghoul. Pass the salad."

I passed her the salad bowl, a cumbersome crystal thing we'd gotten as a wedding gift. I kept hoping it would break, but it never did.

"It was country and western," Maeve said. "That's what Bernie said, anyway."

I said, "I can't picture Jason listening to Reba McEntyre."

"Maybe he liked the newer country stars," Maeve said. "Like Travis Tritt."

"You don't know a thing about country music," Olive told Maeve. "Or anything about anything."

"Bernie also said he collected rubber knives," Maeve covered her mouth, and I wondered if she'd been making some of this up.

"You know," I said, giving Maeve a little wink, "I ran into the Grouts, Jason's neighbors, at the food co-op yesterday. I guess Jason's parents let his pigeons loose, and they're taking over the neighborhood, pooping all over everything."

Olive glared at me. "Jason didn't have any pigeons."

Maeve looked up hopefully. "What'd he have?"

Thunder rattled the windows, and the lights blinked off and then on again. Maeve and Olive froze, their forks in midair. The previous summer lightning had struck our neighbors' tree, and the current, snaking underground and invading our wires, blew our telephone right off the wall. I wanted to dive under the table, but I sat up straighter. "Did Jason have any pets?" I asked Olive, hoping to trick her with my matter-of-fact tone, but she just shook her head.

We all went back to our pasta, and I felt as if the three of us had always lived alone, eating our lonely dinner, the rain endlessly falling. Grant left us gradually, spending more and more time up north with his bears, until at last I realized that we were already separated. At this very moment a bear might be dragging Grant's lifeless body down the trail. How many weeks would pass before we found out?

Maeve tried again. "Bernie Spalding said that Jason was naked when he did it."

"He was taking a bath, stupid."

"Jason's parents are coming over tomorrow night," I told the girls, hearing the self-importance in my voice. "To talk about Jason. His father says he wanted to be a magician."

"Cool!" Maeve said.

Olive sighed and gazed at the ceiling.

"They want me to give them a poem of Jason's," I said. "And I don't have one."

"So?" Olive said.

Exactly, I thought, popping a caper into my mouth. I decided I wouldn't try to re-create the driver's-test poem for Jason's parents. I still thought it was a brilliant poem, but to them it would seem silly and cynical, and besides, Jason hadn't written it. I would tell them the truth. Their son hadn't felt like writing, and I hadn't felt like making him write.

THEY rang the doorbell at ten past eight, introduced themselves as Willow and Bishop Bodman, and smiled briefly before letting their faces sag again. They looked vaguely familiar, the sort of people I often saw deliberating over peaches in the food co-op or hanging around the fringes of college functions and arts events.

One of them wore cologne that smelled like hot tea. Bishop was tall, well over six feet, with a scraggly red beard and wire-rimmed glasses. He wore baggy shorts and sandals made of rubber and rope. Willow had a thin face and dark hair with an impertinent swatch of white near her temple. She wore a long rayon skirt with big red poppies on it, and I

It's like most fine art, uniquely painted, limited in number and profoundly moving. If you own it, you may never see another car like it on the road. It's



The Acura RL Special Edition

It's the kind of car that gets attention as easily as they grab asphalt. It's

the kind of car that gives you the feeling of driving a C15 in the city or a

the kind of car that gives you the feeling of driving a C15 in the city or a

the kind of car that gives you the feeling of driving a C15 in the city or a

The True Definition of Luxury. Yours.™ **ACURA**

©1998 Acura Division of American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Acura and RL are trademarks of Honda Motor Co., Ltd. Make an intelligent decision. Buckle up. 1-800-TO-ACURA/www.acura.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

almost asked her where she got it. My own dress was black, because of the occasion.

I led them into the living room, where they sat gingerly on the edge of the sofa, as if they were in physical pain. It was getting dark outside, so I turned on a floor lamp, causing the colored beads I'd sewn onto the lampshade to rattle together. The Bodmans turned their faces toward me, irritated and expectant, their look reminding me of my girls

eyes blinked slowly. "I'm a teacher too," she added. "Fourth grade." She clasped her hands on her poppy skirt. "Do you think his work was publishable?"

"Well, sure," I said. "Eventually."

Bishop turned on his wife as if he couldn't help himself, as if he were a dog trained to attack. "What else can she say?" Then he glanced back at me. "Could I trouble you for something to drink? Maybe a glass of wine?"



when they were babies, waking too soon from a nap.

I settled down across from them in the room's most comfortable chair, feeling uncomfortable about taking it. "Let me say again how sorry I am," I said. "It's so awful."

They nodded as if I'd said something profound.

I forced myself to keep talking. "Jason was such a sweet kid. I feel lucky to have known him."

"Was he a good poet?" Willow said. Her large brown

Maeve, I knew, was lurking behind the kitchen door. "Honey, bring in three glasses of wine," I called.

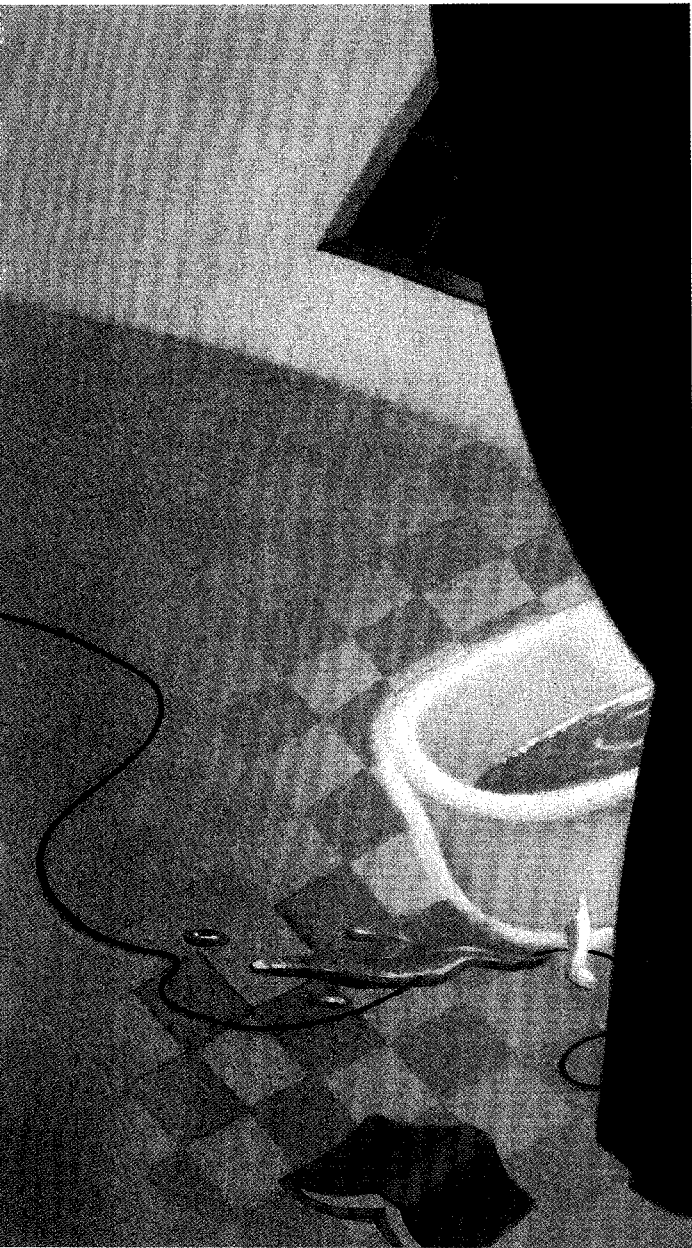
Willow pushed her clasped hands between her knees. "I don't mean to put you on the spot," she said. "He wanted to be a poet when he grew up. That's why I'm asking."

"Jason wanted to be a magician." Bishop's face flushed underneath the beard—the same way his son used to flush when I called on him in class. In the kitchen I could hear

pans banging. I wondered what on earth Maeve was doing.

Willow fingered the beads on my lamp. "Very cre-a-tive," she said. "Jason painted coffee mugs in his spare time."

Just then Maeve entered the room, barefoot and dressed in a frilly pink party dress, one she never wore anymore because it was too tight. She was carrying an Egyptian lacquered tray she'd dug out of some cabinet. The tray had a bottle of wine and three wineglasses on it. I hadn't meant



for her to bring in the bottle—the wine was the cheapest grocery-store kind.

"This is my daughter Maeve," I said.

Maeve nodded at our guests, set the tray down on the coffee table, and began to pour the first glass, hamming it up as if she were a waitress in some snooty restaurant. I wanted to yell at her, but I just watched, mesmerized. I'd never known her to behave in such a fashion.

"None for me," Willow said, suddenly sitting back on the couch.

"Then I won't have any either," Bishop said, and grimaced.

"Me either," I said, although I felt like guzzling the whole bottle. "Sorry, honey."

Maeve set the bottle down, picked up the full glass, and slid into the chair opposite mine, tugging the pink dress down over her thighs. She put her feet up on the coffee table and dipped her little finger into the glass.

"You can't drink wine," I said. "What's wrong with you?"

"I'm just holding the glass," she said, smiling like someone in a TV commercial.

"Here's the thing." Bishop fixed me with an intense look, so intense that I could feel myself shrinking back. "At the time of his death Jason was researching Dr. Walford Bodie, the Electric Wizard. A great stage performer from the turn of the century. Dr. Bodie could run electricity through his body, thousands of volts, and not feel a thing, because he'd built up a tolerance."

Maeve was ogling Bishop, and I wanted to reach over and cover her ears.

"Dr. Bodie was against capital punishment," Bishop went on. "Really ahead of his time. He used an electric chair from Sing Sing in his act. He'd bring up a subject from the audience, hypnotize him, and then partly electrocute him right there so people could see the horror of it. He'd turn off the current just in time and slap the subject back to consciousness. It was very effective."

"Too bad you couldn't do that to Jason," Maeve said.

A terrible silence filled the room.

"Slap him back to consciousness, I mean."

Bishop filled one of the wineglasses on the coffee table, held it in front of him briefly, frowned, and then set it back down again. His rubber sandal tapped frantically on the floor. The newspaper said he'd been the one who found his son in the tub.

Willow snatched up the wineglass as if she'd been waiting for him to put it down. "Jason had the soul of a poet," she told me, and took a sip. "Most poets are miserable, don't you think?" Her patch of white hair fell forward to conceal one eye.

"Oh, that's just a myth." I felt as if she'd cornered me at a cocktail party I hadn't even wanted to come to.

"Aren't you a poet?"

Maeve watched us, entranced. She held her glass by the stem, and drops of wine spilled onto her dress.

"I used to write poetry," I said. "Back in graduate school. But then . . ." I waved my hand to indicate the house, my children. "I don't really miss it," I said. "You're supposed to miss it. But the desire to write poems just lifted from me, like a heavy cape."

"That's a poetic turn of phrase right there," Willow said. Her wineglass was empty.

Why had I used that pretentious simile? "I'm more of a dabbler now," I said.

"She ties flies," Maeve said. "She just made a really cool Bubble Pup."

"I do it for fun," I said, "and sometimes I use them in my teaching. One girl in Jason's class wrote a wonderful poem about a Red Quill. It was a very successful exercise."

"No, it wasn't," Olive said. She was sitting on the stairs, and we all looked up. She peered down at us through the banister rails as if she were safe inside her castle, safe from our reprisal. "You told me that exercise flopped."

I grinned appeasingly, like a monkey. "That's my daughter Olive," I said.

Willow licked her lips. "Jason did free writing in his journal every morning," she said.

Bishop snorted. "He never said anything important. He only wrote about food."

"Food's important," Willow said, but her voice lacked confidence.

Maeve offered her glass of wine to Willow. "A bear might eat my dad," she confided. "Maybe sixty pounds of him."

Willow accepted the glass with an awkward nod. "Sixty pounds of your dad is a lot." Then she turned back to me. "Is your husband a poet too?" She poured the wine down her throat.

"Ex," I said. "He's a wildlife biologist."

"Dr. Bodie wasn't just an entertainer," Bishop announced. "He used electricity to heal. He would connect himself to an electrical condenser and apply current to the patient with his bare hands."

"*Doctor Bodie* was a total fraud." Willow set down the second glass, now empty. "It was proved in a court of law," she said, her nostrils flaring. The white patch of hair made her look like a nervous piebald horse. Whoa, I thought.

"Hundreds of witnesses saw him," Bishop said, and made that awful gulping sound. "Sparks would fly, and a cripple would get up and walk again."

Willow shook her finger at Bishop. "You gave Jason that book because *you* wanted to be a magician. It was *your* book."

Bishop recoiled. Suicide or experiment, either way he could blame himself, but I didn't think she'd meant to blame him. She was just talking. "Jason had no more desire to be a magician than I do," she said.

"Do you?" Maeve said.

"Do I what?" Willow said.

"Want to be a magician?"

"It's just a figure of speech," I told Maeve, my stomach churning. Our conversation had come completely unmoored.

"Are you in third grade?" Willow asked Maeve, pouring herself another glass of wine.

"Why not drink straight out of the bottle?" Bishop muttered.

"She'll be in fourth," Olive said from her castle.

"What's seven dollars times eight?" Willow said.

Maeve squirmed, blinking as if she might burst into tears.

Willow faced her husband again. "If you'd wanted him to be a scientist, that would make sense. Or an inventor." She waved the glass of wine as if she were shooing a bug. "Hey! I've got a great idea for an invention. A toilet seat that comes down automatically after a man's used it! What do you think?" Her mouth stretched wide in a false grin.

Bishop covered his face with his hands.

I cleared my throat. "About Jason's poem," I said.

Jason's parents sagged back against the sofa, and their blind clawing at each other ceased. It's just the two of them now, I thought. They aren't parents anymore. A bubble of hysteria rose in my throat. What were they going to do? Nothing, apparently. They sat calmly, waiting to hear Jason's poem, and the weight of what had happened to them hung heavily in the room. I hoped they'd start fighting again. My resolution to be honest was seeping away.

"I could only recall the gist of that poem," I said, "so I didn't write it down. I would've been making some of it up."

"We don't mind," Willow said.

"Could you recite it right now?" Bishop said, in what sounded like his courtroom manner.

"Maybe," I said. Why had I let these people into my house? I crossed and uncrossed my legs, trying to think of something to say about the Italian driver in Kip's poem—did he have a name? Why was he Italian? I couldn't form the first line in my brain.

Willow poured herself more wine. Bishop didn't seem to notice. He was staring at me.

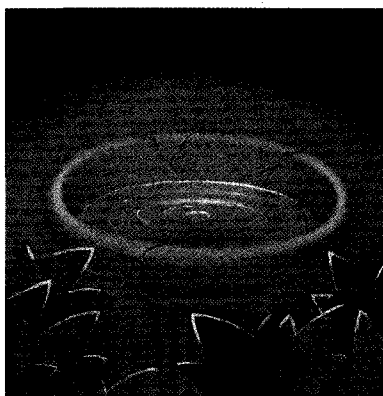
I pointed at Willow's skirt. "I like your poppies," I said.

"She's thinking," Maeve announced, and scooped up an empty wineglass.

The silence in the room went on and on. Maeve began flicking the glass with her fingernail—*tink tink tink*. I told myself that I would be betraying Jason's spirit if I made up a poem on his behalf.

But what about his desperate parents, who were right here in my living room? I closed my eyes and ordered myself to invent something meaningful and comforting and publishable, but I knew I didn't really need to. The Bodmans just wanted to hear a poem, any old poem, more than anything in the world, and I, who'd probably written a hundred poems, couldn't help them. I didn't trust my words not to reveal my own, and Jason's, inadequacies.

Bishop picked up the empty wine bottle by the neck, dan-



Here's a complete line-up of all the compact stereos with rich, lifelike sound.

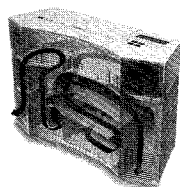


The Bose® Acoustic Wave® music system. Hear it once and you'll know why no other compact stereo can compete.

Other compact stereos just can't deliver the subtle nuances, clarity, and full bass you'll hear with the Acoustic Wave® music system. The *Chicago Tribune* said its "big, bold sound" places it "at the forefront of compact music systems." In fact, the rich, lifelike sound you'll experience from this unassuming one-piece stereo is more often compared to that of larger component systems. The key is our patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology. No other stereo has it. It's so state of the art, it won the team of Bose engineers who created it the prestigious "Inventor of the Year" award.

It's simple to use.

As advanced as the system is, it's very easy to use. Simply plug it in and press "Play." The CD player,



Folded inside, our patented seven-foot acoustic waveguide enriches sound.

AM/FM radio, and three speakers are all built-in, so you'll have no wires or external speakers to hook up. There's even a handy credit card-sized remote

control. And since the system measures just 10.5"H x 18"W x 6.5"D, it fits almost anywhere.

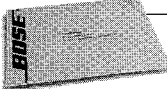
Call about our in-home trial.

The Acoustic Wave® music system is available directly from Bose, the most respected name in sound. For your free information kit, call 1-800-897-BOSE, ext. A2985, today and learn more about how you can listen to the system in your home for 30 days, satisfaction guaranteed. If you're not completely satisfied, simply return it for a full refund of the purchase price. No questions asked. So call today. Because when it comes to getting great sound from a compact stereo, nothing else even comes close.

For free shipping,
order by June 30, 1998.

Call today, 1-800-897-BOSE,
ext. A2985,

to receive your free information kit.

 Mr./Mrs./Ms. _____
Name _____ (Please Print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Daytime Telephone _____ Evening Telephone _____

Or mail to: Bose® Corporation, Dept. CDD-A2985, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168, or fax to 1-800-862-2673. Ask about FedEx® delivery service.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

©1998 Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending. Free shipping, a \$29 value, is not to be combined with any other offers or applied to previous purchases. FedEx service marks used by permission. Quote: Rich Warren, *Chicago Tribune*, 9/96.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gling it back and forth. "Is there a poem or *isn't* there?" I could feel his anger billowing up again, this time surging toward me instead of his wife. In the lamplight his face faded in and out of focus, fuzzy and then too sharp. His glasses glinted in a scary manner. Was this anger the reason Jason couldn't write anything? I was having trouble breathing.

Finally Olive spoke. "Mother told it to me," she said. "I bet I can remember it."

We all turned toward Olive, who stood up on the stairs as if she were preparing to deliver a speech. She wore one of her father's T-shirts, which hung past her knees, a T-shirt he'd gotten in the Mercy Hospital Road Race. RUN FOR FUN, it said.

"This poem is called 'Only Child.'" Olive took a deep breath. As far as I knew, Olive had never written, or even read, any poetry of her own free will. I wanted to rush up and silence her, but at the same time I couldn't wait to hear what she was going to say. "It's hard to be an only child," she began. "The laps I sit in disappear. Naked, I crawl forward, wondering why. Not caring if I live or die. Nobody knows me. They only know my name. And my test scores. Who's to blame?" She sat down abruptly, looking exhausted. "That's all," she said.

"There's a little more," Maeve said, rubbing her dry feet together. "Country music, rubber knives. The Electric Wizard's quite a guy."

"There was a line about God flunking his driver's test," I said. "Somewhere in there."

"Thank you," Bishop said, almost sheepishly.

"That bit about the laps disappearing," Willow said. "Breathtaking. Could you write the whole thing down?" she asked Olive.

"She doesn't need to." Bishop replaced the wine bottle in the exact center of the tray. "I have the information I need."

AFTER Jason's parents left, the girls and I went outside and sat on the patio in our iron chairs. The lacy grillwork cut into my thighs. It was full dark—too cloudy to see the stars. A slight breeze was blowing, teasing us with the faint smell of a neighbor's cookout, and fireflies were beginning to pulse all over the yard. It was too early in the year for cicadas, but I could feel their imminence, the sound that would signal the beginning of fall.

"Who is Dr. Bodie?" Maeve said. "How come I've never heard of him?"

"He's the Electric Wizard," Olive said. "Duh."

I slid down in my chair, hoping that Jason *had* been experimenting with electricity when he'd died. Had he been too caught up in his experiment to panic? It was the being shut out, the not knowing, that Maeve and I couldn't bear. Did Olive really not want to know? Maybe she was too afraid even to let herself wonder. I'd never had the courage to

imagine what might lie beneath her reserve. Maybe I was as bad as Jason's parents, who'd seemed to think that his suicidal behavior arose from genius.

"Why couldn't I drink the wine?" Maeve asked me. She looked like a small pink ghost in the big chair. "Why couldn't I even taste it?" she said. "Are you afraid I'll turn into an alcoholic? If I did, I'd join AA."

She was relaxed, assured—a bit of a ham. She might become an actress, I thought, and the thought disturbed me, mostly because it was something I'd never even considered.

"Being an alcoholic is no joke," Olive said, drawing her knees up underneath her T-shirt. "It's not something to laugh about. I think Jason's mother is one. She drank the whole bottle of wine."

I was probably duty-bound, as a mother, to deliver a lecture on either drinking or lying, but at the moment neither seemed important. Something between us had cracked open, and I wasn't ready for it to close. "That was really amazing what you did in there," I told Olive. "Where'd that poem come from? It *was* breathtaking."

"It was really about me."

Maeve slapped a mosquito on her calf. "You're not an only child, honey pot," she said.

But she is a child, I thought. The same age as Jason. She's the one who would know, if any of us could, the worries and fears he might've had. I asked her, pleaded with her, "Don't you care whether you live or die?"

She hugged her legs tighter, her pointed chin resting on her knee. "If something happens to Daddy, I might not care. Or to you."

Her words hit me like a jolt and I ached to reassure her, to cover up, to make light, but for the moment I resisted. I remembered the Italian man lifting his hands from the wheel. God, will you drive? I was already bracing myself, bracing for the crash. But I also knew that most changes don't begin with a crash. They start in quiet places like that strange New Orleans shop filled with fans and mirrors, and they continue gradually, for years, and we don't even notice. I glanced at the glowing hands of my watch.

"Jason showed me a magic trick," I said. "Did I tell you?"

"No," they both said, but in completely different ways.

"Hold my hands," I said.

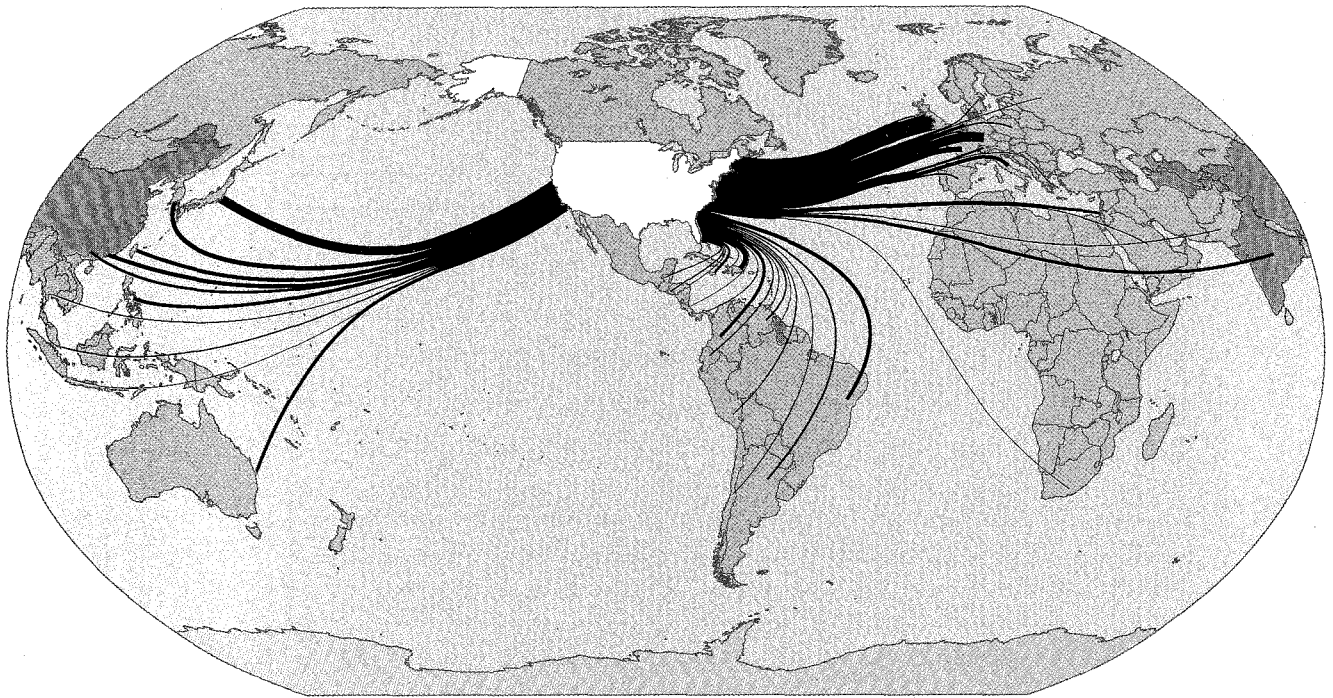
We sat there for a few seconds, and then, at exactly 9:35 P.M., our neighbors' security lamp came on. "See, it worked," I said.

"Wow!" Maeve said.

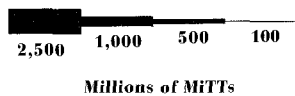
"Could be just a coincidence," Olive said.

Our yard pulsed with an eerie greenish light, illuminating our tomato plants, our cracked marble birdbath, our joined hands, a spectacle that might have inspired the Electric Wizard himself. I wanted to gather it all in, to capture and hold it somehow, and keep us for a while just as we were, before we became whatever it was we were going to be. ☽

Speaking Volumes



Key



The routes shown above, between the United States and other, noncontiguous nations, each had a 1995 volume of more than 80 million minutes of telephone traffic (MiTTs).

THE map above shows volume on the major telecommunication routes between the United States and other, noncontiguous nations. What is behind the heaviest traffic, to the United Kingdom, Germany, and Japan, is no surprise: trade, investment, tourism, and family connections keep these phone lines humming. But the *growth* in traffic with these countries is relatively slow, given their mature economies and established networks. The routes now experiencing the fastest growth in volume are busy for reasons sometimes unexpected and largely determined by the particularities of the countries involved—which are in some cases quite unexpected as well.

China and India: The world's two most populous countries are virtual "teledeserts," each with fewer than five telephone lines per hundred people. Efforts are under way, however, to change this (China added 13 million phone lines in 1995, a 49.5 percent increase), and more telephones mean more calls. U.S. traffic with these countries has increased by more than 50 percent annually since 1994.

Former Soviet Union: The emergence of the republics of

Azerbaijan, Kyrgyzstan, Turkmenistan, Tajikistan, Georgia, and Uzbekistan into the global culture is unmistakably reflected in the growth of their telephone traffic with the United States. The traffic on each of these routes rose by more than 50 percent from 1994 to 1995. Volume remains small, to be sure (Kyrgyzstan's 372 percent increase in 1995 represents a modest absolute increase, from 66,000 to 312,000 traffic minutes), but the further development of telecommunication networks can only boost growth.

Guyana: Telephone companies in several remote countries are realizing the benefits of acting as middlemen in the lucrative international phone-sex industry, worth \$2 billion a year. Guyana is a haven for such business. In 1996 Americans spent 84 million minutes, up from 35 million minutes in 1994, calling Guyana. Much of this traffic consisted of "audiotex" service: callers heard recorded messages, many of them pornographic. American carriers collected \$118 million from such customers and then paid Guyana Telephone and Telegraph \$72 million for completing the calls, a portion of which was passed on to the audiotex providers. —Jason Kowal

The Social Contradictions of Japanese Capitalism

by MURRAY SAYLE

Behind the bad economic news from Japan, the writer argues, is a worse social crisis—one he witnesses daily in microcosm in the Japanese village where he lives

IT'S not every day that a nation's economic woes—and the whole world's—come knocking at your door, especially when you are the only foreign family in a Japanese mountain village a couple of hours outside Tokyo. But by the turn of the year we had already heard so much amazing news about what everyone said was the world's richest and most admired economy that we were ready for—well, almost anything. Even so, the request of the polite young man at our door on a snowy Monday morning was, to put it mildly, a surprise.

"Can you help us out, Saylesan?" our visitor asked. We know him well. He works at our village credit union, which accepts savings and lends so that people can buy homes. "If you have any spare cash around the house, please come and pay it in straightaway. It's only for twenty-four hours. You can take it out again tomorrow."

"We'd like to help," my wife, Jenny, said, "but as it happens, we don't have an account with you. And what you have just said doesn't exactly encourage us to open one. Why do you need my house-keeping money?"

"Well, it's no big deal," he said. "I'll try next door." And off he went.

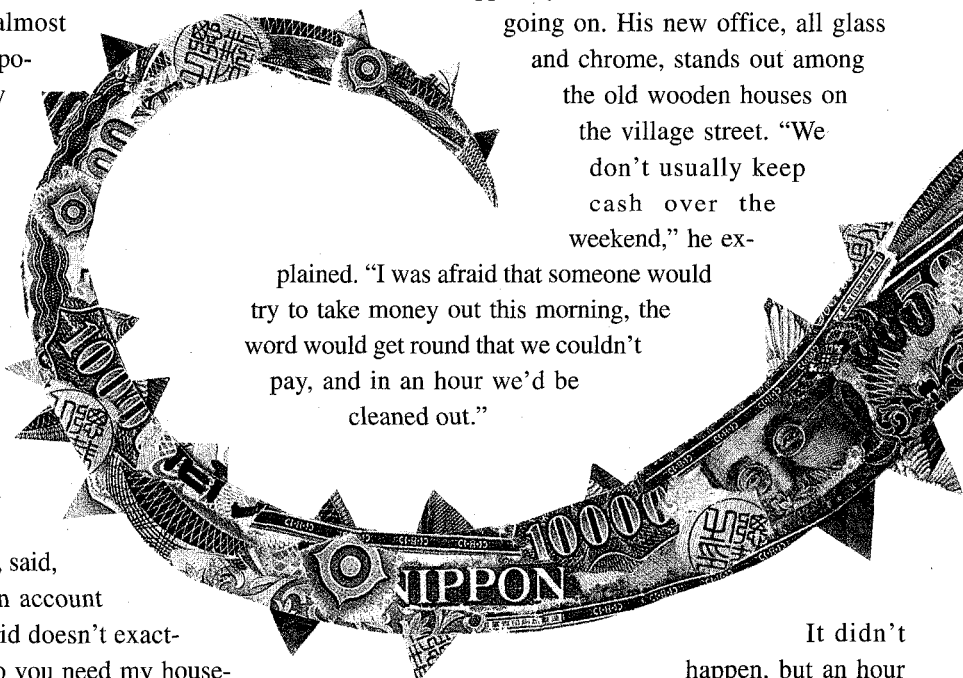
Here I should explain that I am Australian and Jenny is English, but our three children were born and raised in this village, and the villagers treat us like family. When our house burned down, by accident, nine years ago, our neighbors col-

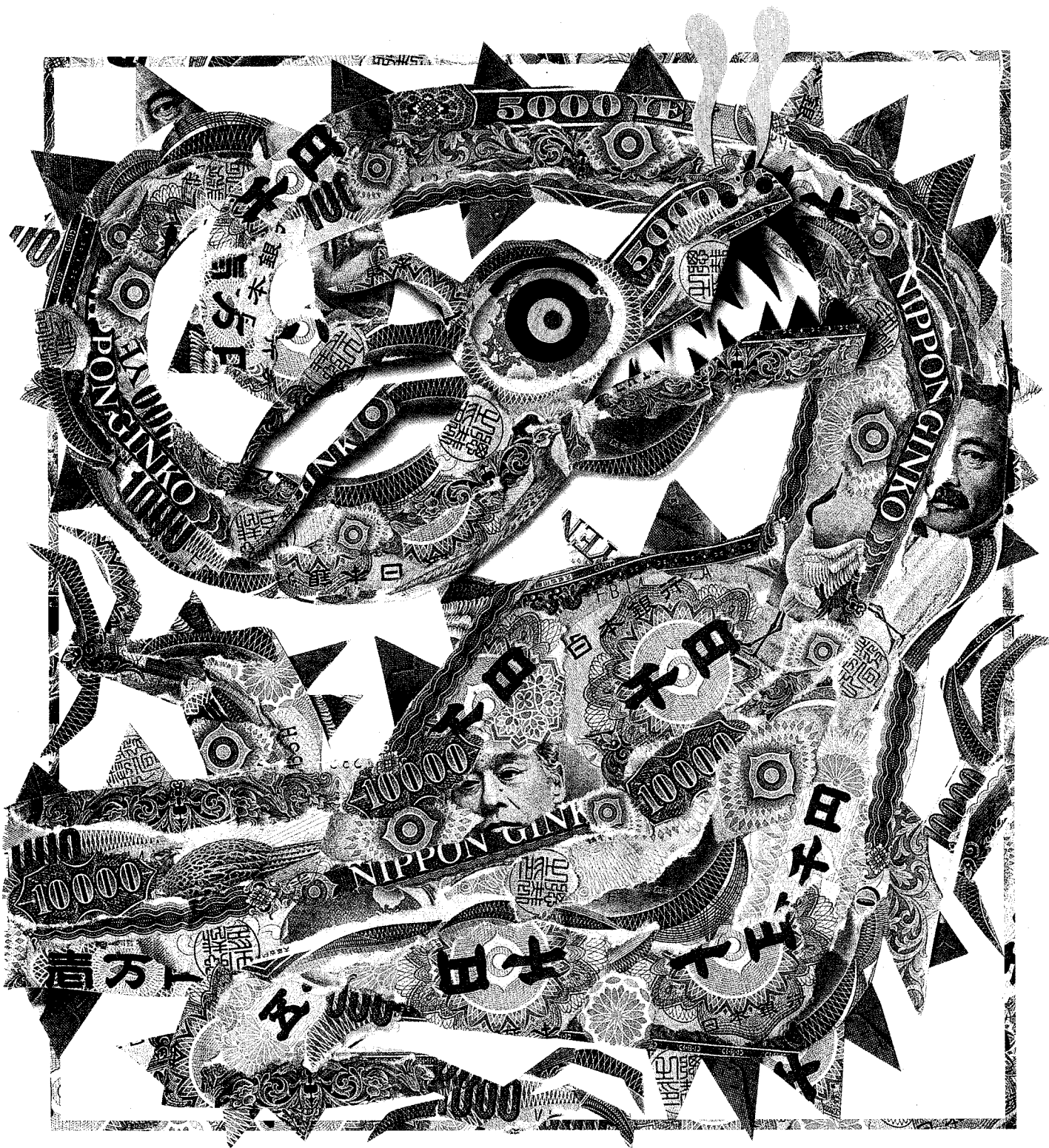
lected close to \$13,000; insisted that we accept it, along with old clothes, dishes, pots and pans, and a typewriter for me to get back to work on; found us the house where we now live; and generally made it clear that they wanted us to stay among them. As other villagers have hit trouble, we have slowly been repaying their bounty.

I stopped by later to ask our visitor what was going on. His new office, all glass and chrome, stands out among the old wooden houses on the village street. "We don't usually keep cash over the weekend," he ex-

plained. "I was afraid that someone would try to take money out this morning, the word would get round that we couldn't pay, and in an hour we'd be cleaned out."

It didn't happen, but an hour later a neighbor called us with some breathless advice. "If you have any money in the Yokohama Bank, take it out," our caller advised. "They'll be the next to go." Jenny went down to take a look, and sure enough, lines of people were making withdrawals. It turned out to be just a rumor, but it showed how jumpy ordinary Japanese are getting these days.





I called a friend from Sydney, who is one of Tokyo's most successful currency traders. "We're expecting forty to fifty banks and insurance companies to go under, merge, or be taken over in the next few months," my friend said. "Good business for us, if we play it right." That night a banker friend of ours called from Geneva. "How's the mood there?" he asked. "If the Nikkei [the Tokyo stock index] drops below twelve thousand, the world economy goes bust." I checked the papers: the Nikkei, which touched 38,915 on December 29, 1989, was yo-yoing between 14,000 and 15,000. (It is since up.) New York in 1929 felt edgy and ner-

vous, old-timers say, just as Japan does in the spring of 1998.

Next I did a mood check at our village post office. I am there most days, posting letters, but mail delivery is not its main business. Japan has 24,638 post offices, big and small, which also accept savings and offer insurance policies. A flashing sign over the counter showed the day's interest rates: 0.25 percent for deposits held for a year, 0.455 percent for those held for five years. Despite these microscopic rates, I saw our gray-haired neighbors paying in thick wads of cash, the yen equivalent of \$10,000 or so at a time, to be rewarded with a low bow from the postmaster (an honored

man in our village) and a packet of tissues, as a small, friendly gift. Money has been pouring into postal savings since the crisis began, last year, and the system now holds, with insurance and pensions, the yen equivalent of \$3 trillion—enough to pay off three fifths of America's national debt. It is by far the biggest (and most stagnant) pool of capital in the world. Japanese savings in banks and the post-office system have been said to be two thirds of all the money readily available to lend to our indebted planet.

With that majestic Mount Fuji of all-but-free capital, how can Japan be in economic trouble, and why is it not rescuing the rest of Asia? Well may we ask. That Japan's crisis is deep is obvious, even in our sleepy village. For months doom has crowded the Japanese media: first a major bank on the northern island, Hokkaido, collapsed, then one of Japan's "big four" stockbroking firms, and then another bank. Almost every day a new case has surfaced of corruption in the heart of Japan's national administration, with payoffs to gangsters and crooked politicians, and lavish wining and dining of top Japanese bureaucrats and ex-bureaucrats, who increasingly resemble the terminally corrupt *nomenklatura* of Soviet communism's last days. Exports are soaring, but Japan's economy has paradoxically gone into deep recession. As the Bank of Japan delicately puts it, "A prominent recovery in final demand is hardly foreseeable." The Finance Ministry has confessed that Japanese banks hold bad loans worth a confidence-crushing 76.7 trillion yen (\$614 billion), proportionally ten times as much as America's savings-and-loan failures cost.

On January 13 a right-wing gunman took a Finance Ministry official hostage at the Tokyo Stock Exchange and fired a shot into the ceiling. Later that month two Finance Ministry officials were arrested and their offices searched; another committed suicide on March 12. Finance Minister Hiroshi Mitsuzuka and his deputy were forced to resign. An up-and-coming member of the Japanese parliament, accused of pocketing \$2 million in secret payoffs from a securities firm, hanged himself in a Tokyo hotel in February. In mid-March a high official of the Bank of Japan was arrested on a charge of bribery—the first-ever arrest in the Japanese central bank's 116-year history—and the bank's governor and his deputy have been replaced by two nonbankers, a businessman and a journalist. Many Japanese are wondering, Has peaceful, prosperous Japan been hijacked by criminals?

The Fiery Birth of Ethno-Economics

THE Second World War ended fifty-three years ago this August, with Japan devastated as no other industrialized nation, even Germany, had ever been before. The Allies began dismantling their war economies within weeks of victory. Japan—its cities ruined, its factories leveled or seized for reparations, its treasury empty; occupied by Americans at first bent on punishment; unable to feed itself, especially with millions of refugees and disarmed soldiers back from occupied China and Southeast Asia—could afford no such luxury. But Japan had a secret asset: the single-minded organization that had equipped its fleets and armies. Within days of Japan's surrender the Munitions Ministry became the Ministry of Commerce and Industry; in 1949 this became the Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI). Its wartime partner, the Finance Ministry, kept its innocuous name, which goes back to the eighth century. The same officials sat at the same desks and arm-twisted the same industrialists over the same battered telephones. In bypassing Japan's rubber-stamp parliament and governing through its efficient, biddable bureaucracy, the American Occupation unintentionally removed the last restraints on the bureaucrats' powers. Where-

as it is said that other countries have administrations, Japan's administration has a country. But Japanese official corruption is deeply rooted in history too: the picturesque Japanese euphemism for a bribe, *sodenoshita*, means "something in the sleeve"—and only the shogun's officials wore wide sleeves.

The Japanese bureaucracy has never governed strictly under law. Japan has laws, but the officials supposedly bound by them have wide discretionary powers, freedom from public scrutiny, and a code of covering up one another's lapses. Bureaucrats, and not elected politicians, negotiate the deals between ministries—or, to put it in more basic terms, decide who gets what. The rare politicians who have tried to change the system have simply been ignored until they went away. Rule by officials was originally justified by the theory under which Japan fought its war: all Japanese, the thesis goes, are one big family, bound by blood and descended from the Sun Goddess; the Emperor is her direct descendant and hereditary high priest. Long after the war ended, the top layer of bureaucrats,

A FLASHING sign

showed the interest

rate: 0.25 percent

for deposits held

for a year. Despite

this microscopic

rate, I saw our

gray-haired neigh-

bors paying in thick

wads of cash,

the yen equivalent

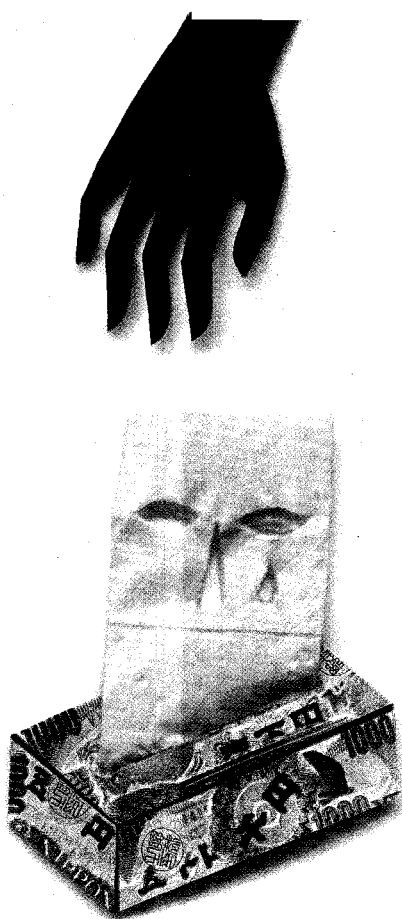
of \$10,000

or so at a time.

fewer than a thousand strong, still held commissions personally brushed by Emperor Hirohito, which gave them the aura of demigods in the eyes of simple folks. Today the successors to those bureaucrats no longer hold imperial warrants, but they expect to be revered as if they did. Japanese politicians are held in public contempt as mere peddlers of influence—with the bureaucracy. “To expect integrity or honesty in a politician is like trying to buy fish at a produce market,” a blunt Minister for Justice (and former Tokyo police chief) once remarked. Elite officials, qualified by stiff examinations and bound by school and college ties, were long held in awe, almost like a quasi-priesthood of the national religion, Shinto. Until the present crisis these officials ran Japan much as they collectively saw fit.

The semilegal means by which Japan is governed have had profound economic consequences. Postwar Japan had a surplus of highly skilled hands and, with a squeeze, enough land to live on. The third ingredient necessary for economic growth, according to classical theory, is capital. With few exceptions (such as Burma and, until quite recently, China), other countries seeking to build or rebuild their economies have taken the easy option and borrowed from abroad. Japan right after the war held little appeal for foreign lenders. The young bureaucrats left over from the war, using their vague, unquestioned powers, set about coaxing and squeezing capital from their ruined country, devising inducements for Japanese who had a little money to invest it at home. Thus was born the poorly understood but much praised “Japanese model”—what we might call ethno-economics, Japanese-style.

Banks were allowed to buy and hold corporate stock and real estate as capital reserves, against which to make loans worth ten or twenty times as much. Japanese stockbrokers, functionally descended from the traders who bribed the shoguns’ officials and gambled on rice futures, were tacitly allowed to make secret deals with favored clients and to trade on their own account—or, to speak plainly, to rig the markets for their political and business friends. After the stock-market crisis of 1965 securities companies were licensed almost as if they were banks. Ordinary wage-earners were encouraged to keep their savings at frugal rates of interest in the local post office (one inducement being exemption from income tax up to a limit, currently around \$100,000, which is easily evaded). Set up in 1875 on a long-since-vanished British model, the postal-savings system is the one Japanese financial institution that, despite some corrupt mismanage-



ment, has kept faith with its depositors, honoring even the tattered savings books that Japanese refugees brought back from Korea and China after the war. Controlled by the Finance Ministry, postal savings paid for the rebirth of Japanese industry after the war and then financed much of its stunning export success. Now no one really knows what to do with all that money.

Every distinguishing feature of the Japanese economy comes from the national theory of unity through ties of blood, and from the desperate and often semi-secret strategies devised in the postwar years to exploit that theory for bare national survival. Official manipulation of markets? Families are ruled by love, not markets. Preference for costly local products over cheaper imports? Don’t break Granny’s rice bowl. Only token strikes? Families don’t strike against kin. The rejection

of foreign capital (the only significant exceptions are IBM, let in because of its technology, and two foreign oil companies with wells in the Middle East)? Don’t sell the family business to strangers. The exclusion of new immigrants and foreign “guest workers”? Outsiders shouldn’t enjoy what Japanese have slaved to build. (The only substantial exception, some quarter of a million Latin Americans, are, or claim to be, of Japanese descent.) The equitable distribution of income—still the most egalitarian the industrialized world has ever seen? Families share. Deals with labor unions that have consistently kept wage raises below increases in productivity? We’re all Japanese here, not bosses and workers, and inflation will hurt the whole Japanese family. Nearly full employment? A family owes all its members the dignity of work. The legendary Japanese work ethic? Don’t let the family down. Self-policed quality control? A defect harms every Japanese. And so on.

The uglier aspects of the system, which so disturb non-Japanese, all come from the identical theory. Bid-rigging on private and government contracts is nearly universal: big firms get the big jobs, little ones get the scraps, but everyone stays in business. Japan has far too many banks, bars, building firms, mom-and-pop retailers, and post offices for economic efficiency—but they provide a living for some Japanese. Japan has the safest streets in the world but also the biggest criminal organizations. Why do the police tolerate these pests? They’re Japanese too, and so they tend not to prey on ordinary citizens, and they report freelance muggers and burglars to the police. Older people even see them almost as patriots, because they rescued the Japanese under-

world from Chinese and Korean mobsters after Japan's lost war. Why are semi-fascist right-wing thugs allowed to blare their stale wartime propaganda at bored passers-by from armored loudspeaker trucks in city centers, including Tokyo's? Because they use the metaphor of the Japanese family. Why are Japanese corporations obsessed with market share and unconcerned about profits? Because market share means jobs for Japanese, and mere shareholders, who did little or nothing to finance or run the business, have no right to criticize the management or ask for dividends. Well-known Japanese companies routinely hire gangsters to rough up shareholders who ask embarrassing questions at company meetings. Even Japan's "convoy system" (often denounced as a devilish plot to destroy foreign competitors), in which weaker exporting firms are propped up by stronger, is merely ethno-economics in action in a multi-ethnic world marketplace. The current shoring up of insolvent banks with taxpayers' money is ethno-economics too. After all, the bad loans were made by Japanese to other Japanese, so the whole family has to help repair the damage—like repaying a brother's debts.

What Has Gone Wrong?

WHY are the Japanese now so nervous, and why are other Asian economies being destabilized by Japan's jitters? Because Japan's prized ethno-economics has come to a dead end, presaged by the bursting of its late-1980s bubble economy and by intractable social failures that are now painfully obvious. The Japan of the late 1980s has already joined the South Sea Bubble, the Dutch Tulipomania, the Florida Land Boom, and Wall Street 1929 as a textbook example of what happens when enough naive people wish to become rich, and unscrupulous people see them coming. When the bubble was at its height, in June of 1990, the grounds of the Emperor's palace in Tokyo, smaller than New York's Central Park, were informally valued at more than all of Canada, while skinny Japan itself was supposedly worth more than the broad USA. Soon after, the bubble burst.

The bubble brought some public benefits, to be sure. Our village spent its extra tax revenue from nearby export industries on a library, a skating rink, and a heated pool, in which our children and their Japanese friends frolic. Enormous invest-

WHY are the
Japanese now so
nervous, and why are
other Asian
economies being
destabilized by
Japan's jitters?
Because Japan's
prized ethno-economics
has come to
an end, presaged by
the bursting of its
late-1980s bubble.

ment went into Japan's already grotesquely overcapitalized export industries, with the blessing of bureaucrats who planned to join them as "advisers" after retirement. Meanwhile, the flat post-bubble economy encouraged consumer savings and discouraged imports. The result was a surging trade surplus and a rapid rise of the yen against the dollar. Even before the yen touched 79.75 to the dollar, in April of 1995 (a long way from the 360 of the "miracle" growth years), Japanese products became just about unexportable. Soon after the collapse of the bubble, in 1990, many Japanese flagship companies started moving production of Japanese-brand-name goods offshore, to Thailand, Indonesia, Malaysia, and South Korea—all well known in Japan as parts of Japan's wartime Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. The evidence is strong that a flood of Japanese money, in the form of loans and direct investments, touched off the speculative bubbles that have now burst in those countries.

Altogether, Japanese banks (hiding huge bad loans at home) sent \$265 billion to the rest of Asia, well after Japan's own bubble had burst. Of \$58.7 billion owed by Indonesia, \$23 billion came from Japan. Japan holds about 60 percent of Thailand's debt, and was by far the biggest lender to South Korea, with \$68 billion of unpayable debts that will soon come due. Seeing Asia's bubbles rising, other gullible bankers followed Japan's lead. The Japanese banks hoped to reap abroad the profits they could no longer make in their depressed home economy, and to cover some of their bad loans. Despite the high yen, Japanese export industries hoped to stay competitive by using components made abroad at sweatshop wages. And in their bubble eras other Asian countries were taking nearly half of Japan's exports.

Confident that inevitable miscalculations would be covered by their wine-and-dined friends in the bureaucracy, the Japanese banks lent in their usual reckless style. But this time they were on their own. Tokyo's wartime government had little control over its armies abroad; now its finance bureaucrats had even less over the Japanese money pouring into Asian neighbors. The result was to duplicate in these countries Japan's bloated export industries, all competing for the same markets in the United States, Australia, and Europe. And Japan's new co-prosperity sphere, like the original one, had fatal weaknesses. Japan had used mainly its own money

Rhythmic Drumming.

Stomping Feet.

Tribal Chanting.

Raindrops.

NPR[®]
takes you there.

Listen to National Public Radio's[®] *Morning Edition*[®] and let us take you from the mundane to the mystical. From facts of science to acts of faith. Stay tuned to NPR and discover news that intrigues, music that enchants and talk that challenges. Go to where the sound shapes the story. And change the way you experience everything.

fore we can take you there, you have to find us. Call 1-800-NPR-4220 or visit <http://find.npr.org> to find *Morning Edition* on your local NPR station.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

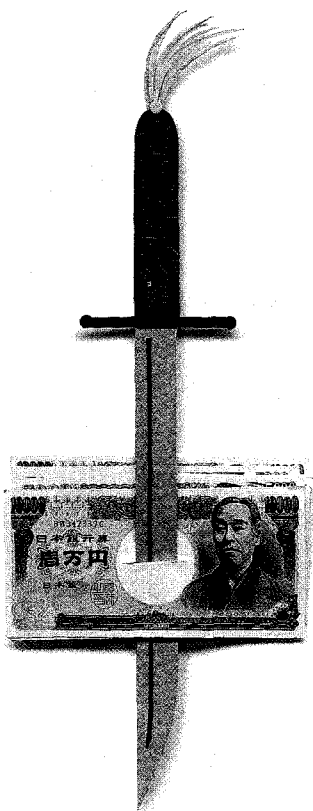
Nicholas Payton 1997

to industrialize; all the others had borrowed, mostly from Japan. So after China in 1994 devalued its currency by 33 percent, none of the others could hope to compete with the motherland of all sweatshops, or to keep up interest payments on its loans. No wonder Japan has eagerly joined the International Monetary Fund's \$118 billion "Asian bailout" scheme: the scheme will bail out not so much borrowers as lenders, and Japan has been by far the biggest lender of them all.

Why did European, North American, and even some Australian banks add another \$200 billion or more to the Japanese money inundating Asia? Partly in the mistaken belief that the Japanese must have known what they were doing; partly because of the traditional argument about cheap labor; but mainly because something called the Asian economic model had been discovered, and it, like many another mirage, was mistaken for the wave of the future. In truth, there is only a Japanese model—the accidental consequence of an overwhelming defeat. South Korea, with its even more homogeneous and just as diligent population, and the same disdain for foreigners and their products, has a homegrown version of Japanese ethno-economics—along with a fatal weakness for unrestrained private short-term borrowing. As for the others, they are ever-new variations on the old Latin American model of shortsighted elites, long-suffering peasants, and grandiose schemes: the world's tallest buildings in Kuala Lumpur, for instance, are reminders of the opera houses crumbling in Brazilian jungles. Such credit-swollen fantasies have for centuries been a bottomless sink for naive foreigners' money, and will often be again.

A Pre-Modern Society

WITH its immense cushion of cash, Japan faces no immediate crisis on the scale of what the "tiger" economies have suffered. It is the world's top creditor, with external holdings worth close to a trillion dollars. The Bank of Japan has \$225 billion in foreign-exchange reserves, nearly twice what the IMF's bailout plan is to cost. Japan's current-account surplus will be \$100 billion this year, and probably \$150 billion next year. The United States, which absorbs most of this Niagara of exports, will grumble as usual, but Japan lends it the money to buy Japanese goods, and if Japan ever stopped recycling much of its trade surplus into U.S. Treasury bonds, or sold them to buy gold, the current U.S. bubble would probably collapse too, with interest



rates at depression-triggering double digits. A cosmetic cleanup of the Japanese banking system is under way—with the firing of a minister, the arrest of a few unlucky officials for doing what everyone does, the promised use of public funds, and more gestures probably to come. These have persuaded the markets that ethno-economics is alive and well; Japanese taxpayers will cover the banks' bad loans, and so the crisis is for the moment under control. There will be no panic layoffs in Japan, no mass unemployment, no revolution—for the time being, anyway. Yet Japan's crisis is basically more serious than the tigers', and time can only make it worse. Ethno-economics, the locomotive of Japan's success, has reached the end of the line.

The problem isn't money, as it is in the rest of Asia; Japan has far too much—mostly in the wrong places. The problem is people of the right age, of whom it will soon have too few. When Japan began its stunning revival, it had modern medicine and public-health measures, a postwar baby boom, and one of the highest birth rates in the industrialized world. As Japan has prospered, the birth rate has steadily fallen; it is now at a crisis point: 1.43 births per woman, well below replacement level. Fewer babies were born in Japan in 1995 than in any year since 1899. Two thirds of Japanese women between twenty and thirty have never married. Last year the number of Japanese over sixty-five exceeded the number under fifteen; Japan is one of the oldest societies on earth. Its population, currently increasing at a glacial 0.21 percent annually, will peak early in the next century at around 127 million and will then begin a long decline. Meanwhile, Japan's archrival China is in population-growth terms where Japan was just after the war, only ten times as big—with 26 percent of its people under the age of fifteen and only seven percent over sixty-five, China has more than 300 million youngsters with a working life ahead, and few old people to support.

Why don't today's Japanese marry or have more children? In part because all developed societies have low birth rates. But ethno-economics has also frozen Japan into many Third World social patterns of the nineteenth century. Traditionally, low starting wages mean that newly married couples have to move in with parents, in tiny houses where brides are often tyrannized by mothers-in-law embittered by their own subjugation. Grossly unequal pay and few career paths for women mean that wives in unhappy marriages cannot afford to leave—a trap widely exploited by philandering husbands. A wife is still expected to be an unpaid nurse to her husband's

parents, who might live forever, or close to it (the Japanese are the longest-lived people on earth). Once, families were large and only the eldest was stuck with this filial duty; he was rewarded by inheriting the family farm or business. With one- and two-child families, most sons are now eldest sons; young women are reluctant to marry them. Living together on a trial basis, fast becoming a Western norm, is all but unknown in heartland Japan. So are mixed parties, camping weekends, dances, high school dates, and most of the unsupervised meetings between young people that give Cupid's growth economics a start in the West—and swell the illegitimacy rate (still, at 1.1 percent of births, vanishingly low in Japan).

Japanese weddings are ruinously expensive displays of family wealth, Third World style. Childbirth is not covered by the yen-pinching Japanese health-care system, so tax-avoiding doctors demand the equivalent of \$3,000 and up, in cash, before a new baby is released to its parents. Access to higher education is fiercely competitive and—with private after-school cramming all but universal—costly. Student loans are meager, and parents are expected to supplement the low salaries of young people. Early marriage and large families were once enforced by community pressure, as a duty to the Emperor. Now marriage has become both voluntary and unfashionable, and young people are increasingly saying no, thanks. Result: the one big happy family, for which so much has been sacrificed, is fast running out of new members. Not even the ethnic Japanese from Latin America are tempted to join this socially backward society; they want to make money in Japan and then take their children back home, to Peru or Brazil. Here is proof, if any were needed, that Japan was never guilty of the oft-described diabolically clever conspiracy to take over the world. There cannot now be, if there ever was, an economic general staff running Japan, Inc.; there are only nests of bureaucrats who, expecting future favors, are more concerned with cosseting the special interests that they are paid to supervise than with worrying about the future of the big Japanese family, and coteries of politicians looking for secret money to buy votes. Busy propping up insolvent banks, for instance, the administration has taken no realistic steps to increase the supply of future members of the Japanese family, without whom ethno-economics must ultimately be futile. Our village last year had thirteen funerals, three weddings, and only one new baby.

Old, Rich, and Cautious

ALMOST every day in our village post office old people, fixed in their neighborly, uncompetitive ways, nervously deposit enormous bundles of money. Japanese who retire (often to a succession of post-retirement jobs) traditionally get hefty bonuses. Since there are now no safe and profitable investments to be made in the sluggish Japanese economy, they hoard their bonuses in the post office. Some don't even trust our honorable postmaster: sales of home safes have been brisk since the bank and brokerage crashes.

"The traditional financial system is not well equipped to meet their needs," Kazuhito Ikee, a professor of economics at Keio University, in Tokyo, told the Japan National Press Club in May of last year. "What we must basically aim for is a transformation from a system based on bank credit to one based on the capital market." Ikee later amplified his thinking: "The Japanese financial system has been a financial-institutions-oriented one, which gives higher priority to the interest of banks and other financial institutions than to that of users. The system must be changed into a user-oriented one." If in the future the young Japanese cannot support the old, Ikee was in effect arguing, then Japanese savings must. "The financial system should be sound, stable, efficient, and

progressive," he urged. "It is manifestly none of these things. The whole ragbag of single-purpose institutions, restrictions, and bureaucratic administration has to go." The colossus among such institutions, the postal-savings system, is controlled by bureaucrats and their political allies, who have been using it to finance Japan's gigantic new bridges and tunnels; concrete roads leading to isolated farmhouses in politically sensitive regions; duplicated bullet and conventional trains; and railways that can never turn a profit but have already served their reputed real purpose by paying the standard three-percent rakeoff to politicians ever hungry for funds. The cost of getting out the vote has, like all Japanese prices, risen steadily over the years, and it is estimated that an entry-level member of the Japanese parliament needs \$2 million a year to run his or her operation. None of these public-works projects has had any obvious effect on Japan's domestic slump, now in its eighth year, but without them, of course, things would have been worse.

Ikee headed the working group that

JAPAN needs to
modernize not its
already modern
industries or its
rickety financial system but its society,
so that more young
people will earn
enough to marry
and start families
and lead fuller
lives. Japan needs a
social revolution.

prepared the current financial-reform plan, known as Nihonban Biggu Ban, "Japan's Big Bang," after a superficially similar exercise in London. ("He should never have called it that!" a Finance Ministry bureaucrat wailed to a mutual friend recently.) The Biggu Ban calls for market principles, transparency, accountability, deregulation, and internationalization—in sum, it calls for converting Japan from the centralized, implicitly mono-ethnic, bank-financed, national-development economics that it copied from Prussia in the 1880s and has followed ever since into something more like the system that evolved in English-speaking countries from the free-trade doctrines of Adam Smith and Smith's self-proclaimed disciples Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher. Such ideas have long been esteemed at Ikeo's university, from which Prime Minister Ryutaro Hashimoto, the promoter of the current reform plan (at least the third in ten years), graduated. More like a string of damp firecrackers, the Biggu Ban is being put into effect in stages, starting this past April 1—a day of no particular significance in the Japanese calendar—and continuing until March of 2001. Its details were publicly described in June of last year, about the time that Japan's banking system started to come apart.

One Biggu Ban requirement is that all Japanese banks trading abroad should meet the modest capital-adequacy-ratio standard of the venerable Bank for International Settlements—that eight percent of loans be backed by real assets. One way Japan's banks could begin to meet the target was to stop lending, a step that has pushed the teetering economy over the edge into recession. As John Maynard Keynes observed, there is a level of deflation that no banking system can withstand. When Japanese banks suddenly stopped lending to the rest of Asia, and probably recalled some existing loans as well, they burst the bubbles they had done so much to inflate. Allowing a major brokerage firm and several banks to go under—the first open breach of ethno-economics in almost four decades—may have begun as the cautious attempt of a rattled Japanese bureaucracy to restore confidence by tidying up the worst of the mess. If so, it has had exactly the opposite effect.

The Asian bubbles were going to burst anyway, as all speculative bubbles must, but a comparison of dates implicates the announcement of the approaching Biggu Ban as the pin that did the puncturing. As long as only a few complacent, complicit Japanese insiders glanced selectively through the books of the Japanese banks, ethno-economics still worked, after a



fashion. *Credit*, we should remember, is also Latin for "he believes," and most Japanese, having no reason not to, loyally believed. To discover in the pitiless glare of "internationalization" that the banking system is sinking under bad debts, is hospitable to criminals, and is an informal, noncontributory welfare scheme for politicians and bureaucrats was, to say the least, destabilizing. The current crisis might have been a chance for true reform—the "creative destruction" that free-market economic theory demands. But almost the opposite has happened.

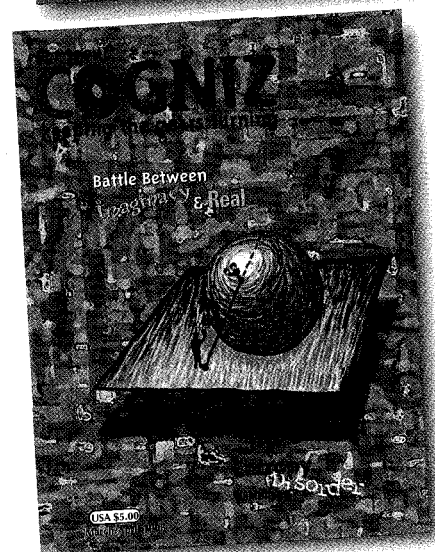
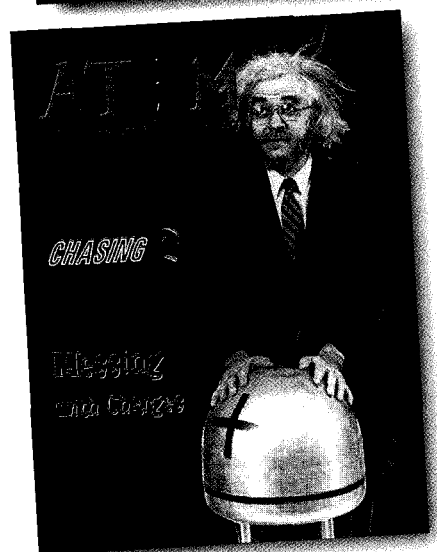
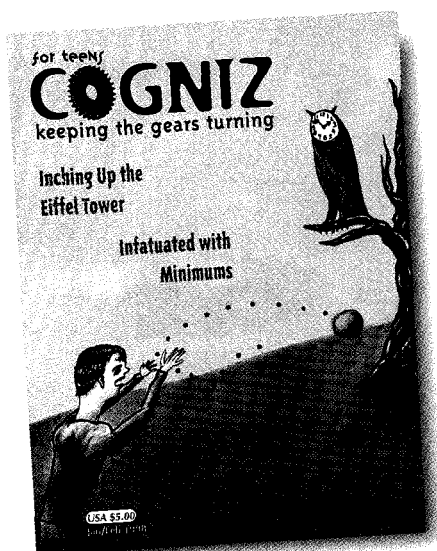
The key question after a speculative bubble bursts is who suffers the pain. Free-market purists select first the guilty, if they can be identified, and then the imprudent (who have knowingly dealt with corporations with limited liability). But in the case of the wholly innocent—small bank depositors, for instance—

even free-market fundamentalists mostly agree, reluctantly, to compensation from "public funds." Thus the taxpayers are collectively billed for the downside of the widely touted system. The ethno-economic position is that speculative bubbles are impossible under the wise guidance of officials—but if by ill chance one should happen, it is best to conceal the bad news, as Japan has been doing for almost eight years. Only when that becomes impossible is scapegoating the Band-Aid of choice. Thus small-fry bank inspectors were arrested and publicly humiliated by being shown on TV with their neckties removed to prevent suicide—the mark of guilt in Japan. The ideal scapegoat, however, is someone who doesn't really belong to the Japanese family.

Shokei Arai, the politician who hanged himself, was of Korean ancestry and had moved through several "reform" parties before rejoining the ruling Liberal Democrats—a grim object lesson to other friendless, not-wholly-Japanese reformers. Arai held a "VIP" account with his brokers, which was guaranteed to make money no matter what happened in the market—an arrangement perilously close to bribery. At least 10,000 such accounts are known to exist. Who holds them? Of the \$614 billion in bad debts, at least \$50 billion was, reportedly, lent to gangsters who blackmailed bank executives and threatened them with violence. Finance Minister Hiroshi Mitsuoka was forced to resign to "take responsibility" for a state of affairs he had done nothing to bring about. Shocked editorials, revealing what insiders have known for years, dominate the financial press. Glimpsing the abyss, the government of Prime Minister Hashimoto, whose Liberal Democratic Party, the One Big Party for the One Big Family, has presided over the triumph and decline of ethno-economics for all but three

Atom & Cogniz

the
magazines
that
nurture
science
and math
learning in
adolescents



"Imagination is more important than knowledge," Einstein said. It's the real source of genius and creativity. That's why *Atom* (for ages 9-12) and *Cogniz* (for teens) aim to stimulate a reader's creativity and thinking. The articles go beyond a hands-on approach by actively encouraging readers to ponder, understand, and apply

scientific and mathematical concepts.

Atom and *Cogniz* venture deep into a range of scientific ideas from physics, mathematics, chemistry and biology. Our magazines' lively and informal writing style appeals to young readers. Just imagine the possibilities! Only \$25 for 6 issues per year.

ATOM
COGNIZ

For credit card orders
call toll-free

1-888-397-5264

www.atom-cogniz.com

YES! I want to buy a subscription. I'll pay just \$25 for a one-year subscription (6 issues) to either *Atom* or *Cogniz*. ☐ Atom (for ages 9-12) ☐ Cogniz (for teens) ☐ Both

Method of payment: ☐ Visa ☐ Master Card ☐ Amex ☐ Check enclosed ☐ Bill me

Mail order & payment to New World Publishers P.O. Box 7216, Austin, TX 78713

CARD NUMBER _____ EXPIRATION DATE _____

SIGNATURE: _____

SEND TO:

CHILD'S NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

BILL TO:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Please send recipient a gift card announcing the arrival of *Atom* or *Cogniz*. The first issue will arrive in 6-8 weeks.

of the past forty-three years, interrupted its drive toward accountability, transparency, and the rest of the free-market program to stage what may be the biggest bailout, or cover-up, in financial history. Thirty trillion yen (\$240 billion) is promised to “stabilize the nation’s financial system”—that is, to manipulate the same stock and property markets that are supposedly being freed from bureaucratic baby-sitting—in the hope of keeping the erring banks solvent. At the same time, Hashimoto has vowed to reduce the government’s dependence on loans wrung from captive financial institutions by the ethno-economic “administrative guidance” of bureaucrats—loans that equal a full year’s GDP, one of the heaviest per capita national debts in the world, and all run up in less than three decades of ethno-economics, without a single war to be paid for.

What Happens Now?

ONCE again the Japanese family is borrowing from itself, not to pay for a better future but just to keep afloat. Who is going to repay all the loans, the service of which already takes a fifth of the national budget? In the end it has to be the Japanese people, who can pay taxes in yen. Japan’s foreign holdings cannot be brought home without depressing its customers’ economies, thus crippling the export industries that keep the Japanese in work. The export factories clank away like the fairy-tale machine under the sea that makes salt and that no one knows how to stop. But machines don’t make babies, and they don’t consume foreign products. Unless the laws of the marketplace really have been repealed, Japan’s ballooning exports—particularly to the United States—and dwindling imports must force the yen up again, compelling more offshore investment in sweatshop production and more belt-tightening at home, for as far into the future as anyone can see. Japan is hostage to American prosperity, and America is hostage to Japanese frugality. Ethno-economics has locked the two nations into a loveless embrace, and smaller Asian economies into a sumo wrestler’s hug by Japan. Something has to give. But what?

Japan needs to modernize not its all-too-modern industries, or even its rickety financial system, but its society, so that more young people will earn enough to marry and start families in adequate housing, generating the increased domestic demand (for which read “leading the fuller lives”) long promised by Japan and long demanded by its exasperated trading partners. In short, Japan needs a social revolution inspired, for the first time ever in its history, by ordinary people, in their own interest. But who is going to make this revolution? I study my gray-haired neighbors as they check their postal savings. They won’t have any more babies, and I doubt they will make any revolutions. They earned their money the hard way, and I can understand why they don’t want to trust it to bankers with criminal connections, or risk

it on a stock market manipulated by sly insiders. The security of safe savings, of neighbor helping neighbor, as we were helped, of trust born of centuries of surviving earthquakes, typhoons, and rapacious landlords together, may die with them; but while they are here, they have a growing proportion of the votes, and they will not use them to destroy the old certainties. Japan is a democracy, and its aging population grows ever more conservative and more supportive of the status quo, which means the conservative, rural-based Liberal Democratic Party.

Not all Japanese, however, meekly accept the use of public funds to shore up the erring banks, another sign that ethno-economics is in terminal decline. “GIVE US BACK OUR TAX MONEY, YOU BIG THIEVES!” demanded the headline, in the March 14 issue of the magazine *Shukan Gendai* (*Modern Times Weekly*), over an article charging that the banks that have driven many small businessmen to suicide by refusing them credit have assets—fancy buildings, private clubs, and luxury holiday resorts—that could be sold to cover some of their bad loans. The social critic Jun Ito, writing in the influential magazine *Bungei Shunju* (*Spring and Autumn Literary Art*), sees international investors and speculators behind what he calls “American pressure” for opening Japan’s closed financial markets. These charges are reminiscent of some of the anti-capitalist themes that were used in the 1930s by Japanese ultra-nationalists, who claimed that pure-minded Japanese had been corrupted by greedy businessmen in league with foreigners—themes the far-right gunman in the Tokyo Stock Exchange was evidently hoping to revive. If Japanese unemployment climbs much above the present 3.6 percent, some of the political violence sleeping under Japan’s orderly surface could erupt; but Japan’s economy is nowhere near a 1930s crisis—yet—and the tiny Japanese far right has no military arm. The lone ultra-nationalist living in our village is quiescent, and shunned by his neighbors.

For the present the likeliest outcome for Japan is drift, and for its Asian neighbors the slump that inevitably follows a speculative boom. The Biggu Ban may well be sidelined or reduced to a series of gestures, like the many reform programs that have preceded it. The reformers themselves face removal from office in an intra-party maneuver. The Japanese public, if our neighbors are a reliable sample, is more bemused than alarmed by daily revelations of how the nation has been misgoverned; belief is still strong that the one big family will somehow sort out its troubles, and if a few reprobates have to go to jail, so be it; the system itself must be sound. There are a few hundred homeless sleeping in cardboard boxes in Tokyo, and lines at Salvation Army soup kitchens can sometimes be glimpsed near Tokyo University. But public pressure for real reform is still slight. Today’s aging Japanese, formed by an antiquated, inward-looking, ultimately self-defeating system, have no idea how to change it—or whether they even want to. ☸

They Say Love Gets Better With Age. *It's True!*

Men and women past 40 have the opportunity to enjoy "the best sex of their lives." But every opportunity has its problems. Older loving couples must overcome years of making love "the same old way."

Inhibitions are harder to shake off. Good communication becomes more critical than ever. Arousal often needs mutual participation. But, all in all, lovemaking can still be the most joyous and wonderful part of our lives, at any age.

The Couples Guide To Great Sex Over 40 shows us how to put the fun back into lovemaking. This two-volume video set teaches us not to be satisfied with "going through the motions" but to aim for new sexual heights most of us only dream about.

A noted urologist and prominent sex therapist introduce four real couples who show how to overcome inhibitions and make sex fun again. They begin with the basics - intimacy, gentleness, and good communication.

These brand new videos are based on sound medical research and suggestions from family doctors, gynecologists, psychologists, and sex therapists.

We must warn you, however, that these tapes are explicit. Each technique is not just talked about but demonstrated. Each lesson is shown, in detail, to be watched and discussed by both partners together.

Who orders *The Couples Guide To Great Sex Over Forty*? Couples seeking to restore the sense of excitement they had when they first met. People who want to build confidence to consummate a new relationship. Those with back and heart problems or erectile difficulties. Mature couples desiring to rekindle the passion of their younger days.

FREE VIDEO OFFER

For a limited time, purchasers of either volume of *The Couples Guide To Great Sex Over 40* will receive a FREE 37 minute video on how to improve sexual communication and intimacy.

Sinclair

VIDEO LIBRARY

www.bettersex.com

For fastest service with credit card orders

Call Toll Free 1-800-955-0888

Ext. 8ATL4 (24 Hrs / 7 Days)



Plain Packaging
Protects Your
Privacy

SPECIAL OFFER! Reg. \$34.95 Now only \$24.95

- | | REG. | NOW |
|---|--------------------|---------|
| ☐ THE COUPLES GUIDE TO GREAT SEX VOL. 1
(ADDING SPICE TO SEX OVER 40) (#1108) 60 MIN. | \$34.95 | \$24.95 |
| ☐ THE COUPLES GUIDE TO GREAT SEX VOL. 2
(THE MIND BODY CONNECTION) (#1109) 60 MIN. | \$34.95 | \$24.95 |
| ☐ BUY BOTH VOLUMES (#1110) SAVE \$10! | \$69.90 | \$39.90 |
| ☐ SEXUAL INTIMACY VIDEO (#6444) with purchase | | FREE! |



Express Delivery Available

POSTAGE & HANDLING

Total

\$ 4.00

\$

NAME (PLEASE PRINT) _____

(I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER AGE 18)

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY STATE ZIP _____

PLEASE INDICATE YOUR PAYMENT METHOD:

☐ CHECK OR MONEY ORDER ENCLOSED FOR \$ _____

☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX CARD # _____

SIGNATURE _____

EXP. DATE _____

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-955-0888 Ext. 8ATL4 (24 HRS/ 7 DAYS) OR MAIL TO:

THE SINCLAIR INSTITUTE, DEPT. 8ATL4, BOX 8865, CHAPEL HILL, NC 27515

DEALERS CALL 1-888-736-2247. (NC ORDERS PLEASE ADD 6% SALES TAX. CANADIAN ORDERS ADD US \$5.00 SHIPPING)

FROM THE GREEK

by BROOKS HAXTON

Singer

She took the myrtle branch and sang in turn
another song of pleasure, in her left hand still
the flower of the rosetree, and let loose
over her naked shoulder, down her arm
and back, the darkness of her hair.

ARCHILOCHOS, 7th century B.C.E.

Adonis and Aphrodite

From the wound death spreads into the delicate limbs.
What shall we do for him, Goddess?

Cry. Rip the coarse stitch of your robe, my girls,
and cry, and tear the fine threads underneath.

SAPPHO, 7th century B.C.E.

Last Sun in the Treetops

From her roost the water hen stretched out
her purple-green sleek neck,
the kingfisher's quick glance

shook droplets from his crown,
and I thought love would always be
that brilliant on the wing and wild.

IBYKOS, 6th century B.C.E.

Epitaph at Thermopylae

Four thousand of us fought three million.
When you visit Sparta, tell them:
Here, the soldiers kept their word.

SIMONIDES, 5th century B.C.E.

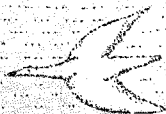
Love Token

I am an apple thrown to you for love. Nod yes,
Xanthippe. You and I, though sweet, are not to last.

PLATO, 4th century B.C.E.

Herakleitos of Halikarnassos

Someone, Herakleitos, spoke to me about your death,
and I with fresh tears thought again how many times
the two of us would talk until the sun sank. You,



too many years ago, though sacred in my
memory forever
as a guest and friend, sank also into ashes. Here,
meanwhile, your poems sing to me like nightingales,
only out of the darkness where no hand can reach.

KALLIMACHOS, *3rd century B.C.E.*

Landscape With Young Man and Snares

Whatever sleep possesses you, your body
on the leaf-strewn hillside, stakes
sunk into the ground, whatever weariness
in you needs rest, beware. Nearby, Priapus,
with his lovely rough head clothed
in yellow shoots of ivy, and Great Pan
steal, side by side, into your hiding place.
Come, loose your body from its torpor: run!

THEOKRITOS, *3rd century B.C.E.*

Idea of Beauty

Shy, he stepped off into the cornfield. I could see
his back muscles under the damp shirt quiver
and go slack.
Turning again to face the shade, he smiled at me, not
squinted, smiled, and finished tugging shut his fly.
Now, when the cornstalks in the night wind slide
like fire, I see him. He steps closer in my dream.
I don't know, where he sleeps, if sleep refreshes him,
but here it works me like hot metal over a flame.

MELEAGROS, *3rd century B.C.E.*

On the Emptiness of the Tomb

A black squall out of the east, and murk of night,
and waves, struck under the deathwatch of Orion.
I, the handsomest of sailors, drowned, halfway to Libya,
tumbling into the fleshpots of the crab and conger eel.
My stone says, Here Love mourns where Beauty lies
undone,
but nobody lies or mourns there but the stone.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM, *3rd century B.C.E.*

Charon

You who pull the oars, who meet the dead,
who leave them at the other bank, and glide
across the reedy marsh, please take
my boy's hand as he climbs into the dark hull.
Look. The sandals trip him, and you see,
he is afraid to step there barefoot.

ZONAS, *1st century B.C.E.*

Inner Voice

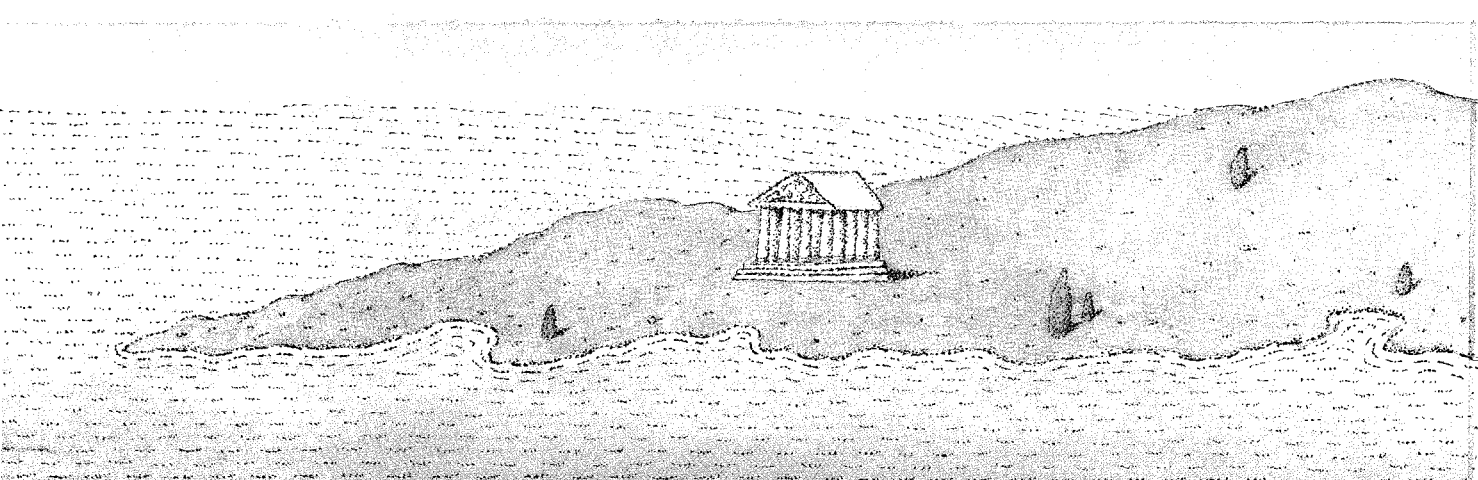
A voice said, No: forget her touch, and keep in mind
those nights of jealousy and tears. Be strong, the voice
reminded me, as she was strong when she said, Yes,
and crowed, and grappled you for joy between her thighs.

PHILODEMOS, *1st century B.C.E.*

Echo

Up and down the meadow where the sheep graze echo,
fadingly as afterthoughts, the cries of quail.

SATYRUS, *2nd century C.E.*





Better Butter

*An intentional and elusive sourness
heightens butter's natural sweetness—and makes
it worthy of being the featured rather than
the supporting player*

I RECENTLY silenced a room full of experts on diet and health by asking if it was time to rethink butter. The scientists at the meeting, which was organized by the Harvard School of Public Health and Oldways, a kind of nutrition brain trust, had seemed to be on the verge of giving the nod to butter. They were saying that synthesized “trans-fat,” which is in stick margarine, is no better for the heart than saturated fat, the main kind in butter. They were saying that the high levels of fat in our current diets need not invariably lead to bad health and obesity—so long as we exercise, eat less food in gen-

eral, and make sure the fats we eat are the right kinds. Why not butter? I wondered. It's genuine and unadulterated, and most people love it.

I was never a butter-lover myself (except when it came to cookies). Given the dull sameness of most brands, it hardly seemed worth the calories, let alone the health risks, to spread butter on bread. In the past year or two, though, I have tasted butter with far more flavor than I thought possible. The analogy to olive oil seems obvious. When it became clear that mono-unsaturated fats, the main kind in olive oil (especially extra-virgin oil), were the least

risky for the heart and possibly of help in preventing cancer, gourmet markets and restaurants started selling and using just-harvested oils. These showed the peppery, fresh flavors that olive oil could have. Soon there was a competition to see who could offer the fanciest bottle of oil just out of the press. Recently the same markets have begun stocking butters with beautiful silver and gold labels. These show what full, tangy, rounded flavor butter can have.

The experts' resounding silence made clear that they were not about to change their stance: mono-unsaturated fat is still the fat to have if you're having fat. I was undeterred. During a fruit break several researchers and nutrition activists admitted in private conversation to being impassioned connoisseurs of chocolate and ice cream. Their excuse was that the fats that cause real problems are rarely the ones people deliberately add to what they eat, or even think much about. That is, you're less likely to ruin your health with the expensive imported Normandy butter you spread on a fresh baguette than with the melted “real butter” doused on movie-theater popcorn, let alone the oil in fast-food french fries. (And don't think

by **Corby Kummer**

Illustration by Katarzyna Klein

JUNE 1998

that the new fake-fat potato chips will help your health: the long-term effects of losses of fat-soluble nutrients, which consuming Olestra can cause, are unknown and potentially troubling.)

I did not win the scientists' blessing for butter. But they did wholeheartedly endorse buying and eating the freshest food possible, whatever the food. If I still had to restrict my allotment, all the more reason to learn why some kinds of butter taste so much better than others—that is, when you pay attention to the taste.

MOST butter has little to no flavor, and cooks and bakers like it that way. They prize its ability to be a sounding board, to enhance and magnify other flavors while adding only a slight creamy taste of its own. The qualities they look for are freshness and neutrality. Bakers want a firm plasticity, which gives their cakes and especially pastries superior texture. In recent years the vogue has been for higher-fat butters: bakers who can afford it buy Plugrá, whose name comes from the French for "more fat," or Eclairé. American standards call for butter to contain a minimum of 80 percent butterfat. Even if one or two percent more fat sounds like a small difference, premium butters "perform" better in sauté pans and mixing bowls, and on the palate they can have a more mouth-coating, satiny feel.

But my search was for flavor, not performance, and flavor comes from cream and how it is treated—matters with which, surprisingly, most cooks and bakers are little concerned. Plugrá and its imitators, and also Land O Lakes, still the baker's gold standard, are sweet-cream butters. The name has a nice sound, but sweet-cream butters are bland at best. The revelation of my research was that butter can actually have a distinct—and desirable—flavor of its own. That flavor comes from allowing the cream it is made from to sour ever so slightly.

This intentional fermentation is quite different from what causes the flavors cooks object to. It's very hard to taste any kind of butter at its best, because of the numerous possible storage mishaps between the dairy and the kitchen. Butter works as a sounding board not just for mushrooms and shallots in the sauté pan but also for onion and broccoli in the refrigerator. Furthermore, butter-makers often add heavy doses of salt, partly to

compensate for blandness and chiefly to add shelf life. During the months before the official sell-by date, however, butter can begin to turn rancid, especially if storage conditions are less than ideal. Most people's experience of butter flavor, then, is salt, slight rancidity, and whatever else is in the refrigerator.

You can make sweet-cream butter at home that will avoid these problems, and if you have ever let your attention wander while whipping cream, you have probably made butter already. It takes only seconds for cream to turn from a suspension of fat globules in water to a suspension of water in fat. Perfectly fresh butter gives you the chance to taste what sweet-cream butter should be, without the overwhelming salt of salted butter or the off-flavors of so much store-bought butter.

Even pristine homemade butter, though, is unlikely to lead to the kind of conversion I underwent. The chief reason is that it is almost impossible to buy cream—the one thing you need to make butter—that has any taste. Commercial dairies heat cream to a very high temperature, or "ultra-heat-treat" it, so that it will last for weeks without souring. This is calamitous for flavor. The many strains of good bacteria that can give interest and depth are wiped out in the process, along with the handful of bad bacteria that cause spoilage or disease. This is why artisans concerned about the taste of their butter inoculate the cream with specially selected strains of bacteria.

Not all flavor need be wiped out when milk or cream is pasteurized. Measures short of induced souring can greatly improve the taste of milk or cream. The first rule is not to blast it to blandness. Ultra-heat treatment is just the worst—if easy and ubiquitous—choice for cream. Straus Family Creamery, in the gorgeous hills of Marin County, chooses not to introduce bacteria into the organically produced cream it uses, pasteurizing the cream at a lower-than-usual temperature to make fresh-tasting sweet-cream butter. It immediately freezes and ships the butter to several western states (and anywhere customers are willing to pay the freight; you can order it on the Web at strausmilk.com).

Despite what propaganda for the "Mediterranean diet" would lead you to believe, countries along that sea still cook with plenty of butter. On Sardinia, for

The Indispensable Black Travel Dress



Our Indispensable Black Travel Dress is 100% wrinkle-proof and tucks snugly in a corner of your suitcase. Dress it

FREE CATALOG either way. It's just one of 268 helpful products in our new catalog of uncommon travel gear. The catalog is filled with versatile, wrinkle-free, lightweight, easy-to-pack, quick-dry travel clothes, many of which can double for daytime sightseeing or a night on the town. We also make exceptional luggage, totes, and tools to assure the most comfort and least hassle while away from home. Call now for your **FREE CATALOG** and **FREE OUTFITTING GUIDE** with suggested packing lists and good, solid advice for the trip you're planning!

Indispensable Black Dress, XS-XL, Regular and Petite \$99 Plus \$8 S&H #5183
Same Day Shipping • 100% Guarantee • Open 24 Hours

TRAVELSMITH®

60 LEVERONI CT • NOVATO, CA 94949 • WWW.TRAVELSMITH.COM

1-800-950-1600 DEPT ATQ1814

ANTIQUE CHARM

Visit a friendly and elegant antique-filled Inn in a famous New England Village. Charming rooms and suites. Norman Rockwell Museum, and plenty of shopping nearby. Telephone for reservations **(413) 298-5545**.



THE RED LION INN

Food & Lodging Since 1773
Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262



Quality, Comfort, Style and Value

Classic white cedar furniture
Benches, tables, chairs, porch swings
and Adirondack chairs, shipped direct
from our shop with a 100% guarantee.

Vermont Outdoor Furniture

Barre, Vermont **800-588-8834** **FREE CATALOG**

Rome Florence Venice
Tuscany Umbria Sicily
Amalfi Coast Lake District

CARAVELLA ITALIA

Escorted tours of Italy in small groups.

Call Toll-Free: **888-665-2112** www.seetaly.com

Nothing Can Fully Describe Mosaic Records. Not Even Our Free Catalog.

Descriptions fall short - you really have to experience Mosaic Records for yourself. We offer complete, definitive collections by such important jazz artists as Basie, Kenton and Miles along with lesser known greats such as Illinois Jacquet, Lennie Tristano, Andrew Hill and Jackie McLean. All in deluxe, lavishly annotated, meticulously prepared limited editions on your choice of CD or audiophile-quality LP.

Call or write for a free catalog now!

Mosaic
RECORDS

35 Melrose Place, Suite 808
Stamford, CT 06902-7533

Phone:

203-327-7111

Fax:

203-323-3526

E-Mail:

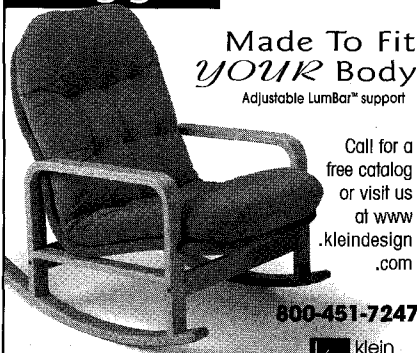
mosrec@ix.netcom.com

Limited edition collections for the jazz lover who wants it all

Lee Morgan photo by Francis Wolff



brigger FURNITURE



Made To Fit
YOUR Body
Adjustable Lumbar support

Call for a
free catalog
or visit us
at www.kleindesign.com

800-451-7247

klein
design,
inc.

99 Sadler St. Gloucester MA 01930

AFRICA • CHINA • INDIA • JAPAN • NEPAL

Since 1989

UPTON TEA IMPORTS

Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas

Free catalog listing over 120 varieties of garden-fresh, loose tea

1-800-234-8327

P.O. BOX 159-C * UPTON, MA 01568

SRI LANKA • TAIWAN

Himalaya

EVEREST • TIBET • K2
KAILAS • BHUTAN & MORE

1-800-525-TREK
for a catalog

SNOW LION
EXPEDITIONS

example, butter is nearly as important a cooking medium as lard and olive oil. The island's top-selling butter is made with sweet cream by Latte Arborea, a dairy built in the 1920s on a formerly malarial Sardinian swamp. The Fascist regime named the built-from-scratch town Mussolinia; now it is the pastoral Arborea. When I toured the dairy not long ago, the sophisticated woman accompanying me told our guide that as far as she was concerned, the Arborea butter she knew from the supermarket might as well be wax. Then she tasted butter fresh out of the churn, before it was even packaged. Her eyes widened at its unexpectedly nutty, pure flavor, and her face reddened at her frankness seconds before.

As my friend's surprise illustrated, the delicate perfume of sweet-cream butter is fugitive. Even with immediate freezing and careful shipping, some of the volatile aromas are forever lost. Only culture can bring lasting greatness.

I mean bacterial culture. Bacteria give butter a rounded, full flavor—they "mature" cream, so that the butter-maker churns the equivalent of the French crème fraîche, or very lightly soured cream. The subtle, milky, barely tangy flavor heightens butter's natural sweetness, and gives cultured butter far more interest than sweet-cream butter ever has.

Before industrialization, farmhouse butter was almost always made with matured cream. While the cream was stored until there was enough to churn and the time to churn it, it naturally developed flavor from bacteria in the air. Sweet-cream butter is largely a postwar phenomenon, a result of the rise of industrial dairies, which can churn cream as soon as it is separated from milk.

Today an artisan has to take careful, expensively slow steps to ensure that cream has flavor. My favorite American butter-maker is Jonathan White, of Egg Farm Dairy (800-273-2637), in Peekskill, New York, whose slogan is "Setting the dairy industry back 100 years." Like the Straus family on the opposite side of the country, White slowly heats batches of cream to a far lower temperature than usual, thus avoiding the inert cooked-milk taste of ordinary cream. The method he uses, "vat pasteurization," fell out of favor after the Second World War, as continuous processes replaced batch processes through-

out the food industry—among the many modern miracles that have effectively obliterated the individual and nuanced flavors of handmade food. (White heads the American branch of Slow Food, an Italian organization that advocates returning to traditional methods.)

The next step is the crucial one on the backward road that White's motto dictates: he deliberately introduces a carefully selected bacterial strain. Near the end of the butter-making process one day at his dairy I peered into his 1950s-vintage cast-aluminum churn, which looks something like a wringer washing machine and requires as much maintenance, White told me, as a sports car of the same era. I could see what looked like cream-colored stalactites adhering to the big horizontal metal paddles. The nutty, popcornlike smell was nearly overpowering, and the taste of the butter I took from my (carefully cleansed) finger was powerfully tangy.

This churned crème fraîche is not what White sells. He can't. The full force of the acids and enzymes would oxidize the butter within a day. So he does what most butter-makers do—"washes" the butter, by running ice-cold water through the churn. This rinses away much of the acids and enzymes, and also consolidates the mass, turning it from stalactites to ivory folds that look like confectioner's-sugar icing. (Makers of salted butter then add salt crystals or brine.) White serves tubs of what he calls unwashed butter at a newly expanded store at Egg Farm Dairy, an hour's drive from New York City.

The rinse water is discarded—and so, to White's understandable dismay, is most of the liquid of the kind that drained out of the churn just before I put my finger in. This is true buttermilk, which White claims is a miraculous substance. It comes only from cultured, not sweet, cream. Buttermilk from sweet-cream butter is as sweet as regular milk, as I discovered when I tasted Straus buttermilk from uncultured butter; it lacks the bacteria that produce lactic acid and give true buttermilk its marvelous tartness. Today's commercial buttermilk is not the residue of butter-making of any sort but simply cultured skim or lowfat milk. It lacks true buttermilk's lecithin, which binds many ingredients and gives a smooth texture to pancakes, muffins, biscuits, frozen baked goods, and ice milk.

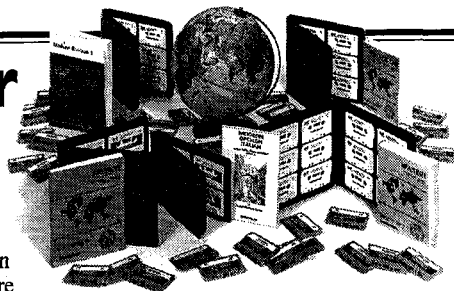
Buttermilk is virtually without fat and is deliciously refreshing. Although White now donates or throws away most of his buttermilk, he plans to create a demand for it, and jokes that one day he will produce butter merely as a by-product. A like-minded dairy owner, Bunny Flint, also hopes to sell the buttermilk from her cultured Organic Cow butter, made in Vermont from organically produced cream (telephone 800-769-9693).

The consistency of butter greatly affects the perception of taste, which I think helped to account for the popularity of Celles sur Belle—a butter with a relatively airy texture, made near Cognac—at a tasting of eleven butters I assembled at my office. I grew up on Breakstone whipped sweet butter, which is aerated as it is packed. Egg Farm Dairy uses Rube Goldberg-like contraptions to pack its butter without compressing it; White wants a slightly mealy texture, which he says would cost him points on a U.S. Department of Agriculture grading test. The way cream is chilled and how it is churned and washed also affect consistency, as does the final fat content. Plu-grá, for instance, with its two extra percentage points of butterfat, is smoother and more plastic than other butters. White's butter is 86 percent fat, and makes beautiful puff pastry.

Yes, this is a lot of fat. But oil is 100 percent fat. And when something has real flavor, it takes only a small amount to satisfy you. As my nutritionist guides would readily agree, if you can eat only a little bit of something, it might as well be the very best.

BY far the most inviting-looking butter I encountered in my research was also the one I think I would choose in any blind tasting of well-kept butters: Burro Occelli, made in creameries in the pre-Alpine mountains near the border between Italy and Austria and packaged in the Piedmont hills near Alba, the world capital of white truffles. In the early 1970s Giuseppe Occelli left the electrical-engineering career for which he had trained to revive the cheese-making tradition he saw being abandoned in villages all around him. His cheeses have won him admiration throughout Italy, but he began with butter. Over twenty years Occelli perfected his processes of slow pasteurization and culturing, and built rela-

Learn Another Language on Your Own!



Learn to speak a foreign language fluently on your own and at your own pace with what are considered the finest in-depth courses available. Many were developed by the Foreign Service Institute of the U.S. Department of State for diplomatic personnel who must learn a language quickly and thoroughly. Emphasis is on learning to speak and to understand the spoken language. A typical course (equivalent to a college semester) includes an album of 10 to 12 audio-cassettes (10 to 18 hours), recorded by native-born speakers, plus a 250-page textbook. Some of our courses.

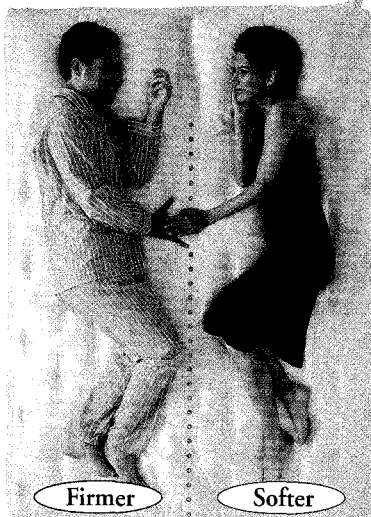
☐ Arabic, Saudi \$185	☐ Greek \$185	☐ Norwegian \$125	☐ Spanish, European \$125
☐ Egyptian \$185	☐ Haitian \$225	☐ Persian \$185	☐ Latin American I \$185
☐ Bulgarian \$245	☐ Creole \$225	☐ Polish \$185	☐ Latin American II \$165
☐ Cantonese \$185	☐ Hebrew \$255	☐ Portuguese, Brazilian \$215	☐ Swahili \$225
☐ Catalan \$185	☐ Hungarian \$195	☐ European \$125	☐ Swedish \$185
☐ Czech \$125	☐ Italian \$185	☐ Romanian \$115	☐ Tagalog \$295
☐ Danish \$135	☐ Japanese \$185	☐ Russian \$255	☐ Thai \$195
☐ Dutch \$125	☐ Korean \$195	☐ Sanskrit \$215	☐ Turkish \$195
☐ Estonian \$295	☐ Lakota \$185	☐ Serbo-Croatian \$195	☐ Ukrainian \$195
☐ French I \$185	☐ Latin \$160	☐ Shona \$185	☐ Urdu \$185
☐ French II \$215	☐ Latvian \$185	☐ Slovak \$185	☐ Vietnamese (South) \$225
☐ German I \$185	☐ Lithuanian \$135		
☐ German II \$155	☐ Mandarin \$185		

You can order now with a full 3-week money-back guarantee.

Credit card orders by phone 1-800-243-1234, (203) 453-9794, fax (203) 453-9774, e-mail: 74537.550@compuserve.com, or mail check or money order. Ask for our free 52-page *Whole World Language Catalog* with courses in 98 languages. Our 27th year. Room C603, 96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437

AUDIO-FORUM®
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Wake Up Energized!



Firmer

Softer

Frustrated With Your Sleep?

Do you toss and turn at night? Can't seem to find a comfortable position? Does your back ache when you awake? These are signs that your mattress may not be supporting you properly.

Variable Firmness—Individual Controls

Dual air chambers inside the mattress can each be made firmer or softer so you each get the individualized support you want at the touch of a button. 90-Night In-Home Trial and a 20-year limited warranty.

For FREE VIDEO and Brochure, call
1-800-831-1211
Ext. 25223

Yes! Please rush me a FREE Video and Brochure.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Phone _____ Ext. 25223

SELECT COMFORT®

Mail to: Select Comfort Direct Corporation
6105 Trenton Lane N., Minneapolis, MN 55442

The Mattress with
Easy Push Button
Firmness Control!

You deserve a factual look at...

"Sacrifices for Peace"

What else does the world expect Israel to do?

There is persistent pressure on Israel to bring "sacrifices for peace." It is understood that these "sacrifices" refer to greater "flexibility" in dealing with the Arabs, but mean primarily that Israel should allow its dismemberment, in order to bring peace to the region.

What are the facts?

A Bizarre Concept. The concept to bring "sacrifices for peace" is a new one that has never before found application in world history. It was created by Arab propaganda to induce Israel to agree to its dismemberment, to give strategic assets to those who are determined to destroy it.

Since its creation in 1948, Israel has been subjected to almost constant Arab terror, to unceasing Arab aggression, and to three major wars. In the Six-Day War, it recovered its heartland of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem; it captured the Golan Heights

from Syria, which had been used for decades to shell and spread terror over much of northern Israel; and it conquered Gaza and the Sinai Desert that had been used by Egypt as staging ground and invasion route to Israel.

Many Sacrifices for Peace. In order to achieve peace with its neighbors, Israel brought sacrifices for peace that have no precedent in the history of the world. For peace with Egypt, Israel returned the entire Sinai. There is little thanks on the part of Egypt for this generosity and this sacrifice for peace. The controlled Egyptian press spews daily anti-Israel venom. President Mubarak has never visited Jerusalem. It is the coolest possible peace. A sacrifice for peace brought in vain—probably a major act of folly on the part of Israel.

Israel made sacrifices for peace by signing a

peace treaty with Jordan. In that peace, Israel granted Jordan a large yearly allowance of fresh water from its own dwindling and meager resources and accepted a petty demand for "border rectification"—yielding of land. As for Syria, no offered sacrifice for peace seems to be sufficient to satisfy its dictator, President Hafez Assad. He is unwilling to consider even an ice-cold peace, except for Israel's total surrender of the Golan Heights. Fortunately, under the current Israeli government such a surrender is not in the cards.

The greatest sacrifice for peace that Israel has brought was the resuscitation of the bankrupt and moribund PLO terror organization and the acceptance of it "chairman"

Yasser Arafat as a negotiating partner. In this ill-advised process, foisted on Israel by world pressure and by its previous government, Israel has made far-reaching and existential sacrifices and concessions. It has yielded control of the Gaza Strip and of all major "West Bank" cities

to the Palestinian Authority and has agreed to detailed plans to grant further autonomy to the Palestinians. In what is probably the ultimate folly in this process, Israel has tolerated the formation of a Palestinian "police force" (actually an army) of 40,000 men—the largest police-to-population ratio in the world (!)—and has equipped this "police force" with a complete arsenal of automatic weapons. As the world now knows, these weapons were turned on Israeli soldiers and civilians at the very first opportunity that the Palestinian leaders provoked.

Here are three good sacrifices that the Arabs could bring for peace: (1) Abandon the insistence on recovering the Golan; (2) Stop the clamor about the division of Jerusalem; (3) Disarm the Palestinian "police."

The Arab countries, not Israel, are killing peace in the Middle East. The PLO, apart from the bloody crimes that it has committed against Israel, has now established a virtual dictatorship in the territory allotted to it. In Egypt, thousands of Copts have been killed and their churches burned. President Assad of Syria has occupied Lebanon and has killed and tortured thousands. Iraq, under its dictator Saddam Hussein, is a rogue state attacking its neighbors and killing its own citizens. Saudi Arabia is a monarchical tyranny. Sudan is engaged in the systematic slaughter and enslavement of its black African people. How strange that nobody asks the Palestinians or any of the Arab states to bring any sacrifices for peace. Here are three good sacrifices that the Arabs could bring for peace: (1) Abandon the insistence on recovering the Golan; (2) Stop the clamor about the division of Jerusalem; (3) Disarm the Palestinian "police." Billy clubs are good enough for London Bobbies. Why should any more be needed to patrol Nablus, Hebron and Bethlehem?

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic about the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a 501(c)(3) educational institution. Your tax-deductible contribution allows us to publish these important messages.

56A

tionships with mountainside farmers whose cream he would buy depending on the season and what and where the cows had eaten.

This carefully built system came to an end with European Union regulations, which require unpasteurized cream to be transported at much lower temperatures than previous laws required. At these near-freezing temperatures certain bacteria specialized for very low temperatures produce flavors that Occelli finds unacceptable. Unwilling to use cream from closer, lower-altitude herds, Occelli realized that he would have to show the mountainside dairies from which he bought cream how to make butter on the spot. As if giving up a son, he told me, Occelli revealed his long-studied methods to two technicians, who regularly travel to several tiny pre-Alpine creameries to help with the production of butter from freshly separated cream. He buys and packages the finished butter.

One final piece of tradition Occelli refuses to abandon, and his refusal has cost him dearly. When he was starting out, he found several hand-cut wooden butter molds in a Turin dairy-supply shop, whose owner gave them to him in the hope that he would put them back into service. A raised cow and deeply scalloped edges became a kind of trademark, one whose handmade look helped to persuade cooks that Occelli's was worth twice the price of ordinary butter. To continue using the original molds (and the reproductions he commissioned) while remaining within EU law, Occelli had to build a room whose walls, floor, and air are continually sanitized. The molds themselves are sterilized every fifteen minutes, and workers go through a four-step cleansing process each time they come into or leave the room.

When I was shopping for butter at Formaggio Kitchen (617-354-4750), in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the cheese buyer, Matthew Rubiner, told me that a shipment of Burro Occelli had just arrived. It had been shipped frozen, and I let it sit overnight at room temperature so that it would be just right for spreading. When I unwrapped it, that friendly rustic cow was plain to see, and the slight tang and nutty, deep, creamy flavor were clear to taste. Its appearance on my kitchen table seemed one modern miracle worth cheering for. ☼

"Discovering" Young Poets

How some of the best-known poets of this century got that way

by Peter Davison

THE YALE YOUNGER POETS ANTHOLOGY

edited by George Bradley.
Yale University Press, 306 pages,
\$35.00/\$16.00.

WE think it easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for an unknown poet to find a publisher. Robert Frost for many years sought to publish his poems and got lucky only when he was nearly forty—and in England, at that. Sylvia Plath, decades later, unsuccessfully sent out her poems to book publishers no fewer than seven times before she turned twenty-six. In her journal she ranted bitterly about her rejections, her bitterness intensified, perhaps, by the fact that when she had sent the poems of her English husband, Ted Hughes, to a lucrative New York competition, he had aced it. Plath had to depend on an English firm to publish her first book, *The Colossus*, which came out when she was twenty-eight. Later on *The Colossus* was accepted for American publication in revised form. I must shamefacedly confess that, though a friend of Plath's, I was one of the American book editors who declined the unrevised version. (I didn't, couldn't, know what was coming next; and without that knowledge I might repeat my mistake today.)

Nowadays American poets are less likely to have to depend on the English, but they are very likely to require the services of a "first-book contest" run by the staff of a university press and judged by some older poet. Before the First World War poets could hope only for the dubious good will and erratic taste of commercial editors and publishers. Though mainstream publishers contin-



ued to be willing and able to underwrite the early poetry of such artists as Richard Wilbur, Robert Lowell, Anne Sexton, Donald Hall, and Elizabeth Bishop, they tended to draw the line at what they regarded as more problematic poets: Allen Ginsberg, Charles Olson, Gary Snyder, Denise Levertov. The university press had made a significant debut in poetry publishing as early as 1919, when Yale's set up a program to publish at least once a year a collection by a previously unpublished poet. By

1957, when Sylvia Plath began sending out *The Colossus*, the Yale Series of Younger Poets (then edited by W. H. Auden) was the destination she coveted. She struck out twice.

Now, seventy-nine years after the series's inception, Yale University Press has published an anthology drawing on every one of its ninety-two volumes. Reading those immense haystacks of immature poetry, if one had the strength to do it, might convey some glimmerings of what the young have thought about poetry over

CD STORAGE+™



No. B300 (Shown in Solid Oak)

SORICÉ SYSTEMS Include... Video, DVD, Tape, LP, Laserdisc and Component Storage Units.

- ❖ Our B300 Model shown stores 300 CDs.
- ❖ Impeccably crafted in these Premium Solid Hardwoods: Oak, Walnut, or Cherry.
- ❖ Adjustable Shelves store any combination of CDs, Videos & Cassettes – all in One cabinet.
- ❖ Adjustable Solid Brass Bookends keep Discs & Tapes upright and in place.
- ❖ Cabinets can be stacked, wall mounted or left free standing.
- ❖ Optional Wood or Glass Doors are available.
- ❖ Enclosed back provides dust protection.
- ❖ Compact size: 39½"H x 22½"W x 7½"D. Cabinet comes assembled.



PO Box 747-33, Nutley, NJ 07110
e-mail: soriceav@aol.com
http://www.sorice.com

For FREE Color Literature & Prices
on our Full Line of Quality Products

Call: 1-800-432-8005

Fax: 1-973-667-8688

SOLATUBE® THE MIRACLE SKYLIGHT™

A Solatube skylight is the easiest, most affordable way to bathe your home in radiant, natural light. Solatube's ingenious, patented design features super-reflective, space-age materials that capture and channel maximum light directly where you need it. Great for dreary rooms, hallways and bathrooms. Compare Solatube with any other skylight. You'll see the difference is night and day.

- 10", 14" & 16" sizes available
- Costs less than conventional skylights
- Easily installs in about 2 hours without major construction
- Professional installation available
- Accommodates virtually any roof
- 10-year product warranty

CALL FOR FREE INFO
800 966 7652 ext. 354



Dealer Inquiries Welcome

SOLATUBE

the past eight decades. But who was going to read it all?

George Bradley, himself a Yale Younger Poet in 1986, has taken the trouble—and I suspect it was a lot of trouble—to read each of the volumes chosen for the series from 1919 to 1996, no matter how jejune, and he has selected at least one poem from every one. He introduces each selection with a brief identification of its author, and prefaces his anthology with introductory matter amounting to nearly a hundred pages of graceful, witty, and discriminating prose that combines aesthetic perception, historical understanding, and publishing shrewdness. The result is a book that illuminates the recesses between artists, audiences, public taste, and the history of American publication. Interesting? Very. But this reviewer, concerned with such matters, must also declare a different sort of interest: I, too, was a Yale Younger Poet, in 1964, though I have never before looked into the history of the competition, and I'm grateful for Bradley's guidance.

Nowadays people talk piously about "the new interest in poetry," but it's not altogether clear what they mean. More people, no doubt, are writing poetry today, with professional intent, than at any previous time in American history. It may also be true, paradoxically, that a smaller proportion of people are actually *reading* poetry than were a century ago. Nobody knows for sure; many express opinions. When the boys came marching home after the First World War, several members of the Yale faculty thought it might be beneficial to open a competition for the publication of poetry by those surviving the War to Save the World for Democracy—for who would know better than the Yale faculty what poetry was and was not? As Bradley writes, "To an extent now difficult to grasp, the appreciation of poetry was culturally central and formed a basic intellectual credential." Robert Bridges, the British poet laureate, in the preface to his bilingual (French and English) 1915 wartime anthology, *The Spirit of Man* ("dedicated by gracious permission to His Majesty King George V" and utilized in the trenches), announced that "spirituality is the basis and foundation of human life [and]. . . must underlie

everything." Yale was happy to read this writing on the wall, and the series led the way toward embodying spirituality in poetry.

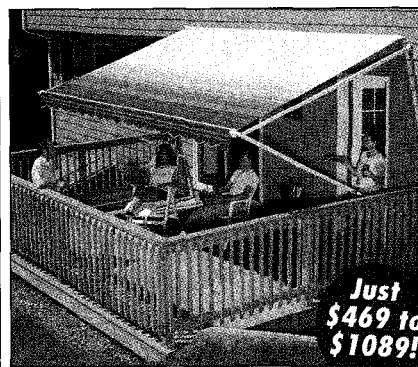
At first Yale professors led the way on foot and chose the poets themselves, many of them Yale graduates. One of these was John Chipman Farrar, who later gave his name to the publishing house Farrar, Straus & Giroux. The early books, as many as four a year, contained the sort of poems that Yale professors liked, fully equipped with classical allusions and heroic postures. A subsequent editor of the series was William Alexander Percy, of Louisiana, the author of *Lanterns on the Levee*, a chronicle of the great Mississippi Flood of 1927, and the guardian of the future novelist Walker Percy. In 1933 Yale University Press decided to turn for judgment to actual poets of some accomplishment, rather than academic hobbyists—though Yale degrees would help. Stephen Vincent Benét, a Yale graduate who had written a best-selling verse epic, *John Brown's Body*, which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1928, became the editor, and his choices branched out and away from spirituality. They resulted in the first books of James Agee, Muriel Rukeyser, and Margaret Walker. George Bradley's assessment, which is not contradicted by his selections, holds that Agee's *Permit Me Voyage* (1934) was more interesting than accomplished, whereas Muriel Rukeyser's *Theory of Flight* (1935) proved to be as good as anything she wrote later on. The African-American Margaret Walker's *For My People* has been in print continuously since 1942.

After Benét's untimely death, in 1943, the Yale establishment twisted the arm of Yalie Archibald MacLeish to take over as selector, in spite of his concurrent duties as Librarian of Congress, director of the Office of Facts and Figures, and, later, assistant secretary of state. (Was poetry so spiritual that it required no time in the reading?) The first selection MacLeish made was William Meredith, a naval aviator, whose *Love Letter From an Impossible Land* took the palm in 1944. Meredith's poetry, unlike that of most poets in the series, has survived and flourished with distinction over the intervening decades; his most recent book, *Effort at Speech: New and Selected Poems*, won last year's National Book Award for poetry.

In 1947 MacLeish was succeeded by W. H. Auden, who was in the process of becoming an American citizen; Auden stayed editor for thirteen years, longer than anyone else. If Benét's choices put the Yale series on the map, Auden's choices garnered pages in the atlas. They included, among others, W. S. Merwin, Adrienne Rich, John Ashbery, John Hollander, and James Wright. Auden also chose twice to select nobody. Bradley writes, "The Yale Younger Poets chosen by Auden are still the ones on which the Series' reputation rests, and they include some of the most adroit poets America has ever produced."

Auden was succeeded in 1959 by the inspired translator Dudley Fitts, just as the directorship of Yale University Press was taken over by the flamboyant Chester Kerr, who determined to promote the series as a publishing venture—in which he succeeded to the degree that sales of the series skyrocketed, promptly encouraging imitators. Fitts's choices enjoyed bright days in the sun: George Starbuck's witty *Bone Thoughts* (1960) went through several printings, and Alan Dugan's stark *Poems* (1961) won him the Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Award, and a Prix de Rome. By the time Fitts died, in 1969, during his editorship, half a dozen rival poetry series had sprung up; competitors of the Yale series had to some degree obviated it as it had originally been conceived. Nonetheless, under the next editor, Stanley Kunitz, the Yale Younger Poets Competition dominated the country, attracting more than 900 entries at its peak, in 1975. Kunitz's choices look more heterodox than Fitts's. Robert Hass's first book, *Field Guide* (1973), showed a West Coast sensibility and a social conscience. Hass later became United States poet laureate, and *Field Guide* may be the high-water mark of the entire series. Carolyn Forché, in *Gathering the Tribes* (1976), flourished a powerful political commitment; Olga Broumas, in *Beginning With O* (1977), evinced a vivid same-sex eroticism. But the poets chosen by Kunitz and his successors tended to put their subsequent work in the hands of university presses, instead of finding homes with commercial publishers, as earlier poets had. In the 1980s and 1990s the commercials grew increasingly shy of publishing poetry at all, no matter how mature.

Deck and Patio Owners:



OUTSMART THE WEATHER!

With a SunSetter® Retractable Awning, you can choose full sun, partial shade or total protection from rain or sun. Opens and closes effortlessly in 30 seconds!

Now get three times the use of your deck with the adjustable, affordable SunSetter Awning. It makes your deck or patio like an additional room on your house! Lets you enjoy your deck or patio rain or shine. Protects your family, guests and patio furniture from rain, harsh sun and harmful UV rays far better than a tippy patio umbrella. Adds to the beauty and value of your home. Expertly crafted in America for years of maintenance-free enjoyment.

- 100% waterproof fabric.
- Wide choice of available widths.
- Installs over any kind of siding.
- Retracts flat against the house.
- No need to take it down in winter.
- Superb quality - 5 year warranty.
- Interest-Free payment plans.
- No-Risk Free Trial.

SAVE WITH FACTORY-DIRECT PRICING!

Call today!

Write or call toll free for a FREE VIDEO and complete information
1-800-876-8060 Ext. 4980
 24 hrs. a day, 7 days a week

SunSetter®

JIL Industries, Dept. 4980
 184 Charles Street, Malden, MA 02148
 FAX: 781-321-8650

By the 1980s, moreover, the competing poetry competitions, sponsored by Wesleyan, Princeton, Missouri, Louisiana State University, and others, and often assisted by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, had shaded out Yale's entries. Richard Hugo, James Merrill, and James Dickey were discerning editors in this period, but, as George Bradley points out, editors can only choose; they cannot invent. In all candor, and judging from Bradley's selections, I cannot find in the past decade or so of the series poetry as exciting as could be found in the earlier years. It may be my age, or it may be *the* age, but Bradley's sampling from the more recent volumes seems to me wan, as though the poems had not yet gained quite enough confidence to sally into the sun. Might this have something to do with the gradual re-academicizing of American poetry? Or with a social tendency to compose verse on a computer? The recent volumes do seem in some ways more sophisticated than their predecessors; but then, one can't help noting that the poets chosen in more recent years have been older than their predecessors. "American poets do not as a rule mature early," Bradley writes, "and any restriction that would have disqualified, say, Whitman (who first published at age thirty-six) could well be dispensed with." Last year W. S. Merwin, the first winner (at age twenty-five) of the Yale competition ever to assume the editorship (at age seventy) of the series, announced that he, like Auden forty years earlier, had found no book of poems worthy of the award. Nobody is entitled to first publication, after all.

Some people welcome poetry anthologies, for they shorten the task of choosing what to read. I dislike them, in general, preferring to make choices for myself. (I've got to confess, moreover, that I don't even much like reading poems in magazines. I prefer the open waters of a *Collected Poems*, or the eddies of a slim volume, by a single author, where I hope for the excitement of hauling out a slippery, glittering catch.) Anthologies of poetry are usually edited for one of three reasons: to produce a convenient compendium, to summarize a movement or a period, or to prove a point. (Well, no, there is a fourth: to make an editor or a publisher some mon-

ey.) But some anthologies serve a very good purpose, and this one is among them; anthologies that prove a point are very often more interesting for their point than for their contents. *The Yale Younger Poets Anthology* will interest readers who care about the nature and direction of American poetry and about the factors of taste, audience, leadership, and opportunity that govern what we are allowed to read. And it lavishly proves its editor's point: that the Yale Series of Younger Poets has performed an admirable service in the past. The anthology does not, however, indubitably prove whether such a series, in which elders (all male) "discover the young" (more than one third female), is really necessary just now. Would the discovery of talent flourish more greenly if the young were for a while left to discover one another? ♫

How McKinley Begot Franco

by Francis X. Rocca

**EMPIRE BY DEFAULT:
The Spanish-American War
and the Dawn of the
American Century**

by Ivan Musicant.
Holt, 740 pages, \$35.00.

CUBA LIBRE

by Elmore Leonard.
Delacorte, 343 pages, \$23.95.

A HUNDRED years ago *The Atlantic Monthly* published "The Decadence of Spain," by the historian Henry Charles Lea. In ten pages Lea traced the collapse of the world's first global empire, explaining it as essentially the result of "pride, conservatism, and clericalism." These national characteristics had led Spaniards to despise useful labor, ignore the development of industrial

technology, and stifle intellectual and political liberty. As a result, their country had lost most of its vast conquests and now stood to lose the rest: "Spain has made of her colonies the buried talent, and the fulfillment of the parable must come to pass."

At the time this was published, in July of 1898, the United States had been at war with Spain for about two months, and the U.S. Navy had already destroyed the enemy's entire Pacific fleet. America's victory was imminent—Spain sued for peace on July 26. So although "The Decadence of Spain" included no mention of the author's own country, circumstances clearly invited a comparison. The United States had the largest manufacturing industry in the world, and a tradition of political and religious freedom. In the terms of Lea's article it was inevitable that Old World decadence would yield to New World virtue.

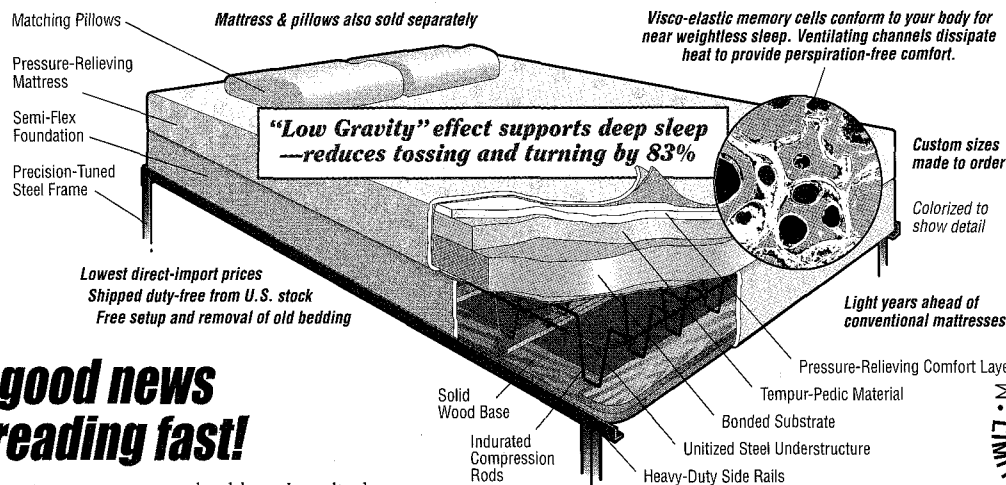
Yet it had not been inevitable that the two nations would go to war, or that the United States would become a colonial power as a result. The process by which these things occurred is the subject of Ivan Musicant's *Empire by Default*, one of several books on the Spanish-American War scheduled for publication in this centennial year. As his title suggests, Musicant argues that the United States acquired its empire not as the goal of a deliberate policy but virtually by accident. Driven to war by popular support for a humanitarian cause, initially reluctant leaders found themselves with the victors' spoils—and soon discovered strong reasons for keeping them.

The origins of the conflict lay in Cuba, one of Spain's oldest colonies. A major export market for the mother country, the island was no less important as a source of national pride, a physical link to the grand imperial past. Early in the nineteenth century, when Spain's continental possessions from Mexico to Argentina won their independence, Cuba stayed loyal—largely because its whites feared that revolution would inspire a Haiti-style rebellion by their many black slaves. Thus Spaniards called it "the ever faithful isle."

Yet in 1868, after centuries of political domination by a Spanish-born ruling class and onerous taxation by Madrid, an alliance of free Cuban blacks and island-

Developed for NASA, Perfected by Tempur-Pedic, Designed to Fit Your Body...

HERE'S THE LIFE-CHANGING SWEDISH SLEEP SYSTEM JUST REPORTED ON 'DATELINE NBC DISCOVERY'!



The good news is spreading fast!

On TV...in magazines...newspapers...health and medical publications. Our new pressure-relieving mattresses, pillows, and integrated sleep systems have been getting tremendous attention in the press.

Now DATELINE NBC has just devoted several minutes of precious airtime to telling all of America about our revolutionary Tempur-Pedic Bed. It's the LIFE-CHANGING SWEDISH SLEEP SYSTEM that is the most amazing sleep-science breakthrough ever...a boon to insomniacs and back-pain sufferers!

Also Good Morning America...The Wall Street Journal...CNN...Associated Press...Discovery Channel Online...plus many others...have reported the astonishing true story of Tempur-Pedic's NASA-inspired, Swedish-engineered breakthrough in sleep science.

The world-famous Tempur-Pedic Bed eliminates painful, gravity-induced "pressure points" that rob us of healthful, life-restoring sleep. If you'd like all the facts and a free video—and FREE SAMPLE of Tempur-Pedic's Material, —please telephone us (at 800.886.6466) and we'll be happy to oblige.

You've Got to Feel It to Believe It!

When you receive your Tempur-Pedic sample you'll quickly discover why we're causing such a stir. You'll get a FREE VIDEO too, showing how Swedish scientists, beginning where NASA's early spacecraft seating experiments ended, perfected this unique (patent pending) sleep product. You'll also receive our risk-free 3-MONTH IN-HOME TRYOUT offer and exceptional 20-Year Limited Warranty.

Tests show that Tempur-Pedic users experience 83% less tossing and turning. Our pressure-relieving effect affords near weightless slumber, helps correct musculoskeletal problems, and erases aches and pains. That's why thousands of medical doctors, chiropractors, hospitals, sleep clinics, and rehab facilities consider Tempur-Pedic one of the very finest therapeutic beds ever made!

Tempur-Pedic, Inc., 848G Nandino Blvd., Lexington, KY 40511

**25,000 DOCTORS
& SLEEP CLINICS
RECOMMEND IT!**

©1997
by Tempur-Pedic, Inc.
All Rights Reserved

On Oct. 5, 1997, Tempur-Pedic, Inc. was featured on Dateline NBC as a Dateline Discovery.
Dateline does not endorse any specific services or products featured on its program.

Europe's best-kept secret isn't secret anymore.
Now...the media's talking about Tempur-Pedic
—and America's Sleep Revolution has begun!

"Our Swedish Sleep System
can make a big difference
in your life...even if you're
suffering from back pain.
I'll put it in your home
for THREE FULL MONTHS,
then buy it back from you
if you're not delighted!"

—Bob Trussell
Founder & CEO



For a FREE SAMPLE of the Tempur-Pedic Material,
Free Video, Free Information & Direct Import Prices

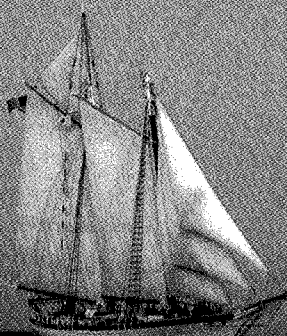
CALL 888.222.1815

Send Fax to 606-259-9843

Visit us on the internet at www.tempurpedic.com

OCEAN CLASSROOM

is for high school student-explorers
who know that learning is
found in challenge.



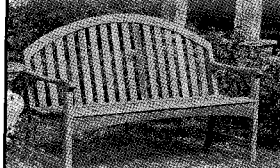
Ocean Classroom semester-at-sea
combines academic excellence
with seafaring adventure.

Sailing fall and spring term aboard
the schooner HARVEY GAMAGE

New England to the Caribbean Sea
Fully accredited by Proctor Academy

CALL 1-800-724-SAIL

TEAK GARDEN FURNISHINGS



88 Page Colour
Catalogue \$3.00

Free Shipment
from Stock

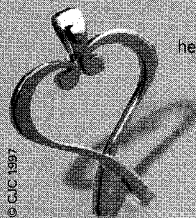
**1-301-
926-9195**

Country Casual

9085 Comprint Court Ste. 1458 Gaithersburg, MD 20877

Dancing Hearts

Beautifully handcrafted
heart pendant. All 18kt. \$225.
Sterling silver \$60.
Shown actual size.



Chateau
Jewelry Corp.

1-888-HEART 32

"Made With Love To Give With Love"



NEW... Fine oak letter files. Buy direct,
handcrafted in the U.S.A. Files of
smooth contemporary style or time-hon-
ored traditional. —SAVE MONEY— All
merchandise 100% satisfaction guaran-
teed. NOVA DESIGNS—16801 Hwy.
88, Dept. AM-1, Jackson, CA 95642.
Visa/M.C. Check or M.O.

born whites revolted against the empire. Their insurrection lasted ten years, and was finally put down by a combination of force and promises of reform—promises soon broken. Following the revolt, some Cubans formed a movement to seek self-rule under the Spanish crown. Others concluded that the only hope for freedom lay in separatism.

After the Ten Years' War, Cuba began to form stronger ties to the United States. Americans bought many of the sugar plantations that had been ruined during the fighting, and sugar exports to the north rapidly increased, as did Cuba's economic dependence on the United States. A number of defeated rebels emigrated to the United States after 1878, and in 1892 the exiled poet and journalist José Martí founded the Cuban Revolutionary Party in New York. There he planned a new war of liberation, to be financed largely by Cuban tobacco workers in Florida.

Once fighting began, in 1895, Martí left for his homeland, where he was killed in battle almost immediately. His colleagues who remained in the United States worked to shape public opinion and official policy there. Labor unions endorsed their cause; newspapers reprinted their stories of Spanish atrocities, which came to include the herding of peasants into fortified "reconcentration" camps, where tens of thousands died of starvation or disease; and sympathetic members of Congress introduced resolutions recognizing the rebel government.

Americans were disposed to respond passionately. After all, their own nation's beginnings lay in a colonized people who fought off European tyranny. And lately they had shown a heightened sensitivity to events beyond their borders, when members of the clergy called for military action to stop the massacre of Armenians by the Turks. Now outraged citizens—notably including patriotic veterans' groups and Protestant churches unsympathetic to "Pope-ridden Spain"—demonstrated in support of "Cuba Libre." Not all support for the cause was disinterested: proponents of America's territorial expansion encouraged war as part of what the Republican senator Henry Cabot Lodge would later call "the large policy."

The executive branch resisted these

Berlitz. Your first word in a new language.

No time for language classes? Then start learning at your own pace, in your own space — with a new Think & Talk® home-study course from Berlitz. As the world's leading name in language learning, we have 120 years of experience using the proven Berlitz Method.® To find out more about the entire Berlitz family of language products, call today.



TO ORDER PRODUCTS OR A CATALOG, CALL:

1 800 338 0183 EXT 6058

www.berlitz.com

Wallpaper & Blinds Connection

SAVE UP TO 80%

Wallpaper • Blinds • Fabric



Never Undersold!

DEL MAR **Kirsch** **BALI** **GRABER**
HunterDouglas • LouverDrape • LEVOLOR®

Open 7 Days

1-800-241-WALL

All Major Credit Cards Accepted
P.O. Box 492 - Budd Lake, NJ - 07828

NEW AUTHORS PUBLISH YOUR WORK

ALL SUBJECTS CONSIDERED
Christian Works, Fiction, Biography, Poetry, Children's.
AUTHORS WORLDWIDE INVITED.

WRITE OR SEND YOUR MANUSCRIPT TO

MINERVA PRESS

2 OLD BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON SW7 3DQ, ENGLAND

THE BEST FILMS YOU NEVER SAW.

Rent or buy hard-to-find videos by mail. Over 3,500 quality films, foreign and domestic, from our comprehensive Guide. Rentals are easy and inexpensive. For free info & list of titles: phone toll-free, visit www.homefilmfestival.com



or write to: Box
1-800-258-3456 2032, Scranton,
PA 18501-2032

Travel the World Teaching English!



Stuart Orr (Guilford, CT)

"Dear New World!"

"Hope everyone is well and happy in San Francisco. Jenny and I have had a great journey, covered a lot of ground and seen loads."

"We decided to stay in one place for awhile and let the monsoon subside, so here we are in Dharamsala, India, home of his Holiness the Dalai Lama, and of my first teaching job."

"I'm teaching English to seven Gyoto monks from Arunchal Pradesh - it has been great fun and my Tibetan is improving."

- 4-Week Courses Start Monthly
- Friendly, Experienced Trainers
- No Teaching Experience Required
- Jobs Available in Many Countries
- You Don't Need A Second Language
- Lifetime Placement Assistance

NEW WORLD TEACHERS
San Francisco

Boston • Budapest • Phuket • Puerto Vallarta

Call for a Free Information Pack

800-564-3274

DISCOVER YOUR INNER MARLIN PERKINS.

Explore ancient Maya sites in Belize. Examine ancient copper mines on Cyprus. Examine global warming in Namibia. Search for Dinosaur footprints in England. Protect the wild goats of Crete. Earthwatch trips are not just vacations, they are short (1-3 week) expeditions where you help scientists perform on-site research. No experience is necessary and the cost of your trip is a tax-deductible contribution. Call today. It's your move.

1-800-776-0188

info@earthwatch.org • www.earthwatch.org
a nonprofit organization

EARTHWATCH APATMO

EUROPE by CAR

ONE ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, NY 10020

212-581-3040 • 800-223-1516

9000 SUNSET BLVD. LOS ANGELES, CA 90069

213-272-0424 • 800-252-9401

SAVE ON • RENTAL • Tax-Free LEASE • HOTELS

www.europebycar.com

FREE CATALOG

Classic Music Furniture

If you love music, our new catalog of fine hardwood music furniture will delight you. Music stands, sheet music cabinets, players' seating, instrument stands, and more.



Alden Lee
J. Cooney, Inc.
Dept. ATM806 1215 Chrysler Dr, Menlo Park, CA 94025

For FREE catalog
call 1-800-324-5200

demands of voters and politicians. Musicant writes,

In dealing with the Cuban crisis prior to the war, both Grover Cleveland and William McKinley initially held a single purpose uppermost: to avert any international tangles that could upset the flow of the nation's business, still emerging from the depression of 1893.

The Democrat Cleveland spurned calls to recognize the insurgents and insisted on punishing Americans caught running guns to them. Yet he also grew exasperated with Madrid's refusal to negotiate with the rebels, and warned that the United States might eventually intervene.

William McKinley, the Republican who succeeded Cleveland in 1897, appointed an outspoken young expansionist named Theodore Roosevelt as his assistant secretary of the Navy. Roosevelt's work in that post would favorably affect the Battle of Manila Bay, one of the two most celebrated U.S. victories of 1898. (As lieutenant colonel of the volunteer cavalry regiment known as the Rough Riders, he would distinguish himself in the other famous victory, the taking of the San Juan heights in Cuba.) While TR and his ideological allies pressed for war, McKinley sought a diplomatic solution. Hinting at military intervention to satisfy the jingoes in Congress, the President appealed to Spain for liberal reforms that might bring peace to Cuba.

Madrid did not consider itself free to make such concessions. The Bourbon dynasty had been twice deposed in the nineteenth century—once by Napoleon, once by its own army—and twice restored, each time weaker than before. Challenged by a broad and growing array of parties (including absolute monarchists, republicans, socialists, and anarchists), the ministers of the constitutional monarchy dared not show weakness in handling Cuba. Such a mistake could topple not just a particular government but the regime itself.

In any case, the Cuban insurgents were not looking to negotiate; they sought not autonomy but independence, and growing U.S. support only encouraged them to hold out for it. The leaders of the United States and Spain found themselves pushed toward a war that neither side wanted.

Never Undersold! Period!

New lower prices!
We beat all competitors!

BLINDS

WALLPAPER



FREE Blind Kit & Wallpaper Catalog!

FREE UPS Shipping in 24-72 hours!

Up To **82% OFF!**
Retail

Up To **80% OFF!**
Retail

1ST QUALITY BRAND NAMES! • Levolor • Graber • Hunter Douglas • Bali • Kirsch • LouverDrape • Del Mar • Duette • American • All Wallpaper Books & More!



You're always welcome to visit our FACTORY SHOWROOM OUTLET in Plymouth, Michigan! 1,000's of Blinds on display and over 3,000 Wallpaper books too!

- America's Largest Mail Order Blind & Wallpaper Discounter!
- Over 4 Million Satisfied Customers Coast to Coast!
- Call now to receive a price quote, place an order or get your FREE blind sample kit or wallpaper catalog!



Open 7 Days a Week!
Weekdays 7 am-1 am EST
Saturday & Sunday
8 am-12 midnight EST

American
Blind and Wallpaper Factory

1-800-735-5300

24-hour FAX #1-800-391-2293
909 N. Sheldon Rd. • Plymouth, MI 48170
www.abwf.com

*\$2 postage & handling applies to wallpaper catalog only. **Most orders in continental U.S.A.
© 1997 ABWF



STAND-UP DESKS REFERENCE DESKS DISPLAY DESKS

Mission style stand-up desks, custom built to your specifications in beautiful dark Cherry
Starting at \$695.00 delivered!

SP DESK COMPANY

Toll-Free: 1-888-904-1016 for Free Catalog



DREAM SACK

Silk sleepsacks: perfect for travel, adventure, home, and...you!

To sleep in soft luxury of silk, call
1-800-670-7661 www.mind.net/dreamsack

Black • Green • Oolong • White

DISTINGUISHED SINGLE-ESTATE TEAS

EXQUISITE BLENDS

TEAWARES FROM \$3 to \$160 • CAMELLIA SINENSIS PLANTS

THE HONORABLE JANE COMPANY

Free Catalog • 888-743-1966 • Toll-free
www.honorablejane.com • Box 35A Potter Valley CA 95469

Sensual Products People Love



*The Xandria Catalogue for ordering
without embarrassment or disappointment.*

Today, you know that fully exploring your sexuality is as healthy as it is fun. Look over the new Xandria Gold Collection catalogue and discover a wide array of sexual products for giving and receiving even greater pleasure.

Trust our experience. Men and women have delighted in the Xandria Collection for more than 20 years. We select only the finest products from around the world—products consistent with the philosophy of our board of professionals in human sexuality.

Rely on our 100%, three-way Guarantee.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual products through the mail, consider this:

- 1. We guarantee your privacy.** Everything we ship is plainly and securely wrapped with no clue to its contents. All transactions are strictly confidential, and we *never* sell, rent, or trade customers' names.
- 2. We guarantee your satisfaction.** If a product is unsatisfactory, simply return it for replacement or refund within 60 days.
- 3. We guarantee that the product you choose will keep giving you pleasure.** Should it malfunction, just return it to us for a replacement.

Order today and see. Send for your catalogue now. We'll apply its \$4.00 price to your first order. You have nothing to lose and an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

**The Xandria Collection, Dept. AT0698
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131-9988**

Please send me, by first class mail, the *Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue*. Enclosed is a check or money order for \$4.00, applied to my first purchase. (\$5 Canada, £3 UK)

I am an adult over 21 years of age.

Signature required _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Xandria, 165 Valley Dr., Brisbane, CA 94005-1340. Void where prohibited by law.

ON February 15, 1898, the U.S.S. *Maine* exploded in Havana harbor, killing 266 of the 354 men aboard. The cause remains a mystery: the latest study (based on computer modeling, and published by *National Geographic* last February) concludes that it could have been either a spontaneous coal fire inside the ship or an underwater mine outside it. If it was the latter, the culprits may have been Spaniards, or else Cuban insurgents seeking to provoke war.

Whatever the cause of the disaster, its consequences are well established. On March 28 McKinley sent to Congress a U.S. Naval Court of Inquiry report blaming the Spanish authorities, not for planting the putative mine but for failing to stop whoever had done so. Public clamor for war grew, and turned into anger toward the cautious McKinley; in early April some Coloradans hanged him in effigy. Lodge warned that if the President did not act, he risked losing Congress to the Democrats in the fall. After a final attempt to arbitrate a settlement, which foundered on Spain's unwillingness to allow for the possibility of Cuban independence, on April 25 McKinley asked Congress for a declaration of war, which he received the same day.

The President and Congress explicitly disavowed any intention of annexing the island. As Musicant puts it, "War with monarchical, Catholic Spain had no original aim but to kick the withered Spaniard, after four hundred years, out of the Western Hemisphere." That aim would begin to change after only a week, when America won its first victory 10,000 miles from Cuba.

On May 1, in a battle lasting only seven hours and with no loss of American life, the U.S. Navy's Asiatic Squadron, under Commodore George Dewey, destroyed Spain's entire Pacific fleet at Manila Bay, in the Spanish colony of the Philippines. Dewey's phlegmatic order to his skipper ("You may fire when you are ready, Gridley") became the second most famous phrase from the war (after "Remember the *Maine*!"), and seemed to sum up the self-possession and self-confidence of a nation coming of age. The commodore, quickly promoted to admiral, became the subject of popular songs and was even proposed as a candidate for President.

Dewey's attack had been intended to push Spain toward surrender in Cuba—not to acquire territory in the South Pacific. Even a month after the victory McKinley was apparently planning to keep nothing more than the city of Manila, as a naval base. Yet the year's events had left the President especially sensitive to popular opinion. That fall, stumping for Republican House candidates in the midterm elections, McKinley made some vague statements that seemed to favor annexation, others that hinted the opposite. A stenographer stood by to register the levels of applause, which resounded in favor of keeping the archipelago. Voters had discovered an appetite for empire.

The voice of God seconded that of the people. As McKinley later told it, having gone "down on my knees and prayed Almighty God for light and guidance more than one night," he finally realized that the Spanish were not fit to rule the Filipinos, nor were the Filipinos fit to rule themselves, and that it would be "bad business and discreditable" to hand the archipelago over to "our commercial rivals in the orient," France and Germany. Accordingly, "there was nothing left for us to do but to take them all, and to educate the Filipinos, and uplift and Christianize them." (This notwithstanding that after more than three centuries of Spanish rule most Filipinos were already Roman Catholics.)

In addition to the Philippines, the war yielded to the United States the islands of Puerto Rico and Guam; and in the expansive mood of 1898 Congress finally annexed Hawaii, as American residents of those islands had proposed five years before. This was the new empire, which, according to Musicant, the American people and their leaders subsequently justified in three major ways: altruistically, as a means to "uplift and Christianize" benighted natives; economically, as an expanded market for American crops and manufactures; and strategically, as the sites for a system of naval bases. This last rationale was especially dear to the expansionists, who held to the doctrine of the naval historian Alfred Thayer Mahan that a nation's only secure defense lay in control of the sea. Puerto Rico and Hawaii would eventually prove their strategic value by defending the approaches to the Panama

Canal. But the Philippines would turn out to be less of an asset, because distance made for tenuous supply lines; in 1941 the Japanese cut off Manila in a single day.

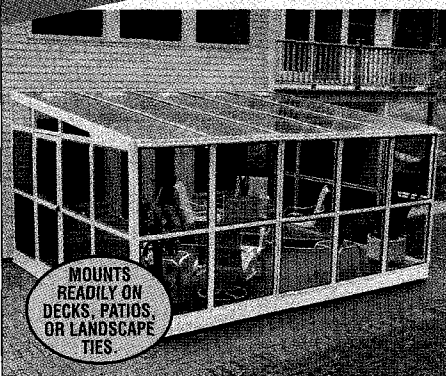
Musicant lays out all these ramifications clearly, and with a concision that is unfortunately not typical of his book. *Empire by Default* retraces the paths to Havana and Manila with a thoroughness that is sometimes admirable but often wearisome. We learn the gauge and make of seemingly every gun fired in the war, but little about the men who fired the guns. The text runs a third longer than David Trask's *The War With Spain in 1898*, which remains the scholarly standard; yet Musicant adds little in the way of personal characterization, an element essential to successful popular history.

MUCH more readable, and no less well researched, is Elmore Leonard's novel *Cuba Libre*. The story of Ben Tyler, an American cowboy running guns to the Cuban insurgents, it parallels the experience of America itself, as Tyler gets far more deeply involved in the island's affairs than he ever intended. Arriving in Havana three days after the sinking of the *Maine*, Tyler meets a representative cast of characters through whom he learns about, or with whom he experiences firsthand, the major events of the war. Among them are a sharpshooting U.S. Marine, who survives the *Maine* explosion to take part in the raid on Guantánamo; a Chicago newspaper reporter, who keeps everyone (including the reader) abreast of wider political and military developments; a rich American planter, more concerned with his business than with taking sides in the conflict; the planter's dull-witted bodyguard, whose past as a New Orleans strikebreaker reminds us of the turbulent social background to 1898; the planter's factotum, a mulatto named Victor Fuentes, who is secretly fighting on the side of the rebels; and the cruel Major Tavalera, of the Civil Guard, the main Spanish character.

The most representative American is Amelia Brown, the planter's mistress, whose observations of Cuban suffering have led her to espouse the rebel cause, and who offers to stage her own kidnapp-

**NOW...
BETTER THAN EVER
WITH BRAND NEW FEATURES!**

CONVERTIBLE SUNSPACE



Send \$2 for
Color Catalogue, Prices,
SENT FIRST CLASS MAIL.

SUNPORCH STRUCTURES, INC.
P.O. Box 368, Westport, CT 06881-0368

INSULATED WINTER SUNROOM CONVERTS TO A SUMMER SCREEN ROOM!

NEW... Full top-to-bottom wall area screens!

☐ QWIK® window/screen change system ☐ Do-it-yourself kit, no contractors needed ☐ Meets building codes for snow & wind loads ☐ Unique Climate Control System ☐ No extras, comes complete ☐ Buy factory direct & save ☐ America's #1 value since 1974.

RUSH COUPON  **TODAY!**

SUNPORCH STRUCTURES, INC.
P.O. Box 368, Dept. ATL
Westport, CT 06881-0368

☐ **YES** I enclose \$2. Please send complete details on your SunPorch.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

"WOW, I can't believe you have that CD!"

1-800-EVERY-CD is a wholesale music club that offers virtually every CD in print. All CD's are sold at wholesale, which is about \$5.00 per CD less than list price and is guaranteed to be the lowest cost you can find. Search our online catalog at www.everycd.com or give us a call. Whatever CD's you want, we'll have them for less than anyone else. We'll also have the items you've been wanting to buy but couldn't find. Call for your **FREE** trial and request our **new 950 page catalog today.**

Good music selection is hard to find. We're not.



music for the serious collector™

Outside the US call (203) 972-1340

Plan your escape to *Italy*

imagine...

Exquisite vintages, gourmet meals, and classic country inns. Wind your way through the delicious vineyards & hilltowns of Italy with a sommelier as your guide. Escape with a 3-day *Great Wines of Italy Tour*. \$599

imagine...

Being sculpted by a master chef into an Italian virtuoso of culinary arts. Create luscious feasts and enjoy sumptuous galas. Explore the hidden charms of Italy for 7 delicious days & 6 sweet nights at *La Scuola del Pettiroso*. \$1995

imagine...

Discovering the enchantment of Italy from your very own villa amidst the vineyards, olive groves and Renaissance splendor of the world's most romantic country. Rent from *Cottages to Castles* at affordable weekly rates.

Stop imagining. Call us.

800 280 2811

THE PARKER COMPANY ITALIAN VILAS & TOURS
www.theparkercompany.com



ping in a scheme to raise money for the insurgency. Fuentes interprets her support for the rebels unsentimentally: "She wants to be famous." As it turns out, she aims to keep the ransom for herself, and tells Tyler that this was her plan all along: "I came here seeking my fortune, the same as you." Yet her motives are not simply mercenary. She speaks wistfully of a long-abandoned plan to work in a leper colony, and before the end of the novel she gets her wish. A mixture of idealism and opportunism, Amelia epitomizes the character of her country as borne out by the events of 1898.

THE loss of its empire had a profound effect on Spain, where it was long known simply as "the Disaster." Deprived of the Cuban market for its textiles, Catalonia suffered an economic crisis that aggravated the region's long-standing separatist tendencies. The military pursued conquests in Morocco in a futile and costly attempt to reclaim the glories of empire. Intellectuals of the "Generation of '98" questioned the established political, cultural, and social orders from both the right and the left. All these developments undermined the

constitutional monarchy, which finally fell in 1931. The tumultuous Second Republic, civil war, and more than thirty-five years of military dictatorship followed. Generalísimo Francisco Franco, who was five years old in 1898, later recalled, "When we began our life . . . we saw our childhood dominated by the contemptible incompetence of those men who abandoned half of the fatherland's territory to foreigners." According to his biographer, Franco "would see his greatest achievement as wiping out the shame of 1898."

For the United States, that year inaugurated at least one century as a great power, but less than half a century as a significant colonial power, ending with the independence of the Philippines in 1946. Following America's victory in a war billed as a struggle against tyranny, colonies were no longer politically defensible. The mercantilist model of captive markets did not fit with the free-trade policies that the United States followed after the Second World War. Air power and nuclear weapons had rendered Mahanian ideas of naval primacy obsolete. The age of empires was past. ☼

Language 4 Le\$\$

Surf & save at the Internet's finest source of multi-lingual media — books, tapes, videos, and CD-ROM software in **over 100 languages!**



www.101language.com

- **LARGEST INTERNET LANGUAGE CATALOG**
- **From Arabic to ZULU... Over 101 language choices**
- **Best Price Foreign Service Institute courses**
- **Translation software**
- **Great Literature in many languages**
- **Preview our "Best Instructional Video" award-winning Spanish Course**



Write , phone or fax for catalog
Professional Cassette Center
408 S. Pasadena Avenue, Dept. AM
Pasadena, CA 91105
Ph(626)799-9000 Fx(626)585-8180

CATALOG/SPECIAL REQUESTS/RUSH ORDERS Please call

1-800-600-0916

BRIEF REVIEWS



Chekhov: *The Hidden Ground*

by Philip Callow.
Ivan R. Dee, 428 pages,
\$30.00.

Mr. Callow has written this fine biography out of long admiration for Chekhov's work and genuine affection for a man who was, he believes, more of our time than of Tsarist Russia. One need not agree with that point to enjoy a very well-written, intelligent account of Chekhov's remarkable literary career and of his private actions—which were lively and far-flung. Either by temperament or

as a side effect of the tuberculosis that killed him at forty-four, Chekhov had an itching foot. In Moscow he deplored meanspirited vulgarity and yearned for the country. In the country he complained that he had neither quiet for writing nor leisure for fishing. Moscow he could do nothing about, but his summer places were always overstocked with guests whom he had himself invited, and surrounded by peasants whom he had deliberately alerted to free medical treatment. His own health was always poor. His trip to Siberia to study penal colonies was undertaken despite the protests of family, friends, and pub-

lisher but produced a brilliant fusion of travelogue and reportage—a work of lasting significance. It also produced three mongooses that, with no cobras to hunt, added to the normal chaos of Chekhov's establishment. That establishment included parents, a younger brother, the frequent presence of a fanatically devoted sister, and sporadic incursions by two older brothers, one somewhat feckless, the other fatally so. It was no place into which to insert a wife—a fact that Mr. Callow overlooks in his discussion of Chekhov's wary avoidance of matrimony. When he did marry, late and close to death, there was domestic civil war. Lives of authors are frequently books in which nothing happens except pen-scratching. In Chekhov's life all sorts of things happen constantly. He is wonderful company.

**Hullabaloo in the
Guava Orchard**

by Kiran Desai.
Atlantic Monthly Press,
224 pages, \$22.00.

Ms. Desai's giddily irreverent novel concerns Sampath, a young Hindu with no ambition for anything but quiet solitude in a cool spot. His town is hot and crowded. His father is financially ambitious. His mother is daft about food, and his grandmother is daft about health. Sampath finds a deserted orchard and settles in a guava tree, where he inadvertently becomes the local holy hermit. In crackling, witty, sharply visual prose, Ms. Desai mocks pious enthusiasm, official incompetence, domestic confusion, young love, marriage customs, sacred monkeys, and a few subsidiary targets. She is a delightfully funny, amiable satirist, with the Puckish view that "this their jangling I esteem a sport."

**Alexander Calder
1898–1976**

by Marla Prather,
Alexander S.C. Rower, and
Arnauld Pierre.
Yale, 367 pages, \$65.00/\$37.00.

The text follows Calder's career and discusses his materials and methods, which is sensible because the artist himself said all anyone needs to know about the meaning of his airily enchanting sculptures: "I want to make things that

Get your home of rodents and
pests once and for all with...

**Rodelsonix IX
only \$69⁹⁵**

*But wait this ad for an even better deal!

Mice, rats, roaches, bats, fleas, spiders and other pests and varmints make life miserable at home or at the plant. Old-fashioned traps and poisons get rid of them—but only temporarily. Rodelsonix IX delivers a tremendous blast of ultrasound—in audible to you and your pets—that totally disrupts the nervous systems of these critters. They'll leave your home within just a few weeks—and they'll never return. Rodelsonix IX is an industrial-type unit, designed and engineered to be effective in restaurants, factories and food-processing plants. It protects up to 10,000 sq. ft. (70,000 cu. ft.). It has six variable pitch and "loudness" settings. You can even use it outdoors to keep larger pests, such as raccoons or rabbits at bay.

*And here is the "even better deal": Buy two Rodelsonix IX for \$139.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!

You may order by toll-free phone, by mail, or by fax and pay by check or Visa / MasterCard. Please give order number #1007D733. Add \$4.95 for one or \$9.90 for three ship./ins. and sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund postage.

since 1967
haverhills®
185 Berry St., San Francisco, CA 94107

☎ Order by toll-free phone: (800) 797-7367 or by fax: (415) 546-7808 ☎

ANSWERS TO THE MAY PUZZLER

P	U	T	T	E	R	C	O	U	P	O	N
U	N	R	A	V	E	L	C	C	A	P	E
R	T	I	R	O	G	U	E	R	I	E	S
P	R	O	O	F	R	E	A	D	N	N	T
L	U	S	T	I	E	R	N	O	T	E	S
E	E	P	S	W	E	M	U	S	E	R	S
S	Q	U	I	R	T	A	S	F	R	C	E
P	A	R	M	A	E	R	R	A	T	I	C
U	T	S	I	N	S	I	N	C	E	R	E
M	A	U	D	G	O	N	N	E	N	C	D
A	R	E	S	L	S	E	A	T	T	L	E
S	I	D	L	E	D	R	A	S	H	E	R

"Picnic"

Q: What are we serving at the crossword picnic? A: SQUARE MEALS (Below, the correct form of the padded word in each clue is given in italics after that clue's solution note.)
Across. 1. PUTTER (pun); *layer* 6. CO(UP)ON; *ticket* 11. UN + RAVEL; *untie* 12. CAP + E; *hat* 13. ROGUERIES (anag.); *grese* 14. PROOFREAD (anag.); *orde* 15. LUSTIER (anag.); *Tru* 16. NOTES (double def.); *singers* 19. US + ERS; *we* 21. S + QUIRT; *jet* 25. P(ARM)A; *dad* 26. ERRATIC (anag.); *bad* 28. IN(SIN)CE + RE; *ince* 29. MAUD GONNE (anag.); *'m* 30. ARES (homophone); *War* 31. SEAC(T) + LE; *le* 32. ID + LED; *ld* 33. RAS + HER; *ras* Down. 1. PUR(PL)ES (purse anag.); *Sick* 2. (a)UNT + RUE; *Paris* 3. TR + I(O)S; *nil* 4. TROTS (double def.); *aid's* 5. R + EGRET; *Head* 7. OCEANUS (anag.); *god* 8. P + INTER; *wordsmith* 9. OPENER (anag.); *pre* 10. N + ETS; *Shred* 17. PURSED (anag.); *Pr* 18. W + ANGLE; *tail* 19. MAR + INER; *iner* 20. SE(C)EDER; *seeder* 22. ATARI (hidden); *Kuwat* 23. F + ACTS; *True* 24. CIRCE (first letters); *ine* 25. PU + MAS (rev.); *Sam* 27. TENT + H; *hild's*

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
CLASSIFIED
JUNE • 1998

AUDIO/VIDEO

GREAT JAZZ & FOLK. Free sampler! (800) 725-6237.

BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU by professionals. No obligation. Out-of-State Book Service, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92674-3253. (714) 492-2976.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED, ALL TYPES. Publisher with 75-year tradition. "Author's Guide To Subsidy Publishing." (800) 695-9599.

www.books.com YOUR LOCAL BOOKSTORE no matter where you live!

COLLECTION/HOBBIES

NEWSPAPERS: Rare, historic. 1600s through the 1960's. Extensive catalogue \$2.00. Hughes, Box 3636, Williamsport, PA 17701. (717) 326-1045.

EDUCATION/INSTRUCTION

ACADEMY OF REMOTE VIEWING: training package. As seen on TV programs "Sightings" and "X-Files." Revolutionary mind-technology used by CIA for 20 years. Declassified July '95. Increase intuition 1000 fold. Forecast future events. View any target in space/time. Taught by former operative. Life changing. Proven results. Numerous applications. Thousands satisfied trainees worldwide. \$99.95. For more information visit our Web site <http://www.probablefuture.com> or call (800) 356-2566.

GENERAL INTEREST

HOME TYPISTS, PC users needed. \$45,000 income potential. Call (800) 513-4343, Extension B-20061.

SERVICES

SINGLE, WIDOWED, DIVORCED? Single Booklovers, Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039. (800) 773-3437. SBL@compuserve.com. Nationwide.

EROTIC, INTELLIGENT, IMAGINATIVE telephone conversations. Personal and discreet fee-based service. Please inquire: (617) 661-3849.

INTELLIGENT FETISH conversation! Free inquiry: (908) 284-8028; (202) 452-5522. Love - Nancy Ava Miller, www.peplove.com.

TRAVEL

FREIGHTER CRUISES—Deluxe, exotic, inexpensive. Travltips Association, P.O. Box 580-218F3, Flushing, NY 11358. (800) 872-8584, <http://www.travltips.com>.

JAPAN—TWO EXPERT GUIDES explore the historical and cultural countryside of Japan. Kyoto, Mikuni, Kanazawa, Takayama, Matsumoto, Nikko, and Tokyo. Eleven days —\$2,395.00. Contact: (800) 475-0004.

VACATION RENTALS

ST. JOHN—Elegant private villa will surround you in pool-side luxury overlooking Chocolate Hole Bay. All amenities furnished in this four-bedroom, three-bath home, just minutes from town. Enjoy tropical comfort. Weekly rates. Call owner for brochure: (800) 237-9851.

MAUI PENTHOUSE—Spectacular panoramic views! Private spa, two-bedroom, two-bath. Newly remodeled. Opening special \$500/night. (800) 227-5962, #0134.

FOR ADVERTISING INFORMATION WRITE:

P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, FL 33757

OR CALL:

800-237-9851

are fun to look at, that have no propaganda value whatsoever." The pieces photographed in this volume are splendid fun to look at. Any propaganda value lies in the eye of the beholder.

Fairweather Eden

by Michael Pitts and Mark Roberts.

Fromm, 352 pages,

\$28.00.

Mr. Roberts is the man primarily responsible for the excavations at Boxgrove, Sussex, which produced evidence of human presence in England half a million years ago, a date earlier than previously assumed and earlier than such evidence elsewhere in Europe has indicated. Mr. Pitts is an archaeologist and a writer for academic journals. Their collaboration is not always well organized, but this is, for antiquity buffs, an exciting report. It covers the history of the dig, gives considerable information on earlier archaeological efforts and theories, and describes mundane matters like funding, staffing, and the storage of bones from shrews and rhinoceroses. The people who shared what was then a beach with some animals that are now extinct or confined to the tropics were great makers of hand axes. An expert modern butcher was recruited to tackle a deer carcass with a battery of hand axes. He skinned and cut up the animal with no trouble and thought well of the tools. The old makers must have known what they were doing. They are described as considerably taller than the later Neanderthals, much given to running about, and innocent of dental hygiene. The evidence for this description consists of a partial leg bone and two teeth.

The Dreams Our Stuff Is Made Of

by Thomas M. Disch.

Free Press, 272 pages,

\$25.00.

Mr. Disch's subtitle—"How Science Fiction Conquered the World"—gives no warning of the point that the author, as a writer of the genre, finds exasperating. Although it has a worldwide audience, science fiction has never conquered the highbrow critical establishment. Mr. Disch wonders why. He covers the history of the form, summons the ghosts

of Jonathan Swift, Mary Shelley, and Edgar Allan Poe, relates science fiction to politics, sociology, military strategy, and feminism, and does it well (barring some carelessness with peripheral references), and cannot see why first-class science fiction is not considered as good as any other kind. For a man of his obvious intelligence, this is surprising myopia. People read science fiction for fun. High Art should be read for Duty, on the advice of a Literary Critic and with interpretation by a Professor. Why should critics exert themselves in a field where their services are neither needed nor wanted?

Shut Up and Deal

by Jesse May.

Doubleday/Anchor, 217 pages,

\$12.95.

Although it is offered as a novel, Mr. May's book is more an extended monologue. The speaker is a professional poker player who describes the odd people on the circuit, the maddening or ludicrous vagaries of the cards, and the addictive power of games in which the official object—winning money—is actually less important than the excitement of risk. There is no plot, merely a distinctive and convincing voice speaking bluntly about a grim, comic, grungy world.

Celebrity Caricature in America

by Wendy Wick Reaves.

Yale, 320 pages, \$45.00.

Early on in this survey of twentieth-century caricature there is an amusingly economical line drawing of a genial, jowly cardinal. It looks thoroughly modern. It was done before 1633. Kindly caricature was not invented in the United States, but it flourished here from, roughly, 1900 to the Second World War, with innovative artists employing avant-garde styles to portray not the character of the subject but the public perception of a well-known personage. There was much skill and wit involved in the game, and rarely even a hint of malice. Ms. Reaves's presentation of these clever drawings can raise a chuckle even when one has no recollection of the celebrated subject.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams



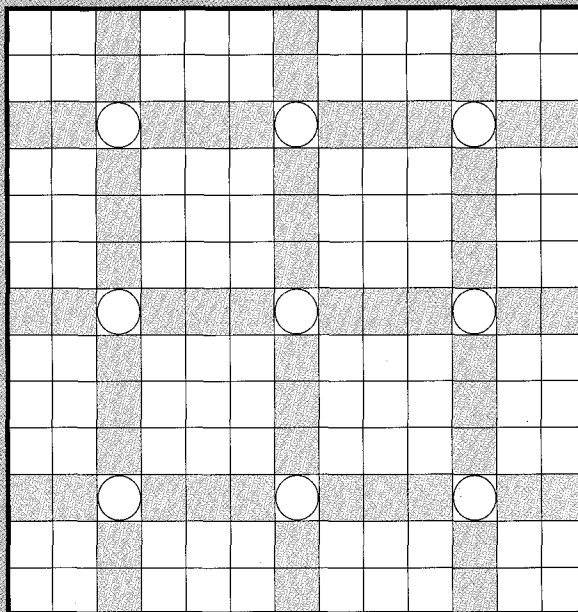
THE PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

Guidelines

Across and Down clues are given in no special order, but their answers do belong in symmetrically matching spots in the grid. Since the diagram contains no bars to show where entries begin and end, we offer six Guidelines (shaded rows and columns) to help you find your way. Each Guideline contains a pair of entries totaling 13 letters; these two entries are clued consecutively in each case, but the six Guidelines are listed randomly. An additional guide is given by the nine circled letters occurring at the Guidelines' intersections, reading from left to right and top to bottom. Clue answers include eight capitalized words.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 113.



Guidelines

- Debut of "Guidelines," with sharp new diagrams (6); Stuff amplifier into electrical connector (3-4)
 - Meat company caught in Prohibition (5); Republican attorney criticizes run-down buildings (8)
 - Herb's shilling added to money deposited with the court (5); Catching cold, mother experiments with molds (8)
 - Prepare a salad including—voila!—crisp tortillas (8); Archer's weapon that is a sort of knife (5)
 - Ground resistance assumed by Prisoner of War Act (8); Endorse a letter from Greece for a Congolese native (5)
 - One on board mixes up flights (6); Goodness of people using army vehicles? (7)
- Meanspirited sort of notice is found in street (6)
 - Jewelry given at evaluations (7)
 - French priests live in some classrooms, ignoring principal (5)
 - Fort in area between Alabama and Missouri (5)
 - Partners of drunkards seizing pitcher (7)
 - Bird bath with red line (7)
 - Dishonest, taking flight without pilot (5)
 - Man at the Pole is Antarctica's occupant (5)
 - Baby bear's eating second of the little fishes (5)
 - Five well-wishers at heart for every spiteful person (5)
 - Delay ceremony, having supernatural power (7)
 - End of some twiggly, dark wood (5)
 - Gym rat exercising in Jordanian archaeological site (5)
 - Male and female kiss, surrounded by witnesses (5)
 - Sea god weighing 6,000 pounds? (6)
 - Giant Harley Davidson carrying follower toward the West (7)

Across

- Discover large gain (5)
- Nursery supplies 501 newly developed pears (7)

Down

- Maintaining union, inaugurates some British rulers (7)
- Group fruit fight (7)
- In India, money raised going into grass, mostly (5)
- Navy only ordered material (5)
- String is wrapped around foremost of evil creatures in Greek myth (7)
- Drains out low points (6)
- Dances around British insurgents (6)
- Drop off last of booze behind a club (5)
- Hot pursuits of NEA grantees' bucks (5)
- Get lime mostly blended in cocktail (6)
- Complained about piano in *Spellbound* (7)
- With kitty, mount a tree (7)
- See GI mistakenly attack (5)
- Paid athlete with unfulfilled promise in Utah city (5)
- Heat to remove unwanted stuff from fish (5)
- Leave British dramatist king's hunting bird (7)
- Pays for eating orange lifesavers (5)
- Busy, I put Ed off (4,2)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 02114.

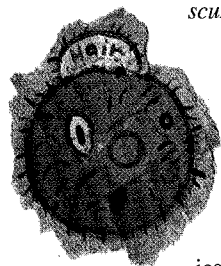
WORD IMPROVISATION

by J. E. Lighter

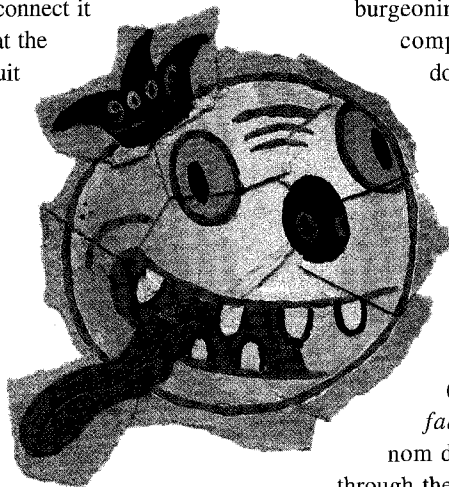
Eyes on the Ball

THE Democratic political strategist James Carville ("It's the economy, stupid!") has characterized current probes into possible White House mischief as just plain

scuzzy—a word meaning "dirty" or "sleazy" that within a generation has moved from the realm of the *recherché* squarely into the mainstream of American slang. (The dictionary-disapproved spelling *skuzzy* exists for those who prefer a more jagged-on-the-page look.) Evidence—never as much as we'd like in such cases—points to the early 1960s as the era when *scuzzy* began to make its move into the national vocabulary. Some connect it to drill instructors at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot at Parris Island in the 1950s, lexical innovators long celebrated for their voluble irascibility. We do know that by New Year's Day of 1965 *Time* was reporting the derivative noun *scuzz* as college lingo for an unwholesome campus character; *barf* and *lunchbucket* were mentioned as near synonyms. Whoever originated it, *scuzzy* seems to have sprung full-blown from a union of *scummy* and *fuzzy*, with *scruffy* and possibly *disgusting* in attendance as midwives. If indeed thus created (and no other etymology has officially been proposed), *scuzzy* is a blend worthy of Lewis Carroll in his Jabberwockian prime. Compare the now-standard *chortle*, which Carroll concocted from *chuckle* and *snort*; like *scuzzy*, it must have filled a preconscious need.



Most of these arrived well after mid-century, and in most the *-ball* element is only a metaphor. The spiritual progenitor of this burgeoning array of *ball*-bearing compounds, though, is undoubtedly a real ball—the familiar *screwball*, first noted in print in 1928. Originally this designated the deceptive baseball pitch that breaks in a direction opposite to that of an ordinary curve ball. The *screwball* (similar to the earlier *fadeaway*) gained its



The disparaging *scuzz* of the sixties has evolved into the equally disparaging *scuzzball* of the 1980s and 1990s. As the essayist and novelist Nicholson Baker has noted, the suffix *-ball* has become an important resource for the slangy smart-alecks of our time. Think of the belittling *butterball*, *cheeseball*, *cornball*, *dirtball*, *goofball*, *hairball*, *nutball*, *oddball*, *sleazeball*, *slimeball*, and *weirdball*.

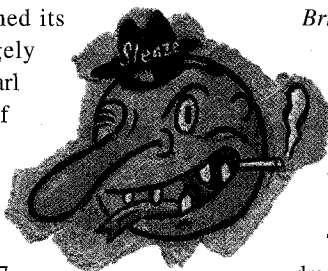
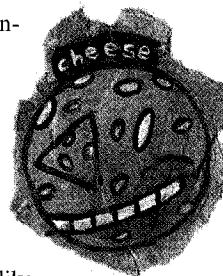
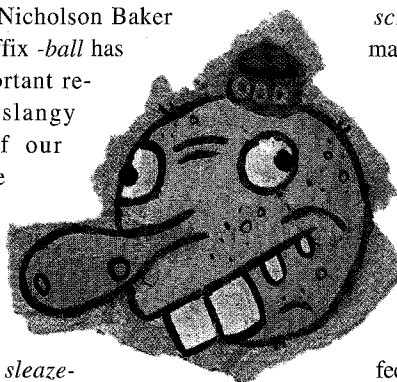
Most of these arrived well after mid-century, and in most the *-ball* element is only a metaphor. The spiritual progenitor of this burgeoning array of *ball*-bearing compounds, though, is undoubtedly a real ball—the familiar *screwball*, first noted in print in 1928. Originally this designated the deceptive baseball pitch that breaks in a direction opposite to that of an ordinary curve ball. The *screwball* (similar to the earlier *fadeaway*) gained its

nom de guerre largely through the efforts of Carl Hubbell, the left-handed Hall of Fame ace who pitched for the New York Giants from 1928 to 1943. The winner of twenty-four consecutive games stretching over the 1936 and 1937 seasons, Hubbell perfected his signature *screwball* in the minors; he remembered

having a catcher in Oklahoma tell him the pitch was "the screwiest thing [he] ever saw." Shortly thereafter the descriptive *screwball* was bestowed on human beings—people who display an unpredictable twist. The linguistic leap was made easy by the prior existence of *screwy*, which had the same connotation. *Screwy* derives from the nineteenth-century expression "having a screw loose"—that is, "having something missing or defective," as in machinery ("There's a screw loose somewhere . . ."). A *screwy* person habitually demonstrates eccentric or just plain *nutty* behavior. (English-speakers around the world love to come up with new ways to describe such people.)

Thanks to directors like William A. "Wild Bill" Wellman and comic stars like Carole Lombard, *screwball* got a shot at stardom. The scathing wit behind frenetic romps like Wellman's *Nothing Sacred* (1937), with Lombard and Fredric March, and Howard Hawks's *Bringing Up Baby* (1938), with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant, transcended slapstick. These movies demanded their own shorthand description. Thus was created, in the dreary years of the Depression, the upbeat category of *screwball comedy*, a phrase now as essential to film criticism as *nifty whodunit*, *epic adventure*, and *hardboiled thriller*.

Scuzzball comedy may not yet be a term of art, but anyone who has seen *Police Academy*, *Porky's*, or the *scuzz* classic *Caddyshack* knows that it is a chilling reality.



Investigations of slang
by the editor of the

Random House Historical Dictionary
of American Slang



YOU'VE MADE A
STATEMENT.



Here's the exclamation point.



Few automobiles can punctuate a stretch of road like the 32-valve, 290hp Jaguar XK8. You're sure to find this a uniquely refined driving experience. This is exhilaration, period.

Always wear your seat belt. Always use proper driving technique. Always wear your seat belt and secure children in the back seat. © 1995 Jaguar Cars


JAGUAR XK8
A new breed of Jaguar



Think different.™



© 1997 Apple Computer, Inc. All rights reserved.